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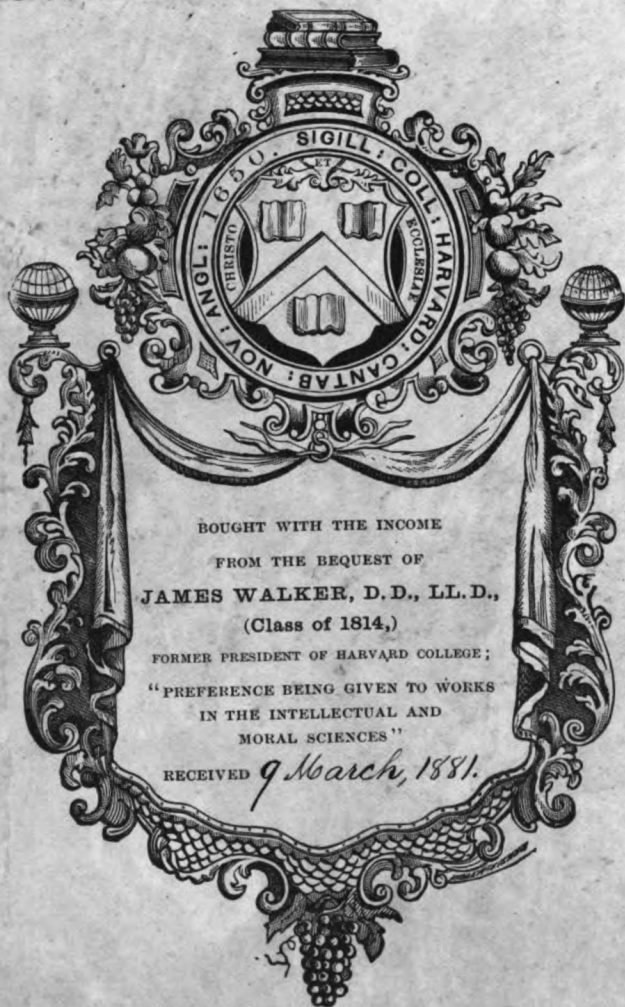
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Sister Augustine, an old Catholic

Christine Hoiningen-Huene (Freifrau von)

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St. Augustine

SISTER AUGUSTINE
AN OLD CATHOLIC

*SUPERIOR OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY IN
THE ST. JOHANNIS HOSPITAL
AT BONN*

Authorized Translation from the German

MEMORIALS OF
AMALIE VON LASAULX

By Bp. ...



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PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE interest which never fails to attend an unvarnished record of mental life, with its fears and hopes, its failures and successes, can only be increased when the story relates to a woman of our own time, who, from the walls of a convent, devoted herself to the service of God and her fellow-creatures according to no rule but that of the truest evangelical catholicism. Her sound sense and singleness of purpose long enabled her to gather the flowers of practical Christianity amid the weeds and thorns by which those who surrounded her had hedged them in : through evil report as well as good report she laboured cheerily and bravely for others : and, when it became needful, she did not hesitate to protest boldly against innovations upon her ancient faith, and to die exiled and disgraced for the truth she loved.

Amalie von Lasaulx was well known in her lifetime to many of the most earnest seekers after good amongst

the great intellects of Germany. Since her death, the widespread circulation of her Memoirs has so completely made her name a household word throughout her own country, that no apology seems necessary for introducing to an English public the biography of "Sister Augustine."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOLMHURST, *June*, 1880.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

DURING the years that have elapsed since the death of the subject of this Memoir, I have been careful to collect from all quarters materials for the record of her life and work, which I now offer to the public. I have been much assisted by the kindness of the late Frau M. Boisserée, the late Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Professor Busch, Canon Holzer, Herr Hubert von Lasaulx, Fräulein M. Pötter, Professor Reusch, and the families of the late Professor Mendelssohn and the late Professor Perthes, all of whom have furnished me with letters and other valuable documents.

The facts which I have collected since the publication of the original German editions of these Memoirs (January and June, 1878) I have now added to the English translation, which as a biography has the advantage of being more complete. I have, however, shortened the Introduction, which treats of the family history, and is therefore of but little special interest to the English reader.

This biography has been written in consequence of a promise given to the Superior that after her death I would see that her memory was not forgotten. I give it to the public, in the hope that the remembrance of the beloved and respected Superior may be preserved.

BONN, *April*, 1880.

INTRODUCTION.

THE family to which Amalie von Lasaulx belonged came originally from Lorraine. In 1611 Jean de la Saulx (of the Willow) and his son were raised to the nobility, as the report goes, in consequence of their bravery during the war with the Turks. For five generations the family lived in the Castle of Bergh, near Luxemburg, and from thence Amalie's great-grandfather, Johann Claudius von Lasaulx, came to Coblenz in the first half of the eighteenth century, and entered the service of the Elector of Trèves. He is the ancestor of the only branch of the family still in existence. He lived in that time which was so memorable for Coblenz, when, by the building of the palace, it became the residence of the Elector. Johann Claudius died in 1791, as Privy Councillor of the Elector.

Of his three sons, the youngest, Peter Ernst, Amalie's grandfather, was the most distinguished. He was in character decided, quick, fearless, and honest, and of great

intellectual power. His influence as Syndic was, in the electorate, greater than that of almost any other person of his time. His endeavours to ameliorate the political and social condition of the citizens and the peasantry, and the energy with which he defended the ancient rights of the country against the unjust demands of the Court, the cathedral Chapter, and the nobility, involved him in many a hard conflict, and made him many bitter enemies.

These struggles reached their height when, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Elector, contrary to the wishes of the people, made the country around Coblenz the gathering-place for the emigrants, and joined the coalition between Prussia and Austria. As danger drew near, however, and when in October, 1791, the news spread of the capture of Mayence, those were the first to take flight who had brought the war upon the electorate—namely, the Elector himself, his Minister, and the cathedral Chapter, leaving the town helpless and unprotected.

In the meantime the National Convention had, out of revenge, decided upon the total destruction of Coblenz, and this intelligence increased to the utmost degree the consternation and terror of those days, for the enemy was believed to be before the very gates.

The Syndic von Lasaulx, who with a few brave men had remained in the town, thereupon determined, as a last

resource, to go as far as Mayence to meet the French commander Custine, and to beg him to spare the electorate. He had hardly started, when the German troops, on their return from Champagne, entered Coblenz, and thus put an end to the threatening danger.

With the exception of the Elector, those who had fled for the most part returned, and one of the Syndic's warmest opponents, Baron Kerpen, was appointed governor of the town. The long-watched-for opportunity came for the enemies of the Syndic to accomplish the overthrow of the man they hated. Hardly had Lasaulx returned from Mayence, when he was arrested by order of the governor, accused of high treason, and sent to prison in Ehrenbreitstein.

It was in vain that the people petitioned for his release ; or that his total innocence was proved ; and in vain the Elector of Mayence and other Powers warned the Elector of Trèves not to compromise himself by such unjust measures. So great was the influence which the personal enemies of the Syndic had gained over the otherwise just and mild prince, that Lasaulx succeeded only in regaining his freedom after fifteen months' imprisonment.

The official correspondence of those days, preserved in the cathedral archives at Trèves, gives a deep insight into the system of intrigue by which the electorate, at the time

of its fall, was surrounded, and to which Lasaulx had fallen a victim.

Not till seven years later did the Elector think himself bound to make up for the wrong he had committed, by a full declaration of Lasaulx's innocence, and by compensating for all he had lost. However, it was not in his power to restore him to his former post, for during those seven years the storms of the revolution had passed over the country, reducing its entire constitution and all the splendours of the electorate to ruins.

The warm sunny days of the good old electorate were over and gone, and a new era had dawned upon the Rhine—that of the French occupation.'

And here again two members of the Lasaulx family made themselves conspicuous in the Rhineland: Franz von Lasaulx, Rector of the School of Law, and his brother-in-law, Joseph Görres, who both of them had in their youth been zealous champions of the French ideas of freedom.

Joseph Görres, however, intellectually the most powerful man of his day, after having witnessed the horrors of the Revolution at Paris, soon turned his interest to his German fatherland. It is a proof of the high opinion which Napoleon entertained of this man so dangerous to himself, that he styled the "*Rheinische Merkur*," edited by him, "the fifth European Power."

Through Görres, the Lasaulxs once more took up a high position in the town. The house was one of the best known on the Rhine. It was a neutral ground, on which the members of different confessions and of opposing political parties met in harmony—on the one hand, the Coblenz friends and relations, particularly the sons and daughters of the Syndic von Lasaulx ; on the other, officials, artists, men of letters, and Prussian officers like Gneisenau, Sharnhorst, and Groeben. There the most diverse opinions were exchanged, and interests were excited, which till then had been considered impossible to be united, and gradually this circle became the centre of far more liberal and grander views of life than had existed in the old electoral days.

In 1815 the Rhineland was united to Prussia, and high hopes were entertained that the future would realize the dreams of the days of the Wars of Independence.

In Prussia, however, reaction had begun, and its results were but too much felt at the Rhine. Disappointment, dissatisfaction, and embitterment against the Government took the place of joyous expectation. Again Görres came to the front, and gave loud expression to the general feeling by demanding in bold words, as a right of the people, the restitution of the constitution. The conflict at last reached such a height that Görres, in order to escape being arrested,

left the Rhine. He never again returned to his old home, but he ever kept up a close connection with the circle in Coblenz, among whom his powerful character had left a deep impression. For many long years the chords he had struck re-echoed in the hearts of the people of the Rhineland.

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SISTER AUGUSTINE.



CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD—FAMILY: 1815—1830.

ON the 19th of October, 1815, the youngest child, a daughter, of Johann Claudius von Lasaulx, architect, was born in the old family house, Clemens Platz, Coblenz. She was christened in the Castorkirche, and called, after her god-mother, Amalie.

The large black eyes with which she first looked out into the world, contributed at that time not a little to the almost repulsive plainness of the sickly little child she was. So delicate in the early part of her life, that no one believed she would ever reach womanhood, and so ugly, that her mother could be with difficulty persuaded to let her appear in the presence of strangers. She was, however, most carefully nursed, particularly by her father's sister, Christina, who devoted much time to her little niece, and instructed her with much patience in the art of walking—a lesson hard enough for the weakly child to learn.

Amalie's father, Johann von Lasaulx, or as he was called

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in Coblenz, Jean Claude de Lasaulx (he was always named Jean Clödchen by his most intimate friends), was sent in 1798, by his father, to Würzburg to study law. As, however, this dry study held out to him but little promise, he soon gave it up, in order to devote himself to medicine. It is very doubtful if he made much progress in this latter science, as, when he finished his studies, after being eleven sessions at college, we hear nothing of his passing any examinations. He succeeded, however, in falling in love and getting married before he left the university, and, to the unspeakable astonishment of his father, brought home from college his young wife, Anna Maria Müller. "She is hardly worth what it costs to bring her here," the syndic is reported to have exclaimed in the first burst of his anger at the unexpected arrival of a daughter-in-law.

In the hope of gaining an independent livelihood for his household thus early formed, Lasaulx tried first one occupation and then another, all equally without result. He began a vinegar distillery in Coblenz, which all his acquaintances eagerly hastened to patronise; but as it was quite impossible, even for his most intimate friends, to consume more vinegar than other people, and as he got no other customers, the distillery had soon to be given up, and Lasaulx betook himself to the ironworks of Dietz. As a child he had a great liking for mechanics, in which too he had given evidence of some skill, and therefore he was often induced to spend his idle hours with the joiner and smith, or in the building-yard with the mason, or in the shop of the carpenter. The establishment of a mint in Ehrenbreitstein gave him an opportunity of receiving instruction in the art of coining. By all this, however, he

could not gain a livelihood, and the young household had at first often much difficulty in making ends meet. In the year 1809 his father died, and was buried near the ruin of the Johanniskirche in Niederlahnstein, beneath the shadow of the hazel tree, where lay also his wife, who had some years before preceded him to the grave.

The children had all grown up in the belief that they would one day be rich, and it was a somewhat cruel disappointment, when, in consequence of the want of foresight with which their father had lived above his means, and his generosity and unselfishness towards his friends the inheritance turned out to be not only small, but in such a state of confusion, that it required some years before it could be brought into order. The house remained the common property of the family. The three sisters, the eldest of whom was hardly twenty, lived in the top story, under the protection of their married brother, who inhabited the ground-floor, the second story being inhabited by the Procurator-General Eichhorn.

Through the exertions of Görres and other friends, the post of county architect was created for Lasaulx, and offered to him. Not being in any sense an architect, he hesitated to accept the office. Görres, however, urged him so strongly not to refuse a position for which he was so admirably fitted, that he yielded to persuasion and accepted the post. According to his own account, he at first made many a blunder, but he worked so hard at his profession, that he at last became one of the most celebrated architects in the Rhineland.

The Government confirmed him in the situation he had obtained without any study or examination, and shortly

afterwards appointed him inspector of buildings. It was especially Lasaulx's style of vaulted roofs that made his reputation. Among his literary works, by which he was known beyond Germany, the most celebrated is his treatise on "The Method of Vaulting among the Ancients."

He was among the first who successfully opposed the inartistic style of the eighteenth century, and reintroduced the old German form. Beautiful churches, all of them distinguished by their tall slender spires, began to appear according to his plans, in different places on the Rhine and Moselle, and many old churches—as, for example, the Castorkirche in Coblenz—had to thank him for their restoration to their original simple beauty. It was Lasaulx who called attention to the architectural value of Ramersdorf Church, which was then unnoticed and neglected, and falling into ruin, and, through the influence of the mayor, Oppenhoff, and Bethmann-Holweg, caused the old building to be newly erected in the cemetery in Bonn, where it now stands. Other buildings were constructed according to his plans, among which were the castles of Rheineck and Rheinstein. He restored the Königstuhl at Rhense, after the old pictures, to the original form it had had in the Middle Ages, when it served as the meeting-place of the electors. Most of his works were afterwards engraved.

In the year 1814 we find him in Nassau with the Prussian Minister, Von Stein, who had asked him to submit plans for the restoration of his castle. Stein speaks of Lasaulx in a letter to his wife, as a "clever, able, and agreeable young man."

The years of his past life, apparently misspent, now stood him in good stead, for by the minute knowledge of his

business gained during that time, he was able to examine every detail of the work his men turned out, and practically to correct their mistakes. Under his care the quality of work produced in the Rhineland, which up to this time had been very poor, was much improved, and many purely mechanical processes were brought by him to perfection. The workmen felt that they had to do with one who was perfectly master of his business, and they stood in dread of the relentless fidelity with which he insisted on order and punctuality. On one occasion, when his sisters and some of his friends had gone to spend a Sunday in Waldesch, they were much astonished to see workmen actively engaged in the new church. On their remonstrating with them, they received, to their great amusement, the following answer: "You see, madam, the inspector is worse than the very devil himself!" and they kept on steadily at work, to make up for the time lost during the week.

His disinterestedness won for him in rich measure the respect and gratitude of those parishes in which he undertook to build churches. Indeed, this trait of unselfishness and indifference towards worldly gain was characteristic of all the Lasaulx family.

In one instance, after having completed the building of the church in Weissenthurm, he refused to take any remuneration for his labours. The congregation thereupon presented to him and to the local magistrate, who had likewise taken a great interest in the building, and whose devotion to Lasaulx was quite touching, a place of honour in the churchyard, which might serve as a burying-ground for themselves and their families.

Lasaulx built his own house between the years 1839-41, on a narrow strip of ground in the Schlosstrasse, and it was perfectly astonishing how he turned the small space at his disposal to such good account, and what a convenient house he managed to build on it. He had a great love for old pictures and other works of art, and a great knowledge of them. On his travels through the country he would often discover and purchase valuable works of art in the dwellings of peasants, so that his own house soon contained many objects of interest.

Though he had, except during his student years, spent almost his whole life in Coblenz, he was nevertheless a well-informed man, and well-acquainted with the world. In his leisure hours he was very fond of reading novels, always the end first, so as to avoid all unnecessary excitement. Silent and reserved in his own house, he was always merry and animated in company, and all who associated with him praised his rare amiability and kindness. There was something noble, almost knightly, too, in his whole manner, while his outward appearance was like that of the old masters in German art. But though he won fame as a church architect, and though his opinion on any question of art was respected, Lasaulx himself remained for many years a stranger to all practical life within the Church. This arose, not from his being in any way opposed to Christianity, but from that simple indifference to all the outward forms of religion, which he had inherited, with the best men of his time, as a legacy of the eighteenth century. It was said of him, that as soon as he had given up the key of a church he had built, he never again entered it.

Amalie's mother, though far more ecclesiastically minded, was not so lovable as her husband. She had a deeply serious, upright character; her letters give testimony of her tenderness and faithfulness, and her poetic turn of mind; but her stern, reserved manner made her appear at times almost unapproachable, even to the members of her own family. As a housewife she was most exact and orderly, insisting on an almost painful cleanliness. Among her friends and relations, by whom she was respected rather than loved, she was known by various names: "The old lady philosopher," "The lady prioress," "The sapientia," etc.; and it is characteristic of the position in which, from her reserve, she stood to the other members of the family, that for many years her husband's sisters addressed her by no other name than the formal "sister-in-law." Her little nephews and nieces discovered an alarming likeness between their aunt and a large owl in one of their picture-books, so that they stood in decided fear of her and her solemn eyes. They made their duty visits during the holidays, with respectful awe, and were greatly rejoiced when they escaped from the gloomy atmosphere of the house into the sunshine again.

It may have been partly owing to the mother's influence, that a painful solemnity and a mutually distrustful reserve was to be found among the members of the Lasaulx family. On disputed points, opinions were not expressed, but a strict silence was maintained. For weeks, for months even, children and parents could live together with each other, without so much as even exchanging an unnecessary word.

The six children were in almost every way entirely different from each other. They all had in common an active imagination, artistic gifts, and, especially the daughters, an immense power of work. As regards their education, it may be said that they grew very much like the young trees in the forest; for their father, who, with his brothers and sisters, had enjoyed the utmost freedom at home, was opposed to all compulsion, especially in religious matters. The children had their instruction almost in their own hands; and if, in spite of the want of a proper restraint upon them in youth, most of them afterwards made names for themselves, they had the characteristic energy of the Lasaulx family to thank for it, and the healthy intellectual atmosphere then prevailing in Coblenz, which they breathed unconsciously, like the air of heaven.

Amalie's eldest brother was ten years of age when she was born. He bore the old Lasaulx family name of Peter Ernst, was born in 1805, and was remarkably clever. He was early the decided favourite of his mother, and the sisters also loved their brother enthusiastically. The two other brothers were Otto, born in 1806, and Hermann, born in 1808. The latter had shown from his childhood a singular disposition. His lively imagination carried him away to impossible dreams and ideas, and his sensitiveness and proud unselfishness rendered him completely unfitted for every-day life. He had a great talent for telling witty anecdotes, and this, along with his kindness of heart, made him a general favourite, notwithstanding all his peculiarities. Like Amalie, he had the mother's large, dark eyes, and he took pleasure in asserting that they were

Spanish, and that one of his maternal ancestors had been a Spaniard.

Her sisters were Anna, born in 1810, and Clementine, born in 1812. Anna, or as she was generally called, "Nannchen," was of a quiet, gentle disposition; her chief characteristic was unselfish kindness to others; whilst Clementine far surpassed both her sisters in beauty and distinguished manners.

Among her brothers and sisters Amalie passed a happy childhood. After she had got over the delicacy of her early years, her physical and mental powers developed rapidly; she became bright and lively, and every one who saw her with her sparkling eye, her rosy cheeks, and her happy smile, thought her the perfect picture of health and strength. Always in a good temper, full of droll, occasionally noisy pranks, wild and venturesome as a very boy, she was the favourite among all her relations. Her father's pride in his youngest child was returned with passionate affection and admiration.

Lasaulx was once walking along with his friend Sulpice Boisserée and his wife, who had just come to pay him a visit in Coblenz, when suddenly, as they were passing a friend's house, a bright, sturdy little girl flew out to him, and, without taking the least notice of the visitors, almost smothered him with hugs and kisses. After he had succeeded in shaking himself free of the little elf, he turned laughing to Boisserée, and said, "What say you to that wild little thing?" adding with evident pride, "That's my youngest child, 'Maler,' the painter."

Boys' amusements were Amalie's delight, and she often wished she had been a boy herself. She used after-

wards to tell how long before she knew the words, she had in her heart understood the meaning of the verse :

“Wär ich ein Jäger auf freier Flur !
Ein Stück nur von einem Soldaten !
Ach, wär ich ein Mann doch mindestens nur,
So würde der Himmel mir rathen.”

And, indeed, wearing her hair cut short, as the fashion then was, she looked very like a boy. In after years she often let her hair hang loose, and would in play make her thick black tresses fly round her. She was a perfect mistress in the art of stilt-walking, and she practised skating with much eagerness in a solitary corner on the Moselle. Skating was at that time an unheard-of accomplishment for a girl, and Amalie was doubtless the only one in Coblenz who indulged in such a pastime. Though she was ashamed in the presence of lookers-on, she could not give up her skating—"it was too nice." Of course, she could not walk downstairs like other people ; that was too great a trial for her patience. She preferred sliding down the banisters, a habit she continued even after she was grown up.

Clemens Brentano, who was in the habit of coming to the Lasaulxs', used to be horrified at the holes and tears which careless Amalie brought home in her dresses from school and the playground, and preached many a sermon to her on her wildness, prophesying that nothing good ever came of children like her. When she began to cry, he would repent of his having teased her, and add : "Now listen, you little black huzzy ! I tell you what I said to your mother : 'Frau Jean Claude, don't be anxious about Maler ; the worst children always make the best men and women.'

Do you hear? Now go and wash your eyes, and don't let it be known that you were crying." When she came back he would look at her and say, "You have washed them, have you? No one would have thought it, for they are still as black as mine! Fie! we both ought to be ashamed of ourselves, for having such black eyes!" And with that she would again begin to cry over Clemens Brentano's eyes and her own, that no amount of washing could render less black. Her friend would then lose any little patience he had, and, stamping his foot, cry, "Frau Jean Claude, your Maler is a horrid cry-baby!" and, taking up his hat and stick, would depart without saying good-bye.

It can well be believed that Amalie had no sympathy with the pietistic, almost mystical, religious views of her elder sister. After the latter had become a nun, a friend said jokingly to the child, "Who knows? perhaps you will go into a convent too!" Amalie indignantly answered, "I'd sooner jump over the garden wall into the Moselle!" Her parents at that time lived in the Bassenheimer Hof, where her father had for twenty years a house rent free, but in return for that, he had to build at his own expense the wing which runs out to the street. A few years after Amalie's birth, the family house had passed into the hands of a brother-in-law, and in 1833 it was sold to the Dietz family.

The Bassenheimer Hof is situated in the most interesting part of the town, which then lay facing not the Rhine but the Moselle, as the principal river of the district of Trèves. There "the town was full of inhabitants, and stately with decorated houses." The old castle of the

electors is still to be seen, with its turrets and bay-windows, built by a mighty archbishop in the thirteenth century, who never even in a dream imagined that it would ever be converted into a tin-plate factory. There, too, is the bridge over the Moselle, the work of Baldwin of Lützelburg, "as fair as could be found in German land, with thirteen vaulted arches;" and the old market-place, with its merchants' house, with the Bürresheimer Hof, and the Florinskirche, and many old proud mansions of the aristocracy, whose proprietors are either dead or brought to penury by hard times or their own extravagance, and have been scattered over the earth. There, too, was the so-called "little garden of paradise," so mysteriously attractive to the children, and into which they cast many a longing look. The historical memories had, doubtless, less attractions for the children than the splendid playground and sporting-green which the whole locality surrounding their parental house afforded them.

When old enough, she was sent to one of the girls' schools, which were characterized more by indulgence than by learning. That of the two old Fräulein von Brahm, who had been nuns in a convent then secularized, was considered the best. They were very amiable ladies, but their attainments, particularly as regarded orthography, were rather questionable. The school of the sisters Saarburt, the daughters of an officer in Trèves, on the other hand, was distinguished for the remarkable knowledge of geography imparted. The existence of the antipodes was especially thoroughly discussed and illustrated by means of an ink-bottle: "We live up above, and they down below; the earth then turns round, and we live down below, and

they up above." When the children, in a state of consternation, asked the natural question, why the inhabitants of the globe did not fall off, the teacher, somewhat put out, informed them that people were not very clear on that point, and then began at the beginning again.

One of these schools—that of Pastor Corneli—Amalie attended for several years. In February, 1830, when about fourteen, she entered Stein's school as one of its first scholars. There, as at home, she was everybody's favourite, and, small as she was, her firmness of character gave her a sort of authority over all with whom she came in contact. One of her fellow-scholars gives the following description of her: "There she sat, perfectly upright, her head slightly raised, her grave, dark eyes fixed on the teacher. And when 'Maler' was annoyed at anything and 'put on her face,' we were all frightened and did whatever she wished."

The proprietor and head-master of the school was a converted Jew, a very respectable man, who undertook not only to further the educational progress of his pupils, but also took an interest in their amusement. His authority remained unimpaired till the year 1848; then the girls rebelled, and insisted on the "right of chattering" and other liberties during school hours. The good man was weak enough to consent, and henceforth his authority was irrevocably gone.

Among Amalie's teachers, the most prominent was Seydel, who gave instruction in religion, the friend and adviser of Amalie Meerveldt, in common with whom he directed the orphanage at St. Barbara. In his early years he had been an officer, and, under Lützow, had gone through the Wars of Independence. After many years, the

Russian Government resolved to present him with an order, in recognition of his military services, but "Lieutenant" Seydel was sought in vain. When at last he was discovered, as a priest, he happened to be involved in a lawsuit, and was about to undergo a term of imprisonment; but, as it was thought highly improper at one and the same time to imprison a man and invest him with an order, he was allowed to go free and received his honours. Seydel hated the Protestants with all the warm zeal of a convert, and sometimes gave expression to his feelings in a rather original manner. Once at dinner, when he was fulminating against "this Protestantism, which Germany had been gradually devouring for the last three hundred years," he struck his fist so violently on the table, that though the great heresy remained unscathed, a number of glasses were smashed. The old Bishop, Von Hommer, held up his finger, smiling: "Gently, gently, sergeant!" In his sermons, too, he gesticulated so violently, that sometimes his little black collar was sent flying down among the congregation. As a teacher of religion he had perhaps more zeal than knowledge, but his short pithy sentences often made a deep impression on his pupils, and Amalie, who still attended his classes after she had left school, often spoke of his words on almsgiving: "When you have nothing else to bestow, you can always give *love*."

In Stein's school, as in the others, the girls were not oppressed with too much knowledge; and yet, on the other hand, the power of independent thought was not driven out of them by excessive study. Accordingly, the education which Amalie received was simple and soon ended.

What influenced her more than anything she learned

from books, were the impressions she received from her whole surroundings, first in the narrow circle of her home, and then among her friends and relations. Her father tended and developed the natural artistic talent she possessed, and she often looked with pride and astonishment on the plans he drew and put into execution. Deeper and more lasting, however, was the influence which the whole views and character of her eldest brother produced upon her. She was ten years old when he left home to study philology and philosophy, first in Bonn and then in Munich; but his visits during the holidays, and his letters home, gave her a whole world of new thoughts and pictures, which she received with all the greater pleasure, that she was especially and deeply attached to this brother. The ideas of the beautiful and the noble were principally awakened and sustained by his enthusiastic descriptions.

After the completion of his studies at the university, Ernst Lasaulx spent some years in travelling, first of all among some Austrian convents, in search of the writings of Meister Eckehard. He spent the winter of 1830 in Vienna, where he formed a friendship with Günther and Emanuel Veith. He next proceeded by way of Styria and Trieste to Rome, where he devoted himself to a thorough study of the Fathers. It was here that his love for, and appreciation of, the beauty and grandeur of art were awakened, which he kept throughout life, and which laid the foundation to all his future occupations. After spending two years in Italy, in lively intercourse with Bunsen, Platner, Cornelius, Koch, Overbeck, and Charles Letellier, he joined the train of the young King Otto of Greece, and went to Athens. From thence he proceeded

to Constantinople, and by Smyrna, Rhodes, and Cyprus to Palestine: "For," he wrote, "a natural feeling attracts man to the spot rendered sacred by the traces of the Redeemer. Although myself an unworthy descendant of pious ancestors, yet I have inherited something of their spirit, and I have always believed that the sight of the earthly Jerusalem would increase the desire for the heavenly, which is our common home; for when he that is freeborn lives in slavery, he feels all the more keenly that of which he is deprived." His letters describe this pilgrimage in rich and enthusiastic language, from that moment when he first beheld "the pinnacles of the City of Peace," until the day of his farewell to Golgotha and the summit of Olivet. He tells of his visit to the Holy Sepulchre, his wanderings about Bethlehem and Jericho; in poetic words he describes Oriental life, the charm of the starry skies of the South, and the sadness and melancholy which, like the fulfilment of an old curse, rests on the land, the inhabitants of which are scattered among all the nations of the earth, restless and homeless.

When such letters reached home they were eagerly read by relations and friends, and even Amalie would often pause in her joyousness, to think on the pictures which her brother's descriptions brought before her mind. She sent forth many a longing thought beyond the narrow limits of her Rhenish home, and she carefully preserved the dried leaves and flowers which her brother picked for her in remembrance of these sacred spots.

CHAPTER II.

FRIENDS AND RELATIONS—EARLY YEARS: 1830-1840.

THE house of the Lasaulx family, though not strictly speaking a sociable one, was still the centre for the large circle of friends and relations, both in and around Coblenz amid whom Amalie passed the bright joyous days of her youth.

The only one of her father's family who had remained in Coblenz was Christine, the wife of Johann Nepomuk, Longard, who was born in 1790, and was a legal official of high standing. Their house was the ideal of a Rhenish home, such as will live long in the memory of those who knew it. A simple and earnest piety gave the tone to everyday life which was closely connected with the course of the ecclesiastical year. Church festivals were kept with all the ceremonials peculiar to Coblenz, and a lively interest was taken in all ecclesiastical subjects, all the more as many friends of the family had taken Orders. Another feature of the Longards' house was its hospitality and the Rhenish light-heartedness which pervaded it. Visitors came from far and near, and all received a hearty welcome. Many a one, experiencing the truth of the well-known popular song, "Beware of the Rhine" ("Das Leben ging ihnen zu lieblich ein"), was loth to leave the hospitable roof.

The master of the house was a quiet, honourable man, who spoke but little in the course of daily life, yet he was beloved by all for his warm, kind-hearted manner, and the young were especially devoted to him. He had been sent as a boy to the Lyceum at Bonn, but in a fit of homesickness ran away from it, and thus his education in Coblenz had been chiefly French. Yet he by no means shared the French sympathies of many of the inhabitants of the town. During the Wars of Independence he had joined the army as a volunteer, and he was in no way opposed to the new political position of the Rhenish provinces. "Government means well," he used to remark; "it is a pity it sends us the wrong people." For many years a true native of the Rhineland considered the receiving of a Prussian decoration as at best only a doubtful honour; and thus Longard one day said to his family, much dismayed, "I have met with a misfortune!" which meant that he had received the decoration of the Red Eagle. He was a well-read man, and his leisure hours were often spent in the study of his favourite authors, Cicero and Sir Walter Scott. He was an excellent pedestrian, even up to the last year of his life; his habits in this, and in all other matters, were marked by pedantic regularity. For example, he spent his holidays for many years in succession in the Vosges, although constantly advised to visit other countries; so much so, that Guido Görres used to remark that when he appeared in Alsace, people would say, "It's time to make the sauerkraut in Strassburg, for Herr Longard has come!"

The life of Longard's house was Christine von Lasaulx, born in 1797, who kept her beautiful and distinguished looks

even to her old age. Her carriage was dignified, and Clemens Brentano, whose tongue was as ready as his eye was sharp for the weaknesses of his friends, used jokingly to declare that he could never pardon her for not even once giving him an opportunity of making fun of her. Though of delicate health, she conducted her household with firmness and kept it in exemplary order. In all matters she was considered the highest authority, and from her judgment there was no appeal, though her strictness prevented her from ever being popular with young people.

The Longards' house was the centre of social intercourse for all friends and acquaintances. Nearly every day, whilst the family was at dinner, Jean Claude would come in to pay a short visit, and often began some "fine new story, not exactly suited for a dinner-table." The general opposition which was raised to his story, made it all the more impossible for him to keep it to himself. Smiling and chuckling, he would await the close of the repast, and then, unable to contain himself any longer, he would come out with one of those old Trèves stories, questionable indeed in taste, but full of the humour of the good old times. He himself enjoyed them all the more that he could laugh at his own jokes, till the tears came to his eyes. He had a particular talent for finding out all such stories, in the building-yard, in the workshop, in the post-carriage—everywhere indeed, and his own imagination always added the best part. Sometimes, however, he was a perfectly silent visitor, and would come and go without saying a single word.

Every evening the house was a meeting-place for a number of old acquaintances, whose friendship dated back

as far as the days of their fathers and great-grandfathers. The other brothers and sisters of Jean Claude kept up a close connection with the family at Coblenz, and often came on a visit to the Longards.

The youngest brother, Peter von Lasaulx, lived nearest ; he was an official at Dierdorf, in the then duchy of Nassau, where, according to the customs of that time, he lived something in the style of a pasha, and in almost perfect independence. His small nephews and nieces from Coblenz always returned from a visit to their "uncle Dierdorf" under the impression that he was a very mighty personage. He was to outward appearance a dry, stiff lawyer ; whilst his wife, a most original character, made it her business to keep the family ever well provided with new stories. After his father's death, Peter von Lasaulx came into possession of Lahneck and the farm of Arnstein, the management of which he took into his own hand. The property, however, in later years, he sold again.

The elder brother, Adam, lived in Adenau, a small country town in the Eifel. He was electoral canon of St. Florin, and had, in the course of time, become an excellent keeper of the royal forests. His humour and originality made him a general favourite. His nephews and nieces from Coblenz liked nothing better than to go for a short visit to him, where they enjoyed perfect freedom in rambling about, amid the somewhat sombre mountain scenery of the Eifel. His children in their turn came to Coblenz from time to time, and wild as "Maler" was, she still knew how to profit by the example of her country cousins. Hubert, one of the forester's boys, for example, seeing in the Lasaulxs' house a waxed floor for the first time in his life, considered

it would make a first-rate slide, and immediately made use of it as such, with his heavy-nailed mountain shoes, and Amalie was not long in following his example.

The sisters of the Lasaulx family lived at a greater distance from Coblenz than the brothers. The elder, Elizabeth, was married to the Privy Councillor Umpfenbach, at Düsseldorf; Amalie to an Austrian officer, Captain Mohr, at Vienna. Notwithstanding the long distance, the latter often came to Coblenz with her children; and her niece Amalie, who was also her godchild, was particularly attached to her.

In the old town of Rhense, about four miles above Coblenz, Captain Mohr possessed a country house containing many old family portraits, and inhabited only by a farmer and his family. Sometimes during the summer the little daughters of Herr Longard would go there for a day or two, under the charge of an older cousin Lasaulx. The girls kept house there on their own account, enjoying the boating on the Rhine and the rambles on the neighbouring villages and mountains.

A close intercourse was kept up with the Görres family in Munich and their Coblenz relatives. Although neither Joseph Görres nor his wife ever returned to the old home, they sent many a friend to visit it. Among these were Philipps, Kaulbach, Boisserée, Steingass; Montalembert, too, on his way through Germany, stopped at Coblenz and spent a day at the Longards'.

Guido Görres, who, on his wedding tour with his young wife, visited his relations on the Rhine, stayed a whole summer and autumn at the Longards', before he could make up his mind to return to Munich. It was on this

occasion that, alluding to their common ancestors, he wrote on Palm Sunday in an album of one of the Coblenz cousins :—

“Uns Alle treibt ein inn’ res Mahnen
Dem hohen Schloss vom Berge zu,
Dem alten Stammschloss unsrer Ahnen ;
Das lässt der Seele keine Ruh’.
Im Himmel glänzen seine Zinnen,
Drum frisch hinan mit Rittermuth !
Gott segne mild dein kühn Beginnen ;
Im Himmelsschlosse ruht sich gut !

“May we one day meet above, and there receive a palm branch !”

Among the remarkable persons in Coblenz during Amalie’s youth—persons of no small influence on all with whom they came in contact—one of the most remarkable was Clemens Brentano, the poet.

He spent his early years in the house of his grandfather La Roche, at Ehrenbreitstein, and had been the school companion of Joseph Görres and Franz and Jean Claude Lasaulx. By-and-by, after having given up the calling of a merchant, so distasteful to him, he had led an entirely reckless life, and had fallen into many spiritual errors. He had lived by turns in Heidelberg, Berlin, Frankfort, Coblenz, Prague, and Vienna, everywhere mixing with men of the highest intellect, entering into their views, and often deeply impressed and carried away by them, without, however, their retaining any hold on him. He had been carried away by the great events and remarkable movements, political, ecclesiastical, and scientific, of his time, but his active mind and his glowing imagination were not yet under proper discipline. He was at that time like a wandering star, brilliant, restless, and uncertain, and exciting all with whom he came in contact. At the house of his

brother-in-law Savigny, he became acquainted with Sailer, who, by his piety and benevolence, made a deep impression on him, and for the first time brought him under the soothing and conciliatory influences of Christianity.

His past life rose up before him, with all its mistakes and worthlessness, and this grave, almost melancholy frame of mind was much increased by a residence in Westphalia. After paying a visit there to Sailer's friends, Overberg and Stolberg, he spent some years at Dülmen,¹ in order to write down Anna Katherine Emmerich's "Meditations on the Sufferings of Christ."

He afterwards spent some years at Coblenz. Joseph Görres wrote about him in his blunt manner: "The old demon of *ennui* has, to all appearance, again laid hold of Brentano. As long as Anna Emmerich lived he was stationary, because he was ever hoping, through her, to spy out something about the other world; now she is dead, and so he begins his roaming and his restless ways again. However, it does not matter, though he gives a poking up to the set of snobs hanging about the casino at Coblenz, proving to them that there are other species of fools in the world besides themselves."

At Coblenz Brentano was the guest of the Dietz family, and the intercourse with the Lasaulxs and Longards and others inclined him to prolong his stay there. His powerful intellect and the rich store of recollections of his changeful life gave him great influence over all with whom he came in contact, although after his residence in Westphalia he never again succeeded in shaking off the gloom that had settled on his spirits.

He had never been really amiable, and his sharp wit

was so little under his own control, that he often deeply hurt the feelings of his dearest friends. However undisciplined himself, he had a most arbitrary way of meddling with other people's children, carrying them off to one boarding-school or the other, in favour of which he just happened to be prepossessed ; yet, strange to say, he never attempted anything of the kind with the Lasaulxs.

Christian Brentano was a far more amiable man than his brother Clemens. He, too, often came to his friends at Coblenz, and was particularly fond of the children, for whom he made many clever toys.

The circle in which Amalie grew up, however, was, on the whole, a very exclusive one, into which strangers found difficulty in gaining admission. Only a very few of the latter had any intimacy with the Lasaulx and Longard families ; amongst these, however, were the Brüggemanns and Huenes.

In the autumn of 1831 Brüggemann had been sent to Coblenz as a Government official. His wife was the sister of Peter Cornelius the painter, and her sister, Jetta Cornelius, lived with them ; she was the particular favourite of the children, whose hearts she won by telling them fairy tales. Carl Cornelius, a young relation of Frau Brüggemann, with whose family he came to Coblenz, belonged, along with the sons and daughters of the Lasaulxs and Longards, to the circle of friends of Amalie's youth. During the winter of 1831-32 he and Amalie had French lessons together, from which, however, they derived more amusement than instruction.

The other family which, though not belonging to Coblenz, gained an entrance into this exclusive circle, was

that of Lieutenant-General von Huene. He had much in common with Lasaulx, having, as an officer of Engineers, been long occupied with military buildings in the neighbourhood of Coblenz. As a young officer he had come to the Rhine soon after the Wars of Independence, and had not left it again, with the exception of a few years spent at Breslau. In the year 1817 he had been entrusted with the building of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, as the ruins of the old fortifications had to be pulled down. The new structure, looking down with its towering battlements, its wide inner courts and fortifications, upon the Rhine—"a structure by which Prussia gives proof that she has set her foot on the shores of the Rhine, never to leave them again"—was completed in the course of eleven years. The builder of the Ehrenbreitstein was one of the few men who, at a time when public feeling at the Rhine was still deeply embittered, and people in a high degree suspicious of all that was Prussian, understood how to gain the hearts of the inhabitants, and to make them more reconciled to Prussian rule. Possessing a lively temperament and full of scientific interests, he had much of the Rhenish character, and his unassuming, amiable disposition gained him many friends, not in Coblenz alone, but throughout the Rhineland. Although Clementine von Lasaulx was the chief friend of the Huenes, still Amalie was the decided favourite of the master of the house.

A third family who, coming as strangers to the Rhine, were on intimate terms with Amalie's circle, was that of the Mendelssohns from Berlin. The youngest son, George Benjamin, had come to Coblenz as a young man, and his friendship with Joseph Görres had brought him into close

contact with the Lasaulxs. His father having, in 1819, bought an estate—Horchheim, near Coblenz—he was often there, and by-and-by settled at the Rhine for good, by becoming professor at the university of Bonn. Jean Claude von Lasaulx was one of his dearest and most intimate friends, although they had not much social intercourse.

As to Amalie and her brothers and sisters, the house of their uncle Longard ever was and continued to be most attractive to them,—in fact, their second home. It was there they enjoyed all the social pleasures of youth, feeling more at their ease than in their own home. There, as nowhere else, could Amalie give free vent to her exuberant spirits, and nowhere was she more stimulated in mind and heart than at her uncle's hospitable hearth, to which her father brought all strangers of note, men of learning and artists, who visited him at Coblenz.

Many pleasant social meetings took place there, and many a merry picnic party started from thence up the mountains, and to the ruined castles on their summits. The 16th of May, Longard's "name-day," was a high festival for young and old. Then an excursion was usually made to the Kühkopf or to the heights of Mallendar, or else to the then still ruined castle of Stolzenfels. After picking the woodroof in the woods for the "May-wine," the hero of the day began the first song, in which the others gaily joined, making the valleys resound with melody.

One of the most attractive spots in the neighbourhood, and to which the merry party often resorted, was the farm Besselich, about four miles distant from Ehrenbreitstein. It was situated on a hill, and formerly had been a convent,

and its present proprietor, Von Stedmann, was an intimate friend of the Longards, Lasaulxs, and Brüggemanns. A peculiar charm rests on this lovely spot, whose history reaches far back into the Middle Ages, and whose possessor appeared to have inherited the spirit of kindly hospitality peculiar to the old monks.

Amalie used to return from those excursions in the summer evenings, arm-in-arm with her young companions, and, joining heartily in their songs, was herself ever the gayest of the gay. She also took great pleasure in theatricals, both herself and her companions finding intense enjoyment in dressing up as knights and ladies, or else in appearing on a stage of their own construction as "noble robbers." Even the pet dog was taught to act the part of a gentle lamb, carefully wrapped in cotton wool.

She heartily enjoyed the golden days of her youth. As she grew up, her attempts at poetry were carried on in just as secret a manner as was the skating in former days. She privately wrote little verses, which doubtless she never confided to any one. Being asked about them in later years, she replied, laughing and evading a direct answer: "Who has not written poetry at eighteen!" She never danced. The merry little dancing parties at the Longards' did not take place until the daughters of the family, who were rather younger than Amalie, were grown up, and in her own home there never was anything of the kind. She was present at only one ball in her life, of which she said, "I was at Ems with my father, and there was a ball in the Curhaus. I stood at the open door, and looking in at the throng, I said to myself, 'Have they all gone mad?'"

As she grew up, Amalie was remarkably quick and useful in all household employments. She had skill for everything that came in her way, and her hand was light and steady, so that it was a pleasure to see her at work. Her brother Hermann often used to tell, in later years, what a treat it had been to see his sister prepare the bread and butter. She herself would gaily relate what difficulty she at first had found in fulfilling the duties of a grown-up daughter—she would have liked to prolong her childhood beyond its natural limits. The first time she was left in sole charge of the dinner, she was determined to gain great credit, and in order that nothing should be neglected, she seated herself in the kitchen. Her mother was away from home, and the servant occupied in another part of the house. Unfortunately, however, an interesting book had come into her way that morning, which she intended only taking a peep at, whilst looking after the cooking. But she soon became so engrossed by it, that she never looked up till her father came home at noon, and tore open the kitchen window in a fright, to let out the dense smoke by which she was surrounded. The dinner, meanwhile, had been reduced to cinders, and a dish of salad was the only thing which she brought to table, with no small shame and confusion. Her father, who sometimes was very absent-minded, particularly in household matters, asked in surprise what had become of the dinner; to which she replied reproachfully, "Why, father, you surely know!" It was her first and last mishap of the kind.

Amalie's happy youth was doomed to close with a deep grief. She had refused several offers of marriage, agreeable to the wishes of her family, and her parents had

been so annoyed at her behaviour, that even at table they had not spoken to her for weeks and even months together. When one of her aunts accused her of haughtiness, she replied warmly, "I am not haughty; there is somebody whose shoes I would clean if he asked me!" That somebody, perhaps, never had an idea of the attachment, which she kept all the more carefully hidden in her heart, as his attentions were directed to her sister, Clementine. Later on, Amalie completely conquered her first attachment, and became engaged to be married to a young doctor. Her parents were not pleased with the match, yet they finally gave their consent.

The gentleman to whom she had become engaged was not a very likeable person; but her imagination, having a strong tendency to idealize, adorned him with most excellent qualities. Suddenly some selfish, reckless remark would open her eyes to the true character of the man she so much admired and loved. Her own idealistic views were wounded to the quick, and her grief almost amounted to despair. She used to walk up and down her room for hours, striking her head against the wall, and she eventually broke off the engagement.

The violence of her emotion proved too much for her physical strength. She had a severe attack of typhus fever, which brought her to the verge of the grave. After she recovered, a deep seriousness had taken possession of her soul, and henceforth became the chief feature in her character. During this sad time Seydel proved himself her friend, and did all he could, by the power of sympathy, to dispel the cloud of melancholy that had gathered on her spirit. "I am quite well again, and in

one respect quite happy," she wrote to her aunt in Vienna, December, 1836; "and though, according to the opinion of the world, I have sacrificed all that makes life worth living, yet what I have gained amply makes up for my loss."

In order to give another turn to her thoughts, her parents allowed her to go on a visit to her brother Ernst, who had been professor at the university of Würzburg since 1835, and had married the daughter of the philosopher, Franz von Baader. If, however, Amalie's parents hoped by such means to win back their daughter's interest in the world and her former mode of life, they were to be disappointed. Her brother's house was opposite the hospital, so that she was able to watch the many sick persons of all descriptions who were brought to it, as well as the dead who were carried from it. Even at that early period she felt the desire of regaining, amid such surroundings as these, the happiness she had lost. She often, in later years, related how her fingers used to tingle with the longing to help those sufferers. By the ruin of her youthful hopes a great and lasting void had been created in her heart; life appeared to her desolate and worthless, and her active, energetic spirit sought in vain for satisfaction. Owing to the painful experiences through which she had passed, the gay life at the Rhine now appeared to her far less attractive, and she felt unable to take the same interest in artistic and scientific occupations as before. Other subjects, different indeed from those that formerly engrossed her, now began to rivet her attention—the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, and the claims of Christian charity; and thus gradually she entered upon an entirely new phase of existence.

CHAPTER III.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN COBLENZ—ENTRANCE ON CONVENT LIFE.

DURING the happy years of Amalie's youth, a number of Christian men and women in Coblenz had formed a society for the purpose of alleviating the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor. The destitution caused by the war and by the famine of 1815 had been great, and inundations and epidemics had occasioned great misery and called forth the exercise of Christian charity.

The centres of these efforts were the house of Councillor Dietz and the Orphanage of St. Barbara, founded by Countess Amalie Meerveldt, who became its first Superior. Several benevolent ladies entered into intimate relations with her, and lived a life of work and prayer, in many respects similar to that of nuns, without actually taking the vows, for there were no nuns in Coblenz at that time. Several zealous members of the clergy, like Seydel and Corneli, favoured those somewhat strict views; so earnest, indeed, were they, that the latter, in one of his sermons, gave it as his opinion that in the whole of Coblenz there were "but three persons fit to go to heaven." His hearers thereupon ironically designated the preacher himself and a

pious couple, intimate friends of Corneli, as the favoured three.

In the year 1817 a ladies' association was founded at Coblenz, to provide, on an adequate scale, for the wants of the sick, the poor, and the orphans. Amongst its members were to be found some like Frau Brüggemann and Frau Longard, whose views were less narrow and less inclined to monasticism.

Clemens Brentano, on coming to Coblenz, took an active part in all these charitable labours. He adorned them with all the charm of his poetic mind, and wrote many of his sweetest verses in praise of Christian charity. Besides the ladies' association, he particularly gave his full sympathy and warm support to the hospital founded by his friend Dietz. The building of this hospital was finished in 1825, and in the same year its first patients were admitted. The nursing was done by three ladies, whose zeal and interest in their work made up for their want of experience. Several young ladies of Coblenz also volunteered their services in the hospital, where they felt themselves as if within a charmed circle, cut off from the world.

Brentano had visited similar establishments in France, and had there become acquainted with the valuable services rendered by the Sisters of Charity, who still continued their labours in that country, although the Government in many ways oppressed them. Through his earnest advice, the authorities at Coblenz decided on entrusting the care of the new hospital to the Sisters of Mercy belonging to the "Congregation" of St. Charles Borromeo of Nancy.

This Congregation, founded at Nancy in 1652, had its rules from the Abbot of Estival, Epiphanius Louys, and was named after the Hospital of St. Charles, in which it first began its labours. It first gained a footing in Lorraine and the surrounding country. During the period of the Revolution the Congregation was broken up by order of the existing Government, and the Lady Superior, and many other Sisters who refused to take an oath of loyalty to the constitution, were thrown into prison, whilst others, scattered throughout France and the neighbouring countries, remained in hiding, and sought quietly to practise the duties of their calling. This state of affairs continued for a period of eleven years, when at last better days dawned, and the members of the Order could again assemble. In 1807 the Congregation sent representatives to the General Chapter of Sisters of Charity, which Napoleon had summoned to meet in Paris. At that time the Congregation consisted of 55 houses and 231 Sisters. In 1811 the nuns were first called to Germany, to the hospital at Trèves. Several gentlemen of Coblenz accordingly went to Trèves, in order to request the Sisters there to undertake the management of the newly founded hospital. The Lady Superior, after making the customary contract, arrived at Coblenz in 1826, along with the necessary number of Sisters, and with them, according to a memorandum of Dr. Ulrich, the chief physician, "the spirit of love and order entered the house."

Nannchen Lasaulx had been one of the young girls who from time to time had volunteered their services in the hospital, and her experience there, as well as the influence of the highly attractive society of the Countess Meerveldt,

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were, not unnaturally, the cause of her having from early youth the ardent desire of devoting her life to the work of a Sister of Charity. When hardly eighteen, she was taken by her brother to the parent house at Nancy, where she took the vows. She, however, only remained in this Congregation for a few years; and then, by special desire of the Bishop, she became Superior of the much stricter Order of St. Elizabeth, in Luxemburg, to save it from complete extinction.

Amalie, too, becoming through her friends the Dietzes acquainted with hospital life and the self-sacrificing labours of a Sister of Mercy, soon felt the wish to devote her life to works of Christian charity. The more she thought on the subject, the stronger the impression grew, that this, of all others, was the path which God had marked out for her, and that the breaking off of her engagement had removed the chief hindrance to her recognizing her true vocation. She was strongly persuaded in her own mind that she had some special task in life to perform; and once under that impression, it never again left her, but followed her, as she said, "all the day long, like the remembrance of a sin."

Her nature was much too healthy for her ever to turn to the convent as a place of refuge for her wounded feelings. Consequently the project of entering an Order was not immediately connected with the disappointment she had previously experienced. "God Himself gave me my vocation," she once said to a friend. She long kept her plan secret. "Better tell it to no one," she said, "and let it be known to God alone." It was not convent life so much as the occupation which it offered that attracted her.

She felt great difficulty in coming to a final resolution. She dearly loved her father, and life at Coblenz possessed many interests and attractions, which, in spite of her somewhat limited education, she could fully appreciate. Besides, she well knew how to prize the pleasant society of a large circle of friends and relations, and the perfect freedom she enjoyed in her own home; and she was well aware of the scenes of misery and wretchedness she would be called upon to witness, and the intellectually narrow minds with which she would have to associate. These were contrasts capable of intimidating the bravest heart. The mental struggle through which she passed was indeed a severe one, and the fact that Seydel, in whom she placed the utmost confidence, was opposed to her wishes made it much harder.

In order to put an end to the painful indecision which tortured her, she hit on the rather curious idea to let chance decide the matter. An old baker, a confirmed drunkard and a notoriously bad character, used to pass her home every morning. As often as she saw him, she was filled with disgust and horror, and she determined to make this man the test of her sincerity. She would sometimes ask herself, as she saw him go by in the morning, "Could I nurse this man if he were ill?" Sometimes she would turn away in disgust from the very thought of such a possibility, and come to the conclusion that she was quite unfitted ever to be a Sister of Charity. At another time, when his appearance was, perhaps, a little less revolting than usual, she would think him not so bad after all; and that, in a case of need, she might be able to tend him. Thus her state of indecision continued.

During this time she was in the habit of occasionally calling on the Superior of the hospital, and offering to perform any little services that might be required. One day she said to her, "I have nothing very particular just now for you to do ; but there is a dying man upstairs, and the Sisters have not time to remain with him. You might just go up to him and say a few paternosters, that he may not be left to die quite alone." The Superior conducted her to the room, and left her there, watching beside the sick man's bed. Amalie kept her eyes shut, for she was afraid of being alone with him. She repeated paternoster after paternoster, whilst the sufferer groaned and sighed. At last she grew tired, and as no Sister came to relieve her, curiosity prompted her to take a look at her patient. She approached him timidly and curiously, and her feelings may be imagined when she beheld the drunkard ! He had had a bad fall, and had been carried in a dangerous condition to the hospital, where he died that same day. This apparently unimportant event made a deep impression on her ; and she looked upon it as a special dispensation of Providence.

As far back as June, 1838, Amalie had applied for admission to the parent house of the Sisters of Charity at Nancy, and two years later she took the decisive step. Had she asked her parents' permission, it was hardly probable that they would have granted it, as they did not consider her character suitable to a convent, and they looked upon her state of mind as partly resulting from her present sorrow, and partly owing to the influence of Seydel. Besides, they were most unwilling to part with this daughter, who, of all others, was the life and sunshine of the house.

Aware of this, and partaking of the reserve common to her family, she did not again speak of her intentions. Dietz, who had made the necessary inquiries at Nancy, provided her with money for the journey, and she left home without saying good-bye to any one. It was only after she had entered the convent that she communicated with her parents.

A step such as this can only be explained by her having for years past accustomed herself to consider it as a necessity, so that she was irresistibly driven to act in a manner to which the vigorous energy of the Lasaulx nature had predisposed her. Her parents were deeply distressed, and her father could not be easily brought to forgive her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST NINE YEARS OF CONVENT LIFE: 1840-1849.

AMALIE on taking the veil received the name of "Sister Augustine," and began her convent life in the parent house at Nancy, where she was trained to superintend the dispensing department.

The Lady Superior at that time was Maria Placida Bellanger, then an old lady of seventy-nine, who, during the sixty years she had belonged to the Congregation, had shared its hardest as well as its most glorious days. It was she who, whilst yet young, during the Revolution, defended her hospital at St. Dié against a lawless band who attacked it, and when the Sisterhood was almost entirely dissolved and its members scattered, still continued by night to visit and nurse the sick and poor. The Government had even signed her death-warrant and set a price on her head. When, many years later—1813-1815—typhus was raging, and when fifty Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo died through infection, Sister Placida took, with one other Sister, entire charge of a large hospital, and her energy and Christian love proved sufficient to the task.

The younger members of the Order looked up with

wonder and admiration to this remarkable woman, who was thus in every way so suited to fill them with enthusiasm for their calling. The instructress of the novices also, whom Sister Augustine loved and ever remembered with affection, belonged, according to her description, to the good old school, which had but little sympathy with all unnecessary restrictions and pedantic bigotry in the convent. She used to say to the young Sisters, "Children, the calling you have chosen is truly hard enough—you need not try to make it harder; we have not been sent into the world to make our life bitter!"

At the close of a three years' novitiate, final admission into the Order takes place, but, according to original rule, not before the person to be admitted has completed her twenty-fourth year. This regulation, however, was abolished by Pope Pius IX. in 1859, in accordance with the wish of the Lady Superior.

Sister Augustine, in taking the vows, in the presence of the Bishop of Nancy, which bound her for life to the Order, repeated the prescribed formula, which ran as follows:—"I promise and vow before God never to leave it, to live and to die within it, and for the rest of my life to serve the poor and neglected sick, according to the rules and statutes of the said Order. I vow never to consent to the Order giving up the work which I now engage in, of caring for the sick poor, nor ever to forsake the Order myself out of weariness, obstinacy, or longing for a change of life. Should I ever do so, I submit to the canonical punishment. In certification of this I give my signature with my own hand."

After this, a golden wedding-ring was placed on her

finger, and the medal of the Order hung round her neck, in proof of the indissoluble vows she had taken.

The rules which she had promised to submit to were in substance as follows. Since Christian charity is the foundation on which they rest, they begin with the prefatory words—"Love is the perfection of every true Christian, and of all Christianity; to this point the law and the prophets, as well as our Lord Jesus Christ."

The first article says that "Sisters whose calling is to wait on the poor, to nurse the sick, and to be constantly occupied with deeds of Christian charity, can spend but little time in the outward forms of prayer. Accordingly only a few simple devotional exercises are enjoined, and these even may be set aside in cases of extreme need, such, for instance, as times of epidemics."

But, again, the following article directs the entire life of the Sisters to be, as it were, one continued, silent prayer, which may well be united with active service in behalf of the sick.

The third article recommends a frequent partaking of the Holy Communion (on all Sundays and feast-days), in order to find therein that comfort and peace of mind which can make the Sisters happy in a condition such as theirs, so full of toil and hardships.

"Should any Sister," the article continues, "go more or less frequently to the Holy Communion than others, the latter are in no wise to take notice of the fact, nor to make it a subject of conversation."

Further, every Sister is directed, as far as her occupations permit, to withdraw from all intercourse with the outer world during nine days every year, for the purpose of prayer and meditation.

After these directions a second chapter follows, containing regulations for the round of daily life. The pre-fatory words are : "The ordering of the whole life according to the rules of obedience, gives rest and peace to the Christian soul."

The rules themselves were : "The hour of rising in summer four, in winter five o'clock, followed by prayer, meditation, and household occupations. Seven o'clock, attendance at Mass, and afterwards breakfast. From eight o'clock until the time of dinner (between eleven and twelve), work in the house. After dinner a quarter of an hour's recreation, to be spent cheerfully in each other's society. From one to two o'clock, sewing in perfect silence, in order that they might thus the better call to memory the Redeemer. Again short devotional exercises and household work until half-past seven, interrupted only by supper at six o'clock. At half-past seven again an hour's recreation, and after evening prayer and the reading of a passage from the lives of the saints, or the Epistle and Gospel, all should retire to rest at nine o'clock."

The third chapter treats of the duties of their common convent life, and begins with the words—"The band of unity in a society is that peace which arises from perfect love. Sisters of Charity should remember that this love is not founded on relationship, nor the bonds of friendship, not on their coming from the same part of the country or from the same town, nor any such-like circumstances, but on the will of God, on their profession of the same faith, on the same desire for Christian perfection, and the living under the same rules. Accordingly, the Sisters are not to allow any aversion or hatred towards each other to spring up in them

‘with their knowledge and consent,’ and no particular and private friendships are to be tolerated within the Order.” These latter are prohibited as “the pestilence of common life, the destroyers of that universal friendship the Sisters ought to cultivate towards each other.” They are patiently to bear with one another’s faults, not judging, either by thought or mood, but rather, “as far as possible, to put a good construction on all, and where that is impossible, to leave judgment to God.” They are to avoid “contradiction, flattery, and taunting words, and to have sincere respect for one another, in that they honour Christ in each other.”

The fourth chapter treats of their food. It is to be simple, but amply sufficient for the maintenance of such as are called upon to live a very active life, and to go through much labour.

The fifth chapter contains exhortations for working; the sixth prescribes their attire—“common, simple, modest, and black in colour.”

The seventh chapter treats of the vows. In regard to obedience we find the following remarks: “Obedience is a chief virtue of the members of an Order, for truly, without it, no community could exist, but everything would get into disorder and confusion.

“The Sisters having, once for all, made the costly sacrifice of giving up their own judgment and will, they ought, in the spirit of this vow, to fulfil their rules and regulations, as well as their daily duties, with unswerving faithfulness. They are to obey their Superiors in all things, willingly, uprightly, and at once, as they would God Himself, whose representatives these Superiors are, and

who has given them power to guide in His name those entrusted to them."

Blind obedience, however, is not demanded in the rules of the Order, for the article goes on to say, "The general and local Ladies Superior should have regard to not ordering the Sisters to do anything against the rules, or to exceed their strength. Should they treat a Sister too harshly, or require anything contrary to rule, the Sister has to obey, if the matter permits of no delay ; otherwise she is permitted modestly and calmly to mention the reasons preventing her fulfilling what she was ordered to do. Whether then her request be regarded or not, she is to remain perfectly calm. If it be refused, she is still permitted to appeal to the Lady Superior, and, if necessary, even to the Bishop."

The remaining rules treat of the special duties of particular members—of the novices, the Superiors, the gate-keeper, the stewardess, etc. The directions for the reception of novices are specially interesting. According to them, none may be accepted who have been in any service, none who are disfigured, or possessing any physical deformity. Such also are excluded whose parents are not Christians, or whose parents or grandparents have been publicly sentenced to any disgraceful punishment.

Upon the whole, the rules of the Sisters of Charity are simple and sensible, both in form and contents, but, by the very grandeur of their simplicity, they leave ample scope to the taste and imagination of the Superiors, who can either enforce or add to and improve upon them, according to personal inclination and the views at that time prevalent in the Church.

Sister Augustine was most conscientious in observance of rules, though only respecting obedience as the means of sustaining outward order.

During the first years of her convent life she had to pass through many hard struggles before she succeeded in bringing her peculiarly self-reliant nature within the narrow limits of obedience which the Order drew around her. "God alone knows," she wrote, "how excessively hard I find the giving up of all personal freedom. How often I have to seek help at the large chapel crucifix, in order to hear from the Saviour's lips that He is not held a prisoner there by the sharp nails, but by His infinite love to humanity! How needful for my passionate heart that the fetters which bind it be wrought of that same love to my poor suffering brethren! By that means alone can my soul, with its constant yearning after independence, be kept within the prescribed bounds. On entering the Order I have, undoubtedly, given up my free will to the Lord in a stricter sense than other Christians do; and how have I to struggle for strength, in order to be constantly victorious! How must I watch over my sinful heart, to prevent its stretching forth a sacrilegious hand to retract the once-offered sacrifice! How fierce the battle, day by day, finding perhaps neither rest nor peace, until death takes the weapon from my cold hand, and lays me down at last to quiet sleep!"

She found it difficult, too, in the beginning, to retain her cheerfulness and equability of temper, amid so many unwonted sights of human misery and the exertion of constant occupation.

At first she felt almost overpowered by the new im-

pressions surrounding her, but "God and her happy thoughtlessness," as she expressed herself, soon helped her to shake off her depression. She learnt to build up a world of thought, independent of the influences at work around her, and she succeeded in retaining a lively interest for much that lay outside the convent walls. She gradually accustomed herself to look upon the externals of convent life, as far as they were distasteful to her, as the price she paid for a vocation, which she did not regard as a duty merely, but which she loved from the very bottom of her heart. In her letters she repeatedly says, "The greatest gift of God's grace, granted me in this life, is His having made me a Sister of Charity."

Possibly most of her fellow-Sisters equalled her in the joyous and conscientious zeal with which she fulfilled the duties of her calling, but she excelled them all in special interest in every single patient. She took each to her heart, however great their number, and however trying the work she had on hand. Their spiritual as well as their physical wants—everything, indeed, that concerned those under her care—had a place in her heart.

"I deceive myself," she wrote, "when I fancy that the limits of my calling are as narrow as the four walls of my hospital. One only is greater than the heart—God on His throne of heavenly light. The human heart, then, can encompass the most distant boundaries of the earth: how much more must that of a Sister of Charity embrace all and all, bringing the distance near! The highest happiness, as well as the deepest sorrows, of her fellow-men must ever strike the chords of her soul with mighty power. The griefs and joys of others must be to her as her own; and

even where all that is most sacred to her—the doctrines of Christianity—separates her from her fellow-man, still must her heart go forth to bless, in richest love. As the arms of the Redeemer on the cross are uplifted for all ages, thus must her heart be ready to embrace all in that active self-sacrificing love, which knows no distinction between present, past, and future!”

Sister Augustine's position, even in the early years of her convent life, was a somewhat isolated one, for with those simple old Sisters, with some of whom she yet became personally acquainted at Nancy, the grand, free spirit of the Order passed away. Although, even during her novitiate, she had been sometimes made aware of this in a painful degree, yet it was not so much during her residence at Nancy, as in the following years, that she became aware of her position.

In 1842 she was sent, as dispenser, to the hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle. The mistress of the novices accompanied her as far as Trèves; the rest of the long journey she and a still younger Sister had to make in the company of some Prussian soldiers. “Well, that is fortunate!” said the mistress of the novices. “I need have no anxiety as to your being well cared for. No better travelling companions can be found for nuns than soldiers!”

Arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, Sister Augustine devoted herself to her new duties and occupations with so much attention and energy, that she soon became the very life of the institution. Yet, in her inmost heart, a deep feeling of loneliness came over her, which for a long time neither work nor prayer could overcome nor even diminish. She saw clearly, for the first time, how different her whole

manner of thought and feeling was from the spirit of the Sisterhood to which she belonged, and must belong to the end of her life, and confidence in herself almost forsook her.

There was not one of those around her at Aix-la-Chapelle whom she could at all trust, so she was not even able to tell the burden of her misery to another, and thus lighten it. But the utter loneliness, which often threatened to overcome her, was of higher value to her than she at that time recognized. It laid the foundation to a great spiritual independence, which taught her in later years, in all trials and difficulties, to seek help from God alone, and to find in her own conscience the law for every action.

A few years later, she wrote: "Never in my life have I had such continual hard struggles with myself, as in those seven years at Aix-la-Chapelle. I do not venture to decide whether I myself or those around me were most to blame; I only know that often I prayed, with burning tears, that God would make me callous and careless of everything that since my earliest youth had appeared to my soul great and noble. Often I fancied my prayers had been heard, but new combats showed me, only too soon, that I had been deceived. Yet unconsciously my strength grew in the fight. How many times in after life have I prayed to God to forgive that foolish prayer and leave it unanswered! How utterly impoverished would my soul have been, in the midst of my arduous calling, had my deep, lively feelings been blunted! The renouncement of the good things of this life has truly not made me a whit poorer, but how bitter my need would have been had I

been obliged to bid farewell to the world of feeling! How thanklessly I rejected this precious gift of God because its range appeared to me to be too large for the narrow limits of the convent walls!"

The giving up of all home ties, of friends and relations, is not necessarily demanded by the actual rules of the Order, but by the new spirit gradually permeating it.

As in many other things, she from the first remained a stranger to all innovations, inasmuch as she retained an intense affection for her relations, and a warm appreciation for friendship. She wrote: "How great indeed, O God, is Thy gift to the human heart, in that Thou givest it the power of rising above the limits of time and space! How near we can thus be to those we love! How the sharpest sting of separation is thus removed, enabling us every instant to take our loved ones to our heart! How ennobling is this power of the soul! How greatly it strengthens the heart which has had to make so many sacrifices in outward things! In the exhortations, we are recommended not to love any human being, in order to love God the more. My God, if I must seek Thee in *this* way, then I shall never reach Thee nor possess Thee! We are told virtues must be practised, if we would master them; it would then appear as if love were a weed or a poisonous plant, which must be avoided and trodden underfoot to make it grow and thrive! Very different were the maxims preached at the close of St. John's life, and which he left to us, as the fruits of his rich experience. He, at least, knew how to gain an entrance into the Redeemer's heart."

Sisters of Charity are sometimes allowed to visit their

relations for a short time, but in order to distinctly mark their separation from the family, they may not share any meal under the parental roof, nor, in fact, eat anything there, they being obliged to spend the night and take their food, if possible, in some neighbouring convent.

When Sister Augustine first joined the Order, the nearest friends and relations of the Sisters were sometimes permitted to join them at their meals, and more particularly on high feast-days. Afterwards the extension of this slight hospitality was forbidden ; and even nuns of other Orders, who might happen to be staying for a short time with the Sisters of Charity, were included in the prohibition.

A few years after taking her vows, Sister Augustine obtained leave to return home on a visit, which she more gladly welcomed, as separation had taught her the full value of all she had forsaken. During this visit she found her father still unreconciled to her, and many entreaties were necessary on her part, before she could induce him to lay aside something of his displeasure.

The meetings between father and daughter were destined to be few. He was taken ill in the spring of 1847, on a journey to Heidelberg ; kind friends nursed him, and he recovered so far as to be able to go home to Coblenz. During this illness at Heidelberg he for the first time returned to the positive Christian faith, and even partook of the Sacraments. In a letter to Bethmann-Hollweg he wrote : "I have found, at this occasion, that it is easier to lose than to regain."

In the autumn of the following year he had a return of his illness in a severer form. Sister Augustine was at that time in the hospital at Aix-la-Chapelle. One day,

as usual, she was busied in the dispensary ; as the angelus sounded at twelve o'clock she laid down her utensils to utter the accustomed prayer. Suddenly a deep, inexplicable sadness came over her, and, instead of praying, she burst into tears. With difficulty she at last sufficiently composed herself to join her fellow-Sisters in the refectory. After dinner the Superior sent for her, and told her that her mother had written to say her father was unwell and wished to see her, and that she might go at once.

She was overjoyed at this permission ; all her grief was forgotten—she only thought of the journey home and the re-union with the loved ones. It never occurred to her that her father's illness might be a serious one. On arriving at Coblenz, she hastened home, and gaily running up the stairs, called out to the servant, "How is my father?" But the girl looked at her with a startled, sorrowful face, and answered, "Alas! he died yesterday at noon!"

On the 14th of October, as the angelus was ringing, Lasaulx had passed away, amid the prayers of his family.

Sister Augustine sorrowed deeply, for she loved her father passionately. After his death she felt herself a stranger and lonely at Coblenz, and though her mother, her youngest brother, and many relations and friends continued living there for years, yet, as often as she returned there for a short visit, she felt herself as if in a strange world.

In the following year, 1849, she was called away from Aix-la-Chapelle. She hailed the news with joy, whilst all deeply regretted to see her leave the house whose centre of life she had been, though not bearing the title of Superior.

CHAPTER V.

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS IN THE RHINE-PROVINCE FROM 1835-1848.

THE reason for Sister Augustine's estrangement from her native city—an estrangement which amounted gradually to aversion—arose out of the ecclesiastical events which, beginning during her childhood, slowly and unperceived, drew a sharp line of demarcation between the contending religious and ecclesiastical parties then existing. Externally, her life was at that time little affected by such events, but the impressions were all the deeper, being inward and unperceived. They laid the basis to the principles which influenced her whole future life, to which she remained true, and which in a great measure determined her destiny.

In the political reconstruction of Germany after the Wars of Independence, the Papal See did not succeed in establishing the Church in a position corresponding to its demands, and to the glorious recollections of the temporal power the German clergy possessed in former times. The diplomatic negotiations too, which had in the following years been begun with the different Governments, although they made some progress, yet were far from having the

desired results. Rome demanded the complete independence of the Church from the State in all ecclesiastical matters, and the right of determining what matters of the government should come under the term ecclesiastical ; and, further, the entire superintendence of the schools, the unfettered introduction of clerical Orders, and the complete exemption of the clergy from civil jurisdiction.

The most favourable terms which the Church obtained as the result of these negotiations, were those from Prussia, owing chiefly to the peaceful disposition of Count Spiegel, Archbishop of Cologne, and the good understanding existing between him and Stein and Hardenberg. A state of affairs was thus brought about, under which, for a long series of years, clergy and people lived in quiet contentment.

Prussia re-established the ancient bishoprics, gave the bishops equal rank with the first presidents of the provinces, and left them perfect liberty in the administration of their dioceses, the regulation of divine service, and the education and superintendence of their clergy. An agreement was made, by which the number of feast-days, which under French rule had dwindled down to four, should be fixed at fourteen. Yet a feeling of deep antipathy against the Prussian Government sprang up in several small circles. By antipathy is not so much meant political dissatisfaction—as, for instance, in Görres—nor even that personal prejudice and aversion existing in legal circles in the Rhineland, whose members felt themselves offended by several appointments to high judicial offices, and who united deep contempt for Prussian legislation with the firm tenacity with which they clung to the rights which they had acquired

under the Code Napoléon ; we speak rather of that bitter discontent which sprung up just then in a small circle of the younger clergy and literary men, particularly in and about Münster and on the Lower Rhine, who saw in the new civil legislation a serious hindrance to the restoration of the hierarchy in all its mediæval splendour. No sacrifice was considered too great to satisfy this desire ; no action, not even the overthrow of the existing system, was thought unlawful. Such views were fostered by the somewhat similar revolutionary ideas which came across from Belgium and France. The bishops in the Prussian provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia, Von Hommer in Trèves, Count Spiegel in Cologne, Von Ledebur in Paderborn, and Von Droste-Vischering in Münster, who had no sympathy with these views, were one and all abused by these zealots in the *Kirchenzeitung* of Aschaffenburg, because of their mild and peaceful disposition. They were even held up as unprincipled shepherds ; indeed, as traitors to the Church. Archbishop Spiegel complained bitterly in his letters of 1825 and 1827 of "the secret system of informing and slander carried on from Munich with Rome."

A number of remarkable men belonging to the Catholic Church, and active in bringing about reforms within it, though not reforms according to the wishes of the extreme party, were looked upon by the latter with as much enmity as the secular Government. Sailer in Bavaria belonged to these, and he, along with his friends, sought above all things the inward holiness and unity of all those who heartily loved the Redeemer, and the Vicar-General of Constance, Baron Wessenberg, whose energies were directed to secure to the German bishops a position

independent of Rome, under the direction of a German patriarch. Its bitterest enmity, however, turned against Hermes, who, in 1807, was elected professor of dogmatics in Münster, and transferred in 1820 to Bonn. According to his system, man is to be brought up to the gates of faith, not so much under the guidance of authority as by the exercise of reason, compelling the human mind to recognize the reality of divine revelation, and the Catholic Church as the only possessor of that revelation. This system found at that time unanimous approval among the German bishops, and Hermes, who was himself a thoroughly pious and trustworthy character, counted almost the whole of the clergy of the Lower Rhine, as well as the greater part of those in Westphalia, among his disciples and followers. Although, soon after coming to Bonn, Hermes was charged with teaching theological errors, peace continued for a time undisturbed.

In the meantime the work of the above-named party was, openly, hardly perceivable, although internally it was growing stronger, and quietly extending day by day. Frederick Perthes, a Protestant, who, owing to his extensive and intimate connections, had opportunities of gaining insight into the character of these movements which lay hidden under the surface, wrote as early as 1824: "There is no doubt that a convulsive movement must soon take place within the Catholic Church. Her artificial framework will doubtless remain untouched, but yet the living forces are too mightily at work among many of her members not to have a destructive influence on her." In 1829 he again wrote: "The past four years have been productive of the profoundest changes in opinions and feelings throughout

Europe. Though outwardly uneventful, it has been a time which has prepared for revulsions, as important, perhaps, as those of the sixteenth century. The Catholic Church has become more Romanized and more hierarchical, and the Protestant clergy, equally violent, is standing in battle array, ready for the attack. The days have gone past in which believing Protestants and believing Catholics felt themselves one in matters of faith. Conciliatory voices are unheeded, and years of strife lie before us, in which each one must seek to strengthen his own position."

The followers of Hermes were not altogether blameless in pressing forward differences which became ever more marked. They were foremost in the opposition to the Government when it tried to gain Möhler over to Prussia, who was well known for his conciliatory disposition. They held almost markedly aloof from the Christian Protestants who lectured at Bonn at that time, such as Brandis, Bethmann-Hollweg, Bleek, Mendelssohn, and Sack. On the other hand, Windischmann, the decided opponent of Hermes, and the Catholic theologian Klee, stood on terms of the most intimate friendship with these men. The death of the Archbishop, Count Spiegel, in 1835, was the signal for the beginning of violent party struggles in the Rhineland, and for attacks directed in the first place against the followers and friends of Hermes, who died in 1831, and afterwards against the Prussian Government. The members of that party which saw in the system of Hermes elements which portended their own ruin, and which stood in direct opposition to their own aims and purposes, obtained from Pope Gregory XVI. the condemnation of

the system, couched in the severest terms, together with that of all the writings of Hermes. They succeeded in this by means of the theological representations of Windischmann, Möhler refusing to give any opinion, and by distorted and incomplete translations. The German bishops and the numerous friends of Hermes, who occupied the theological chairs at Bonn, Cologne, Trèves, partly also at Breslau, or who were engaged in pastoral work in their dioceses, felt themselves deeply hurt, and complained of the illegal proceedings by which this state of matters had been brought about; but the unconditional manner in which all, except Braun and Achterfeld, submitted to the prohibition, gave decisive proof how little the condemned doctrines had succeeded in undermining the authority of the Papal See. Still the victorious party continued for years to write and to preach against the so-called followers of Hermes with so much hatred and bitterness, that the "catholic unity" of Germany was all but reduced to an empty name.

Immediately after the death of Spiegel, the same party was equally zealous in attacking the Prussian Government. In 1835 the anonymous "Red Book" appeared, the actual title of which was, "Contributions to the Ecclesiastical History of the Nineteenth Century," in which Prussia was represented as a power hostile to the Roman Catholic Church, and bent on her total destruction. While emphasizing many undeniable mistakes of the Government, and some unquestionable slights and hardships the Catholics had to submit to (such as the compulsion of Catholic soldiers to attend Protestant services), it cleverly interwove all with every kind of exaggeration, misrepresentation, and

falsehood. Every single institution of the Prussian Government—its administration of justice, the constitution of its army, its department of public works—was abused and railed at, and brought forward as a proof that the Catholic Church in Prussia was doomed to destruction. For example, although Christian architecture revived and flourished under Prussian rule, it was here represented as being discouraged and as having deteriorated. The assertion was even made that the recently built churches in the Rhineland were nothing better than “ball-rooms,” and the parsonages “sheep-cots.” A refutation of the “Red Book” replied that “Von Lasaulx the architect, the father of the Professor von Lasaulx in Würzburg, so much trusted by the Ultramontanes, and the connection of Görres in Munich, would give him (the anonymous author) an opportunity of satisfying himself as to whether these churches were ball-rooms and the parsonages sheep-cots.” The “Red Book” was followed by a perfect multitude of similar writings, which were distributed in large numbers throughout the whole of the Rhineland. These had the effect of spreading the discontent, confined in the first instance to a few small circles, over the whole population, and of feeding the flame of dissatisfaction they had kindled, till it burst forth into fury.

In the meantime, on the proposition of the Prussian Government, the Vicar-General of Münster, Clemens August, Baron von Droste-Vischering, was elected as Spiegel's successor. One who had long been his friend described him as “a pious, earnest Christian,” “a man of iron,” “not narrow, but intensely tenacious of purpose, and inflexible.” Whilst designating him as “thoroughly

honest," he at the same time added that he regarded it as quite impossible for any man to get on with him as archbishop. He was one of those characters for whom duties existed only in so far as they accorded with his own personal views and convictions; to all other obligations he was perfectly indifferent. "Is your Government mad?" the Cardinal secretary is reported to have said to the Prussian ambassador, Bunsen, who brought him the news of the election.

To preliminary inquiries the new Archbishop had replied, in writing, that he would administer the diocese in the spirit of peace, and would especially avoid "attacking or overthrowing" the agreement which, in accordance with the papal Brief of 1834, had been arranged with the Government on the matter of mixed marriages, and that he would rather "construe it in the spirit of love and peace." Yet, soon after ascending the archiepiscopal throne, it became evident that the peaceful relations which had existed between Church and State under his predecessor were at an end.

The power of transacting negotiations of importance was at once withdrawn from the Vicar-General Huesgen, who had been the right-hand man of Spiegel, and had possessed his entire confidence. The office was thus turned into a mere sinecure. In the same way all trust was withdrawn from the members of the cathedral Chapter, and all share in official transactions denied them. On the other hand, the young secretary of the Archbishop, Edward Michelis, gained all the greater influence. He belonged to the party who regarded it to be their duty to contend not only against a few individual ecclesiastical grievances, but rather

to oppose the whole system of Church politics in Prussia ; their aversion to the Prussian Government was fully equal to that which they felt for Protestants and the followers of the late Hermes. It was as natural as it was undeniable that Michelis, in his influential position, should have acted according to the views of his school.

Secret correspondence with Rome, which was forbidden at that time, was again begun and carried on by the help of the members of clerical Orders and others—as, for instance, the pastor Binterim, in Bilk, near Düsseldorf—and plans were made for introducing Laurent from Luxemburg, and members of the Order of Jesuits into the diocese, to render help in opposing the moderate tendencies of the Rhine clergy. “It would be no small joy to us to smuggle in a few Jesuits,” Michelis wrote to a friend in 1837 ; and later he says in another letter to the same, “The time is come ; we must use every means. Let me tell you how far our cause has prospered. The Archbishop gives his sanction to everything, but in the meantime shuts his eyes to everything, so that whatever is done is done on private responsibility. I am going to place four Jesuits at Cologne and one at Bonn, at short intervals after each other,” etc.

As soon as the Archbishop was aware that the agreement between the Bishops of Trèves, Paderborn, and Münster with the Government went beyond the concessions of the papal Brief of 1830, he at once rejected it, and introduced as literal an interpretation as possible of the Brief, as a standard for the clergy. He treated the followers of Hermes with equal harshness. Without consulting the Government, he closed the seminary at Cologne, and

prohibited the students from attending the lectures of any of the theological professors, excepting Klee, thus suspecting them, notwithstanding their submission to the papal decree. In order more completely to extirpate the teaching of Hermes, he proposed eighteen theses, in which the views of particular schools were laid down as binding articles of faith, and in which the solemn promise was extracted, to appeal in matters of teaching and discipline from the Archbishop to the Pope alone. The Archbishop made the appointment and promotion of the clergy in his diocese dependent on subscription to these articles.

These and similar proceedings repeatedly obliged the Government to call the Archbishop's attention to the engagements he entered upon on assuming his office. All entreaties, warnings, and proposals to come to an understanding were in vain; also the summons to discontinue his official duties and to retire from his diocese, until ecclesiastical matters should be settled anew between the diocese and the Pope.

Hereupon the Archbishop circulated a pastoral letter among the clergy and people throughout the whole diocese, in which he declared that the Prussian Government wished to interfere with the rights of the Church in the matter of mixed marriages, and that rather than permit the same he would suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The letter hardly touched upon any of these, or any other debatable questions. The whole of the Rhineland was filled with anxious expectations and excitement. Placards exciting the people against the Government were posted up at the corners of the streets at Coblenz, Bonn, and Cologne; those at Cologne, for instance, closing with

the words: "Up, Catholics, up! Prepare for battle, for the King has thrown down the gauntlet!" A few days later, on the 20th of November, the Archbishop was arrested and conducted to Minden.

The Catholics of the Rhine were intensely excited by this event, which was considered among Protestants almost generally as a "fatal defeat" of the Government. All decided Catholics, and even those otherwise not particularly well-disposed towards Rome, such as, for example, the deeply embittered followers of Hermes, took the part of the Archbishop. The cathedral Chapter of Cologne was the only exception, its members having, on the 22nd of November, lodged a complaint with the Pope, regarding the "reckless, suspicious, and arrogant" bearing of the Archbishop.

The two hostile parties found themselves suddenly united, in face of the encroachments of the Protestant Government, just as the invasion of a foreign foe silences the internal quarrels of a nation. Only a few recognized in these events the threatening signs of a coming storm of far greater violence. In the words of Möhler, the mild and just critic of an age which caused him deep suffering, the conduct of these Catholic parties was designated as an "untimely provocation of the gathering storm." One of the combatants sadly wrote in those troubled times: "So much love is lost, and so little light is gained!"

Görres once more, in his "Athanasius," lifted up his testimony. Though he might well exclaim, addressing his old home, "The voice now speaking to you has never urged you to take any half or doubtful measures, nor to do anything cowardly, false, mean, or wicked," still he had no

right to call his "Athanasius" "the voice of truth, defending dispassionately all that is right and just, all order, law, and equity;" for in those stormy days there was hardly a book to be compared with it for one-sidedness and display of party feeling. In impassioned words he describes the "hypocritical friendship" and "the brutal power" of secular governments, the devouring and stupefying poison of the two fundamental tendencies of Protestantism—"the foul crater" of rationalism, the "nightmare" of a bureaucracy—and the folly and cunning, the blindness and malice, of the opponents. He enthusiastically proclaims the advent of a new era, in which "all nations inhabiting the same part of the globe, and sharing the same faith, will, for the first time for centuries, unite in the common feeling of an ecclesiastical unity, according to the will of God—'one will, one aim, one heart, one enthusiasm pervading all.'" And again: "With the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne, Church history of Germany enters upon a new epoch." That year the Romish party celebrated its first open victory; henceforth it was the ruling party in the Catholic Church. The same, too, had a decisive influence on the mutual relations of the confessions in the Rhineland, or, according to the characteristic remark of an old country parson, "Then only we again became Catholics; we hardly knew before what we were."

Brüggemann had been temporarily summoned to Berlin shortly before the events at Cologne, and it was he who, on his return, brought with him the order of apprehension of the Archbishop. This was the reason of his losing caste in the Rhineland. Many an old friend turned his back upon him, and serious dissension broke up the unity of the circle

of friends at Coblenz. Not long after, Brüggemann, on account of his theological training and his general knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs, was sent to Rome, in order to be ready to promote by his advice any negotiations which might eventually take place. After remaining some time at Rome, he did not return to Coblenz, but went to Berlin, where he was first appointed the under-secretary in the Educational Department, and afterwards privy-councillor.

The entire want of success, which had for so long attended the negotiations between the Papal See and the Prussian Government—though they nearly came to terms—was again owing to that party who, bent on agreeing to no peace until their own ends were completely attained, did all they could, publicly and privately, to multiply difficulties and misunderstandings. In regard to the passionate utterances in innumerable pamphlets and newspaper articles, there was little to choose between the two parties. If, on the one hand, the quarrel between hierarchy and Government was represented as “the conflict of truth with falsehood, of light with darkness, of heaven with earth,” the defenders of the Government replied by asking, “Why pay such regard to the opinion and feelings of the provinces, with thousands of soldiers ready to use their arms and put an end to all opposition?” The storm only abated with the coronation of Frederick William IV., in 1840, whose character and views were opposed to the continuance of the conflict in the way in which it had been carried on during the reign of his father. The impressions he had received during his residence on the Rhine as Crown Prince, had doubtless conduced in no small degree to his mildness and readiness to concessions in ecclesiastical

matters. The Archbishop was at once dismissed from prison, but only to transmit the administration of the archdiocese to his coadjutor and successor, Geissel, and to retire to a family estate in Westphalia, where he died in 1842.

The clever and accomplished Archbishop Geissel, whom the king personally liked and knew how to value, gradually succeeded in completely restoring the good understanding between the spiritual and secular powers, and in gaining for the Catholic Church in Prussia a position she had never before possessed.

He continued to treat the so-called followers of Hermes in the same stringent way as his predecessor. The Government, even before the events at Cologne, intended only to befriend the Hermesians—whom they believed to be indispensable in opposing the Archbishop—until the final blow should be struck, and then to let them drop, whenever a reconciliation had taken place with Rome; accordingly, it was no difficult matter for the Archbishop to obtain from the Government power to suspend Achterfeld and Braun, the theological professors in Bonn.

Once again the hopes of the oppressed party revived when Pius IX. ascended the throne in 1846, and in his first encyclical letter expressions were uttered similar to those of Hermes, as to the relations between reason and revelation. In order to crush such expectations from the first, Geissel procured a second condemnation of Hermes' doctrines from the new Pope. And thus was completely crushed a school of theological thought, which only twenty years before had filled the Catholic Church in the Rhineland and Westphalia with bright hopes of a renewal of the true

ecclesiastical spirit, by means of earnest piety and thorough scholarship.

Sister Augustine, who was still at home during the agitations at Cologne, was less affected by the general excitement than most of those with whom she lived. Though well disposed towards religion and the Church, she, from her very childhood, had an innate dread of all "hot-headed piety," as she termed the tendency prevalent in Coblenz and the Rhine generally. Besides, she was just then too much pre-occupied with the inward experiences and struggles of her own heart. It was during that time that she called on the sister-in-law of Brüggemann, Jetta Cornelius, who had remained behind, and who, notwithstanding all the bitterness and excitement in Coblenz, regarded it as due to her brother-in-law and herself to maintain an almost isolated position. When Jetta embraced Sister Augustine with tears, the latter could not help asking herself, with a feeling of compunction, whether she had not shared those same views herself. Thenceforth the noise and clamour of party conflict found an entirely different response in her soul, more especially as her father, whom she so deeply venerated, had too long lived in those peaceful days of the past, in which "people hardly themselves knew what they were," ever to be drawn into taking any direct interest in the subject of dispute, even though solicited by her friends and relations.

Her brother Ernst had, on the contrary, attached himself with passionate devotion to the anti-Prussian party in Würzburg, and when called to Munich in 1844, he had joined that circle of which Möhler said, "I shall always have a deep veneration for such men as Döllinger,

Lasaulx, Sepp, Moy, the two Görreses, Seyfried, Philipps, and others, but at times I do not feel at ease in intercourse with them. Their pronounced ecclesiastical views are quite in accordance with my own feeling and convictions ; but the manner of expression, the habit of exposing their inmost feeling, and the position taken in the present state of affairs, so characteristic of these men, pains and unnerves me."

The year 1848, with its convulsions that shook Europe, was, after that of 1837, with the events in Cologne, the year which had deepest significance for the Church, and of most decisive influence for the future course of events. The political excitement of this year was more powerful in re-establishing the unity of the Catholic Church than all the utterances of popes and bishops put together. The general convulsion and confusion of opinion, added to the little value set on all legitimate authority, drove the positively disposed to hold more firm to the outward forms of the Church, and caused many highly intellectual patriotic men to join the extreme Church party. There was something very imposing in the idea of papacy, and in the eighteen hundred years' gradual connection of the Church with it, contrasted with the rapid changes of all worldly institutions which had taken place in the whole of Europe, and more especially at the Rhine, since the beginning of the French Revolution until the year 1848. The Papacy alone had remained the same ; throughout all changes and revolutions it stood "alone, amid the ruins of a bygone age."

The Roman Catholic Church, with her doctrines and traditions, her compactly framed hierarchy, could not, at such a time, fail to appear to many their only refuge ; and

thus it was that the Catholics at the Rhine, and Görres with his friends at Munich, were the foremost to enter the lists in defence of her outward maintenance. Joseph Görres had died in the beginning of 1848. In the printed invitations to his funeral it was said, "Thus the star of the Rhineland has set—the ornament of Germany—a voice that warned of danger, a two-edged sword against falsehood and violence, a champion of truth, freedom, and justice."

In the same year, Ernst von Lasaulx was elected one of the deputies for the parliament at Frankfort. He joined the extreme conservative party, and spoke most incisively for the necessity of the Church being outwardly independent of the State. He maintained that absolute freedom, both inward and outward, was the only condition under which religious life could prosper; and he instanced the baneful influence of unbelief, which would soon spread itself among the peasantry and middle classes, thus sapping the foundations of national life. "For a people never has existed, nor ever can exist, without positive religion. Wherever in the whole course of European history we find healthy political life, it is there where the living flame of religion burns. If, then, we hope, through the power of freedom, for a political regeneration of our once so great and powerful Fatherland, now awakening from its long sleep, it must and can alone be based on a religious awakening by the same spiritual freedom. He who expects the one without the other is ignorant of the character of nations, and whoever wishes for freedom in the State and not in the Church, betrays a sad want either of understanding or of feeling, or of both. All the

armies in the world are incapable of overthrowing a single mathematical truth, far less of shaking a law of the world's moral government. Whoever then, I repeat, wishes for freedom in the State and not in the Church, is a traitor to freedom."

Many inhabitants of the Rhine, in consequence of their aversion to the Prussian Government, had turned all their patriotism to Austria, expecting from her, rather than from Protestant Prussia, the fulfilment of their desire for absolute freedom of the Church. Many of them considered the house of Hapsburg (or rather Lorraine) as identical with Catholicism, and their ignorance of the condition of ecclesiastical matters in Austria prompted them to idealize these, and to eagerly long for their adoption.

Sister Augustine's brother shared these sentiments, and accordingly declared before parliament that, if the imperial crown of Germany were given to any one, it must on no account be to the King of Prussia, but to the Emperor of Austria. He thought he had found the conclusive argument for his idea in the fact that Austria possessed far more vigour and fresh strength for decisive action than Prussia, "which was far advanced on the path from life to death." In a short time, however, Ernst von Lasaulx appears to have had his faith in Austria shaken, as he uttered these remarkable words: "We have become altogether involved in the leadings of fate, and no human power will be able peacefully to solve the momentous question as to who is to master Germany. Like all great questions in the life of nations, it will have to be solved by the sword. I hail him, whoever he be, that will have strength and courage to grasp that sword!"

As far as it was possible within her convent walls, Sister Augustine shared with sympathy and admiration her brother's political views, as expressed in the church of St. Paul's in Frankfort, and, later on, in the Bavarian parliament. His motto, "Walk uprightly through life, do the right, and fear no man," was the expression of her own inmost conviction; yet she could not always agree with his speeches on Church politics, nor with the fundamental views on which they were based. In a letter written at that time, she says, "I have no news from my brothers and sisters; I only heard what the newspapers say about Ernst and his speech in parliament. You can fancy how painful an impression his views and opinions always left upon me."

Had she at that time been still at home, or in her brother's home at Munich, she very probably would have shared the same ecclesiastical and political views. Since leaving home, however, she had been placed in circumstances where the visible Church impressed her neither in her imposing and powerful connection with universal history, as the only lasting thing amid the general overthrow, nor transfigured in the light of art and poetry, as the realization of all that is beautiful and noble; but rather under a form which seemed to her all but a caricature, from which it cost her many a hard struggle to rescue her own ideal views. She had experienced less of the protecting and saving power of the Church's external structure, than the oppressive and crushing burden of formalities, from which she sought ever more to withdraw herself into the inmost sanctuary of her faith.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AND LABOURS IN THE HOSPITAL AT BONN : 1849-1864.

SISTER AUGUSTINE was called away from Aix-la-Chapelle, in consequence of her being appointed Superior of the new hospital at Bonn. She first went to Nancy to receive particular directions regarding her new duties, and to await the day of her departure.

In 1842, at the suggestion of Oppenhoff, the Mayor of Bonn, a few gentlemen had formed the plan of starting subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a town hospital. The subscriptions were so successful that the foundation-stone of the building was laid as early as 1846.

The ceremony was conducted by Cardinal Johannes von Geissel, and in his honour his patron saint was chosen to be the patron of the hospital, which was accordingly named the Hospital of St. John.

The building, completed in 1849, was thus the gift of many, and well might the two white marble slabs near the entrance door bear the inscription—

“fVnDaVit pIetas
exeXIIt ConCorDIa
perfeCIIt fIDes
serVet paX et JVstItIa.”

It was resolved "to give over the care of the sick and the entire charge of the institution, exclusively and for ever, to the Sisters of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, and, wherever it was possible, to those Sisters of the same Order who belonged to the Congregation of St. Charles Borromeo;" and on the 7th of October, 1849, arrangements were made with the Lady Superior of Nancy.

Late one evening in the beginning of November, the nuns from Nancy, with Sister Augustine as their Superior, arrived at Bonn, each of them carrying the little they possessed under their arm, sewed up in a pillow-case. As they had not been expected until some weeks later, there was no one to meet them, nor to conduct them to their new home. On reaching the door of the hospital, they had to ring the bell until they woke the janitor, who slept in the house, and who was not a little surprised to see them. The house was still entirely unfurnished; not even a candle was to be found for the nuns. The pocket, however, of a Sister of Charity is usually a receptacle for all sorts of useful articles, and thence, luckily, Sister Augustine produced a small piece of taper, which, stuck on an empty bottle, supplied them with light. They then set off on an expedition of discovery through the house; but there was little to be seen save bare walls. The only useful instrument they could find was a broom, which somehow or other had found its way into one of the rooms. Its discovery was hailed with much laughter. But, besides this, not a single article of household use was forthcoming. The nuns were, moreover, hungry. What was to be done? At last a happy thought struck the janitor, which he at once put into execution. Late as it was, he went to Herr

Gerhard's, one of the members of the town council, a kindly, benevolent man, and begged from him a basket of potatoes, telling him at the same time of the arrival of the Sisters. They got through the night as well as they could, and next morning the news spread like wild-fire through the town. Contributions came pouring in from all sides; everybody brought something, and several young girls offered their assistance to the Sisters of Charity. It was not benevolence alone which prompted the inhabitants of Bonn to act so generously, but the favourable impression which the new Superior made upon all with whom she came in contact.

The hospital was soon ready for the reception of patients, and on the 19th of November, 1849, it was solemnly consecrated. After service in the minster, a procession proceeded to the hospital, where, after the consecration, the patients were given over to the care of the Sisters of Charity. The ceremony, at which the Crown Prince of Prussia, then studying at Bonn, was present, was closed with a Te Deum. Professor Walter was elected chairman of the curators, and Professor Dieringer, Archbishop's commissioner; Dean Lammerz later taking his place. Dr. Velten had volunteered his services as hospital physician; and the surgical department was under the care of Dr. Eulenburg up to the year 1851, Dr. Schaeffer till 1860, and after that Professor Busch. The hospital soon became the scene of great activity; besides the ordinary hospital patients, provision was made by the parochial authorities for a number of old men and women, the so-called inmates. The rest of the rooms were let to weak and aged ladies and gentlemen, who hoped there to end their days in peace.

Sister Augustine was much rejoiced at her removal to Bonn, and her nomination to the post of Superior, nor did she make any secret of her pleasure. She felt at once more independent in her relations to Nancy, and she had ample scope for the development of her talents for organization and management. If there be any truth in the saying, that humanity is divided into two classes—those that rule and those who are ruled, then Sister-Augustine belonged undoubtedly to the former. “It would have been a great disappointment not to have had the post of Superior given me at some period of my life,” she remarked; “God gave me the talents for it, and I am glad to make use of them. Why should I not frankly acknowledge this?”

St. John's Hospital gradually became much more attractive in appearance than are hospitals generally. A stained glass window over the entrance represented an angel with outspread arms, blessing all who entered with the words, “God bless thine incoming and outgoing,” and at the other end of the long lobby, a similar window, the gift of Ernst von Lasaulx, portrayed in bright colours St. Elizabeth with the roses.

To the right of the entrance was the chapel, which, though small and only two stories high, was attractive by its taste and simplicity. Upon the carved Gothic altar stood a large crucifix, which had been carved at Meran, and presented by Sulpice Boisserée to Sister Augustine. “You must come yourself by-and-by, and see how mildly and earnestly this beautiful image of the Saviour looks down upon the altar,” she wrote, much pleased, to Frau Boisserée.

Besides the inmates of the hospital, many of the towns-

people, attracted by the sermons which were preached there, regularly attended the Sunday services in the chapel. A young theologian, Von R——, formed a small choir, which was composed of students. As students, however, are accustomed to spend Saturday night in a somewhat convivial manner, Sister Augustine's young friend had generally to go the rounds early on Sunday morning, and get the singers out of bed in time for the hospital service.

Opposite the hospital was the dispensary, which has since been fitted up at the expense of Count Fürstenberg. He had been nursed at the hospital during a long illness, and on leaving it had requested Sister Augustine to ask some favour of him. Knowing well his generosity, she begged that he would fit up the dispensary handsomely, with cases, chests, and all requisites. The request was at once granted and carried into effect.

The large sitting-room of the Sisters was light and roomy, and, notwithstanding its simplicity, almost elegant; so that the Lady Superior, on paying her first visit to the hospital, shook her head and said that the room did not look at all monastical, and yet there was nothing to which she could point as superfluous; it was more its neat arrangement which made so agreeable an impression. Sister Augustine was always anxious that everything in the house should be not only good, but look as nice as possible. She was almost childlike in her joy when friends gave her pictures or other works of art for the hospital. In one of her letters to Frau Boisserée, when confined to her bed, she says, "You have paid me such a kind, pleasant visit in my sick-room, by that beautiful engraving,

that I found it difficult indeed to take the doctor's advice and remain in bed another week. Like a child always holding its Christmas present in its hand, I sat up in bed again and again, reading your kind letter and looking at the beautiful picture, and thanking you in thought, as I now do in word with all my heart, for the great pleasure you have given me. The engraving now ornaments my new cosy little room, where I receive none but intimate friends."

Both by nature and by education she possessed a great taste for the fine arts. All that was ugly, even in the very commonest things, pained her. One day, on returning from a journey, a gentleman who had made himself very useful in the direction of the hospital, and possessed her entire confidence, said to her, "I wished to have a little pleasure ready for you on your return; look here!" and he showed her a copy of the head of Christ from Niebuhr's grave, painted in the brightest of blues and whites. Sister Augustine, who had to express her thanks for the well-meant surprise, used to say that she felt pained every time that her eye fell on the blues and whites. Not only was the exterior of the hospital cheerful and attractive: life inside it partook also, as far as possible, of the fresh, joyous spirit of the Superior. She liked to arrange little treats for the inmates, and on such occasions she was the brightest of all. She would allow of no praise being bestowed on herself, and always cleverly managed that any necessary absence on her part should happen just about the time of her "name-day." If, however, "the Mother" (as she was called, not only in the hospital, but throughout the whole town) could be kept

at home on such occasions, the Sisters and the patients secretly busied themselves in arranging all manner of surprises for her. Once, on the eve of some such festival, all the inmates of the house—at least, as many of them as were able to walk—headed by Sister Gertrude, the oldest of the nuns, went in procession to the Superior's door, each bearing a coloured lamp, and conducted her into the garden, to the sound of a harmonica and amidst singing and rejoicings. Here she was greatly surprised by the sight of an extraordinary looking pyramid, illuminated with Bengal lights. On approaching it, she discovered that this grotesque edifice was composed of all the poor old men and women, the lame and the deformed, living at that time in the hospital, and who, in their pink jackets and high-pointed caps, had been picturesquely grouped on tables, chairs, and ladders.

Sister Augustine took a childlike pleasure in such things, and bestowed the highest praise on the spirit of invention displayed by her Sisters. Her own humorous nature helped her over many difficulties in daily life, which she would otherwise have been unable to overcome. During many years a deaf and dumb idiot was one of the inmates of the hospital, whose mind was like that of a child of two years old. He was quite harmless and good-tempered, and so enthusiastic in his love for the Superior as often to become troublesome, all the more that he had the privilege of paying her a visit in the dispensary as often as he pleased. He seldom did any mischief, and his greatest delight was when he succeeded in meeting Sister Augustine's grave friend, Professor Hilgers. He would then walk into her room, leaning on the arm of the

reverend gentleman, who tried in vain to put on an expression of annoyance and shake off the intruder. Every year this poor inmate of the hospital, whose name had by some mistake not been struck off the conscription list, was summoned to present himself to the military authorities. Sister Augustine had done her best to have his name removed from the roll, but without success, and she had many a troublesome letter to write, to explain the reason of his non-appearance. One day, when he had been again summoned, she had a large cotton pinafore made and put on him, and in this guise she sent him to answer his name. It had the desired effect, for the major, amid much merriment, attested the man's unfitness for military service.

Besides the office of Superior, Sister Augustine had the charge of the dispensary, and there she was usually to be found. When at liberty for a few hours, she used to sit beside the sick-beds with her sewing, and her entrance had always the effect of sunshine on the lonely sick-room. She talked with the sufferers, comforted and cheered them, and listened to their endless complaints with unwearied patience, thereby gaining access to many a heart which could not have been reached in any other way. She was especially fond of the night-watching in the sick-rooms ; night, with its deep, unbroken silence, having for her an irresistible charm.

In 1854 she wrote : " Even during my novitiate, night-watching made me always peaceful and happy, so that I ever used it as a medicine when all the sad experiences of convent life had made me sick at heart. Now, too, these still hours of the night are the bright side of my work.

Standing amid the silence, at the altar on which my poor fellow-men are being sacrificed in their pains and sufferings, I feel as if I could pray better and more earnestly. . . . When silent night spreads her dark mantle over the gay colours of the visible world, and in her strange solemnity quiets all restless hearts, then I, too, feel quieted in my lonely watch. I feel reconciled to all the wrongs done me throughout the day ; in the stillness without and within, I can again understand my own heart and that of others. The glorious starry firmament looks solemnly and warningly, with its countless bright eyes, into the depths of my soul, till all my restless, passionate feelings are quieted, and heaven itself finds its image there. In such blessed hours I often am carried away, on the wings of prayer, far from earth, to the feet of Him, whose heart never for one instant was wanting in sympathy. I would then, gladly indeed, for the well-being of others, sacrifice the hours of rest and refreshment, since God, in His infinite kindness, makes up for them to my soul in spiritual gifts, which even promote my physical well-being."

Another time she wrote: "Once more God has permitted me to watch for a night by the side of a poor sufferer. Could I but soothe his pains by love, and bring refreshing sleep to his weary eyes by my watchful care ! But, as it is, a higher and mightier Power has rendered my hands helpless, and only left my heart free to sympathize with the poor sufferer, and to nurse him at the expense of its own strength. Thou, my faithful Redeemer, knewest well how rich the permission would make my heart. . . . When wiping the cold dews of death from the forehead of a poor dying man, and looking at his dimming eye, the grave question

will arise in my own heart, 'When and how am I to meet my final hour?' When? That lies in the hand of God, and therefore in the best of hands. How? That lies in my own, and therefore in the worst, and yet God has entrusted the whole of eternity to such a defenceless vessel. . . . The poor dying man had a long, hard struggle, till the big drops stood on his brow and his wearied hands sank down stiff and cold. As often before, I remarked in his case that, as soon as the last breath had passed, an expression of intense peace came over his face. It seems to me as if the spirit, on its flight to the realms of bliss, had turned back once more to the body in which it dwelt, just as the setting sun gilds for one last moment some lonely dwelling-place in the valley. I love to see that beautiful light on the brow of the dead, just as a stranger welcomes a messenger from his beloved distant home."

Owing to Sister Augustine's position as Superior, she had to be present and assist at all operations—a task which she fulfilled calmly, and with such presence of mind, that she was of immense service to the physicians and helpful in quieting the minds of the patients. Though, according to her own words, she had "no natural love for sick people," yet all suffering touched her heart deeply, and she never attained to that indifference which would have made her calling easier or less trying to her.

She was a pattern of diligence to all her fellow-Sisters. She put her hand to everything, and her good constitution (she was only thirty-four when she came to Bonn) and her innate practical abilities stood her in good stead. She once wrote to a friend: "Here we fare well when others fare ill; that is, we are glad to have so much

work, which means having so many sick people." Whilst often saying to her fellow-Sisters, "Don't overwork yourselves—don't do more than is absolutely necessary; that will be quite enough," she herself always undertook what was most difficult and disagreeable (as, for example, the dressing of the dead) in order to save the others trouble and exertion.

The Sisters were fully aware of the love their Superior bore them, and they responded to it with the warmest affection. Surprise was often expressed in the parent house that all the Sisters had a preference for the Bonn hospital over all others, and that many tears were shed when they had to leave it, whilst they came and went from other institutions with perfect indifference. "I do not wonder at it," Sister Augustine remarked, "for I treat my Sisters as human beings, and not as pieces of wood." When young Sisters, who were accustomed to constraint and continual superintendence, were sent to her from the parent house, they at first had some difficulty in feeling at ease under the spirit which prevailed in the hospital at Bonn. For them it was something unheard of that Sister Augustine demanded no blind, silent obedience, but rather preferred modest suggestions or even contradiction from them, when she herself, from ignorance or otherwise, might propose anything which could not easily be done. The following little episode is characteristic of the mistaken ideas in which the novices were brought up. The janitor of the hospital was carrying some heavy sacks down to the cellar; happening to come up against one of these young Sisters on the staircase, she indignantly reproved him by saying, "How dare you push me, who am a temple of the

Holy Ghost?" The Superior, greatly shocked, related the occurrence to some friends, and on their being much amused by it, she gravely remarked, "It is no laughing matter, I assure you; I could weep over it!"

There was scarcely a single Sister who, after staying some time at the hospital at Bonn, was able to withstand the influence of the Superior's work and character, and whose sanctimoniousness, acquired at Nancy, did not, under Sister Augustine's influence, give way to simple and healthy piety.

Sister Augustine possessed in no common degree the gift of discernment of character, and accordingly novices were often sent to her, in order that she might decide as to whether they should remain in the Order or not. She very rarely made a mistake in regard to any one. A young Sister was once sent to her, who had been in many convents, and had everywhere been dismissed as "unfit for an Order." She had early been left an orphan, dependent on the kindness of relations, and being extremely shy and modest, she had, in consequence of continual neglect, lost confidence and self-esteem. She had therefore become in every way as helpless as a child, really unfit for any work. There had been some talk of dismissing her from the Order, but, at her entreaty, she was allowed to remain, and, as a last resource, was sent to the Bonn hospital. Sister Augustine soon discovered the cause of her timidity, and devoted herself to her with unwearied care, treating her with the greatest confidence in order to gain her trust, and thus to awaken her self-reliance and courage. After much trouble, she finally succeeded in training the despondent and useless novice so far as to make her one of the most

able of the Sisters. Her knowledge and energy became so indispensable in the hospital, that Sister Augustine firmly refused all offers of the parent house to call her away. This Sister was most deeply attached to the Superior, and faithfully shared all her joys and griefs during the many years they spent together, and her face was always the surest indication of Sister Augustine's inmost feelings. However different in character they may have been, their mutual friendship was as strong and deep as seldom is the case in convents. She used jokingly to call this quiet, gentle Sister her "little chicken."

The Sisters looked forward each day to the leisure hour in the evening after supper, when they would gather round the "Mother" in a happy circle in the refectory, and in summer time in the garden, preparing potatoes and other vegetables for next day's use, and telling her of all that had occurred during the day. She had a kind word or a joke for each of them, often relating some interesting story. "We are very happy together," she says in one of her letters, in which she gives a description of her life with her Sisters; and their intercourse was, indeed, the most perfect fulfilment of that rule of the Order (XV. 16) which bids them "remember that they are Sisters of Mercy, and that they ought to be of one heart and one soul, as according to Scripture the early Christians were." Indeed, all who visited the Bonn hospital were much impressed by the affection which the Sisters showed to each other, and the little ruses they employed to help one another. The rule which the Superior had to be most strict in enforcing, and the violation of which most frequently called forth rebukes on her part, was that each Sister should be satis-

fied with the work appointed to her. She was, indeed, a very mother, not only to the Sisters, but to every inmate of the house. She had a warm heart for all, and knew how to find out what was best and noblest in every character, and to take advantage of it for good. She used to say that hardly anything had ever made so deep an impression on her as Sailer's words: "In every human being, unless he be completely hardened, there is still one bright spot, and one point of susceptibility for that which is good. This is the point by which to take hold of him and raise him, so that the light which is in him may gradually dispel the darkness. If God, in His holiness, is so long-suffering towards sinners, should we not be so too?"

One of Sister Augustine's principles was, to find fault as little as possible with inferiors, and never to give them long scoldings. If pained by any fault of theirs, she could often be silent for days together; although it would have eased her mind to speak openly, yet she considered silence the best way of convincing the erring. She also thought it far more effectual to appeal to their feelings of honour, than to humiliate them by reproaches. She wrote: "The Saviour never lost patience when His disciples misunderstood or altogether failed to understand Him; their spiritual poverty could never exhaust the riches of His merciful love. What a condemnation of me there is in this! How impatiently, and with how little love and sympathy, I treated one of my fellow-Sisters to-day! In spite of her want of understanding, she is possessed of a heart that seeks God humbly, and therefore finds Him. Envious possession, devoid of which I must ever remain poor!"

Every time she had occasion to dismiss a member of the household, on account of insubordination, cost her a painful struggle.

On one occasion, when many other mistresses would have dismissed the person in question at once, she said, "I have been doing all in my power with —— for years past, and God alone knows what a continual trial of patience she is to me; so much so, that it hurts my health, and yet I repeatedly ask whether it may not be for her good and for my own to keep her."

When she had once decided to dismiss a domestic, neither prayers nor entreaties, far less the intercessions of others, could induce her to change the resolve that she had with reluctance, but deliberately, taken. On such rare occasions, her passionate nature, over which she kept so strict a watch, flashed forth with such terrifying power, that any attempt at interposition was not likely to be repeated.

Many little events of daily life proved how dearly the "Mother" was loved by all the inmates of the hospital. On one occasion, some friends, calling on her, were met by the old gatekeeper, who wept aloud and exclaimed, "She is gone, she is gone!" "Who is gone?" they asked in surprise. "Oh, the 'Mother' has left us," was the reply, "and we do not know where she is!" Sister Augustine had gone to visit the Church of St. Apollonarius, near Remagen, along with the Lady Superior of Nancy, and the old men had wept like children at her departure.

The Superior soon became so deeply attached to the sphere of her labours, that she regarded the hospital as

her second home ; and indeed, it was difficult to imagine the house without her. Accordingly, there was no small alarm when, in the autumn of 1851, the report was spread that Sister Augustine was about to be removed to Berlin. In November, 1851, she wrote to Frau von Druffel : "This spectre of Berlin has been making me feel quite cross all the morning. A number of people here actually believe it, and the curators considered themselves called upon to write, without my knowledge, a pressing letter to Nancy. They did not tell me what they had done until they had received a favourable answer, and had been told that no change was contemplated, nor would be in the future, unless in a case of absolute necessity. I cannot help laughing at the idea of another not being quite as able as I am to fill the place here. Of course, I prefer remaining where I am. Bonn is so lovely and pleasant, that I should show as little good taste as our curators, if I preferred Berlin to it. But you must keep this whole story to yourself ; I have insisted also on the gentlemen keeping the matter secret, threatening them with the loss of my good graces if they do not."

Sister Augustine's labours were not restricted to the hospital alone ; many cases of physical and spiritual need from without claimed her attention, and she never dismissed one of them coldly or unsympathetically. Just as she gave all her heart to her calling and her daily round of duties, so with all her heart she gave her advice in her little ante-room, making it a real place of refuge, to which many resorted in joy and sorrow. She knew how to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep ; but she did not stop at mere expressions of sympathy—she was

ever ready to help by word or deed where help was needed. When Christian charity demanded it, she never considered herself bound by the restrictions laid upon her by the Order. On such occasions she did not act according to the letter of the law ; she followed rather the original spirit of the Order, which repeatedly insisted that Christian love should be the basis of all action, even to the setting aside of mere outward rules.

In January, 1865, Dr. Velten, the hospital physician, lay seriously ill of inflammation of the lungs ; he was thought to be dying, and the attending physician found him in a state of unconsciousness. His wife and daughters were in such distress as to lose all presence of mind, and to be unable to render the necessary assistance. Sister Augustine went to see him, and the physician begged her to remain the night. She replied that the rules of the Order did not permit her doing so, but added, " Do you think my remaining might be of consequence to the patient's life ? " The doctor replied that it would. " Then I shall remain," she said. That night the crisis took place, and by next morning all danger was over.

There was hardly a form of sorrow that did not turn to her for relief, and where this was beyond her power to give, she at least gave her full sympathy. Poor women, oppressed by the cares of every-day life, by sickness and poverty ; princesses, whose grief arose as often from the isolation inseparable from their position as from anything else ; men, who found it hard to keep to the straight path amid the battle of life, or who, faint in the fight, sought for new strength and courage ; children, who had hurt themselves at play and cried for help—all, without distinction, she

sought to comfort as far as in her lay. "When there is nothing else to give, we can always give *love*." She had retained these words in her memory from childhood, and she constantly put them into operation in her life.

Her care for the patients on leaving the hospital followed them to their distant homes, and the letters she sent them were like those of a tender mother. Thus she wrote, for example, to the wife of an invalid who had left the hospital: "My dear, good little wife!—for as such you are engraven on my heart, and your lord and master must allow me to encroach on his rights in calling you so. Yet you would have had a good scolding from me, if your letter had not arrived yesterday, which put an end to my serious anxiety by its satisfactory contents, and thus obtained pardon for what my sympathizing heart considered a rather cruel delay. I am most thankful that our dear invalid has so soon recovered, as his good appetite and good looks prove. That he does not sleep very well gives me no anxiety; that is what all patients experience during the first stage of recovery," etc.

When death was about to enter the circle of her friends, it was Sister Augustine's help that was sought. Her presence comforted the dying, and her warm sympathy calmed the sorrow of the survivors.

She wrote to a widowed friend: "At last I have a spare moment to address you in your sorrow. I am with you in thought oftener than I am able to prove by writing. Alas! I found in your letter the expression of the painful struggle which takes place when those we love best are taken from us; but do not think that the bleeding of our heart renders less holy the sacrifice which we offer to God.

The Saviour too passed through the same darkness, and thus knows the intensity of our tribulation, and what it is to struggle for resignation."

Sister Augustine was often requested to try and persuade those who were dying, and who had for years been estranged from the Church, to return to it—a request which she very unwillingly complied with. She considered such dealing with the human soul to be the prerogative of God alone, and she felt that He knew best what to do. She placed little confidence in any officious attempts at conversion, even when such attempts were apparently successful. In her opinion, the receiving of the extreme Unction was not of vital importance ; it was rather the return of the heart to God that was all-important, and which required more than human strength to accomplish in a soul that had lived for years without faith and hope. "Christianity ought never to be forced upon people ; in doing this the Catholic Church does much harm," she once said. Occasionally, however, she was obliged to comply with such requests, "in order not to give offence," as she said ; and then, in a few but tender words, she would explain, simply and earnestly, how the demands of the Church coincided with the wants of the human heart, so that the patients would sometimes, to the astonishment of others, express of their own accord their desire to partake of the Sacraments.

A friend from Coblenz, Johannes von B——, who had lived in Bonn for some years, was ill and dying. He had lived the greater part of his life in complete estrangement from the Church, and had refused all attempts of his pastor, as well as of his friend, Bishop Krementz, to per-

suade him to partake of the Sacraments. At last they gave up their endeavours, but asked Sister Augustine to go to the dying man and make the same request of him. She consented reluctantly and went. She had hardly, in her simple, winning manner, told the reason of her calling, than the sufferer begged that she would cause the Sacraments to be brought to him. He died soon afterwards, having repeatedly expressed his joyful gratitude to her.

Sometimes she was asked to bring about, directly or indirectly, a conversion to her own Church, but this she always most decidedly refused. She hated all proselytizing, and was especially careful to see that the religious feelings of no one were hurt in her house. In one of her letters to Frau Mendelssohn she mentions that she was quite proud at that time to have fourteen Protestant patients in her Catholic hospital; and it is characteristic of the care with which she watched over the religious peace within the hospital, that on receiving a parcel of books for the Protestant patients, she sent them to a friend to look over, asking her to remove all such as might malign the Catholics, and thus disturb the harmony of the wards.

The Superior showed so much deference to the religious liberty of every one in the house, that although the greater number of domestic servants in the hospital placed themselves under the pastoral care of the Jesuits, to whom she had a great antipathy, yet she never objected to it, nor to their going to the distant church belonging to the confession, although, owing to her great influence on all the members of the household, she would have had no difficulty in persuading them to do otherwise.

“I am indeed the last one to cast a stumbling-block in

the way of any one's faith," she said ; and perhaps the cause of her great influence in the hospital was that she confined herself entirely to her calling as a nurse, without attempting to be at the same time physician and priest.

CHAPTER VII.

INNER LIFE AND RELATION TO THE ORDER.

FOR the first fifteen years since joining the order Sister Augustine had pursued the same quiet course in her outward life. "The machinery of daily life revolves just as usual," she observed constantly in her letters of this period. Yet her inner spiritual life grew all the more active and varied in these years, developing itself fully and richly within the narrow limits of daily duty.

The mainspring of her character was truth and unselfish love. Her sense of truth was so deep and living that she could not endure the slightest suspicion of falsehood in herself, nor could she make the least allowance for this fault in others. She would be deeply distressed on finding the slightest trace of untruth in her own heart. We find the following passage in her diary: "God, is it possible that the very sin dwells in my own heart which I have always so abhorred in others? I ask Thee rather to leave every other fault within me, than that of hypocrisy, which is surely one of hell's first-fruits. I raise my hands to Thee, with the earnest entreaty for enlightenment. Help my feeble will, and grant that I may find no rest until I have become quite true—true to myself, and true to others!"

By untruth she understood not only what is generally known as lying, but every action done contrary to conviction; the desire of appearing to others better than one really is; all display of imaginary personal self-righteousness, and the attempt to make a compromise with sin by indulging it in secret, whilst outwardly professing to have laid it aside. She often bitterly complained that this species of untruthfulness, so repugnant to her straightforward and honest character, was to so great an extent prevalent in convents. "In former days matters were in a better state with us," she once said; "but since the Jesuits have the upper hand in the direction of our convents, the tendency towards untruthfulness has spread to us." Against untruthfulness, however, and wheresoever it was to be found, she would sometimes allow herself to use very strong expressions. "The worst is," she on one occasion gravely added, "that we find untruth on looking into our own heart."

Next to untruthfulness she found most difficulty in keeping her temper with stupidity, and she used inwardly "to tremble all over" when, after long, distinct, and oft-repeated explanations, she found herself still misunderstood. She ever struggled with much earnestness against her quick temper; but if sometimes it got the better of her, which, however, seldom happened, it would grieve her for days together. "Every new dawn," she wrote, "shows a new struggle with my own heart, till the last sunset will beckon me to my final rest. Yet how good is it for us that we have to fight, and that we must exercise so much patience towards ourselves. How should I ever bear the burdens of others, had my own not so often been a drag

upon my steps? I have had to learn patience and thoughtful consideration in the school of my own heart, in order that I might easily understand the subject when treated of in the experience of others. If my own wounds had not been so deep and painful, I should never have been able to bind up and heal those of my poor patients." Again: "As long as I live, the hardest task for my proud heart will ever be that of having patience with myself."

She had to fight another hard battle in subduing her tendency to moodiness, and more especially to melancholy, which, in spite of the strength of mind she herself called her "happy thoughtlessness," seemed to lie in the very nature of her spirit, and which cost her years of struggle to overcome. In one of her letters she says, "The eye of God alone can look into the depth of my heart, and see how joy, sadness, and grief are constantly struggling for a supremacy which none of them can ever completely gain. . . . In the course of the year many a day is spent under a dark sky, breaking and closing without a ray of sunlight to brighten it. It is just so in my little world. For days together I go about mechanically, without so much as once raising the eye of faith towards the everlasting hills." She compared such days to "the autumn winds that strip the trees of their foliage."

In 1854 she wrote: "When you have to groan, as I do, under the constant oppression of an hourly changing state of mind, then you can understand what a depth of blessedness is expressed by the words 'entering into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.' Yet these painful changes are a preparation for heaven. Through storm and

rain, through heat and cold, the pilgrim must continue his way, till his weary feet reach heaven and the rest of his Father's home. The heart must be prepared by the sorrow and bitterness of life for the enjoyment of eternal rest." Again she writes: "It is said that evil spirits take flight at the sign of the Cross; I can well believe it, for God has often employed the same means with my soul. . . ."

It is evident that she experienced dark moments from many passages in her letters and diary. After on one occasion describing the peaceful calm of a lovely Spring morning, she continues: "Sometimes a sabbath peace like this finds its reflection in my soul. But how many days, weeks, and months of storm and darkness must pass over me, before I can experience such a blissful moment of rest? How seldom the risen Saviour enters my heart with the blessed salutation: 'Peace be with thee! It is I, be not afraid!' Yes, when His wounded hand grants me the inward consciousness of His presence, then, indeed, a spring-tide awakes within my soul, with flowers which the warm sunlight of His grace opens to far greater beauty than those of earth. But, alas! how seldom such sunshine breaks through the dark clouds of my sky, and it is the deepest sorrow of my wounded soul to know that it is by my own fault that so little is granted me."

"The sky to-day is hid in mist and clouds," she writes in March, 1854; "I seek in vain for a spot on which the eye may rest. I cannot solve the problem how it is that the sky can throw such dark shadows on the mirror of our souls, but I know that it is my own fault if to-day God hides Himself from me in clouds and darkness, so

that I feel how bitter is my loneliness. I have long known these judgments of love, sent to still the tempest within my soul. I must again be made to feel my own loneliness, that with yearning heart I may turn my steps to my beloved Home."

The same longing is expressed, though somewhat less sadly, in the pages of her diary: "Yesterday I once again had the pleasure of standing on the summit of a hill, and of being greatly impressed by the scene. In the church there I was as happy and peaceful as if I had left all my cares in the valley below. I felt as if, having laid aside all my burden, I could now kneel down and lovingly remember those who were still tossed about in the tempest of life. . . . We went behind the church to the hillside, and gazed on a lovely valley, with peaceful cottages, which looked as if the sorrows of the world could never enter them. I could not see into the hearts of the poor inhabitants, whose inner world may have presented, perhaps, a very different aspect. I can never altogether comprehend now a peaceful solitude like this should make me so sad. Is it the painful contrast between the beauty and freedom of nature and the backward and stunted growth of my own soul? Does the peaceful landscape bring me a greeting from the everlasting hills, whose peace is never troubled by a storm? Yes, the sadness that fills the heart is only home-sickness—a yearning for our Father's House!"

The simplest occurrences of every-day life could sometimes awaken painful reflections in her soul. "Yesterday evening we saw from our windows the well-filled barn of our poor neighbour burnt to the ground. Some of the onlookers observed, 'This store contains, in all probability,

one-half of all the man possesses. The barn stands quite alone in the open field; who can have set it on fire?' 'If it is insured,' another remarked, 'perhaps the owner may have set it on fire himself, for his own ends!' Did not those words contain a lesson for my soul? Have I not often seen the fruits I have taken such trouble to acquire, destroyed by the fire in my passionate heart, so that nothing remained but the sting of an accusing conscience? Was I not made secure by my convent life, and is not the blame of hurling the burning brand into my heart all my own? How often have I sought full security in my loneliness, in my being altogether done with the outside world, without having considered that by allowing all that God's hand has planted in the human soul to become parched, I have thereby brought my heart into a condition that the merest spark is sufficient to kindle a destructive flame!"

These melancholy moods were not dispelled either by the influence of the wide sphere of the activity she loved so well, or by the friendship and the intercourse with the many who sought her acquaintance. In the former case her earnest conscientiousness found too often only a cause of accusing herself of negligence, laziness, and selfishness. In her diary she says, "I sent away those two poor children yesterday without sympathy and help, acting on the reasoning of my cold judgment, in order that the rules of the house might not be broken. I was obedient to these principles, but it was at the cost of my peace of mind, for I was unable to pray the whole day. When, as a happy release from the day's turmoil, I sought in the evening peace and strength in meditation, I found rather

that I had entered a court of justice, where I had to listen to the stern words of my own condemnation: 'Thou hast wounded others to-day, instead of healing them; therefore I have no feeling, no soothing balm for thy wounds.' " Again she writes: "My low spirits are not occasioned by my having to begin the new year on a sick-bed, but by the consciousness that my soul is sick for want of living in active love to God and man. I may, indeed, thank God for not demanding of me what He did of the scribes. How should I have stood in His presence had He said to me 'My child, show Me the tribute-money which thou employest in thy intercourse with the world; bring forth to My view, without dissimulation or self-deception, thine own image, that I may see whether it has been transformed into that of thy Redeemer'? With what shame would I gaze on those features which do not bear the marks of the Lamb's blood and tears, but rather of a hidden, sinful world of their own! He might well reproachfully have said, 'This is not My image, but that of the prince of darkness; render then unto him that which is his! Thy hand has kindled another fire than that for which I suffered at Golgotha!' . . . For many years past my experience has been that neglect of the poor and sick is the cause which paralyzes all my strength of will to such a degree, that all the other powers of my soul are blasted, as if by lightning. It is assuredly known to Him whose will it is to heal me by this bitter medicine, how this state of entire lassitude and coldness oppresses and saddens me; for I am forced by the sufferings of my own soul to turn my mind to other occupations, however much my enervated nature may shrink from them. I seldom begin my

work conscious of a noble motive ; but whilst occupied in it, a ray of light breaks through the gloom, warming my cold heart, and the eye of Everlasting Mercy looks down upon the labour of my feeble hands, teaching the old lesson, that inward happiness and constant peace are alone given to him who faithfully performs his duty."

Another page of her diary proves how little she herself was conscious of this : "How infinitely distant I yet am from the goal which I had thought to reach so soon by dint of good will ; for among the poor I sought to be rich, I sought health among the sick, and among the dying, life. It is not the fault of the school I am in, nor that of the highest of Masters, that I never get beyond the merest rudiments ; but I am often like the child that beats the lifeless object on which it has hurt itself."

Another time she wrote : "If people only knew how they wound me to the quick by their praises, they would indeed pity me. The truth which I would most willingly hide from my own eyes, is that of never having, in all my life, looked back at night with satisfaction upon my day's work ; I have never been conscious of performing a single good action which I might have laid down, as pure and spotless, at the foot of the altar. God knows how unhappy this made me in my worldly days, and how it drove me to look out for other aims of life, hoping then, at least, to be able to say to myself, 'To-day I have done what I could.' The circle of my duties has widened, and so also have increased the tokens of His grace, who alone can give me strength to fulfil these duties ; accordingly my responsibility has increased, and my sorrow is all the more bitter because I have the more reason for it."

These morbid feelings increased almost to melancholy, when one of the inmates of the hospital, a confirmed drunkard, drowned himself in the Rhine. After having watched and nursed him for a long time with the greatest care, the Sisters had thought him completely cured, and, upon his earnest entreaties, the Lady Superior allowed him to go out for an hour one Sunday afternoon. In vain he was expected and searched for till nightfall ; he had fallen back into his old habits, and thrown himself into the river in a half-conscious state.

Sister Augustine constantly reproached herself, and these finally so weighed upon her spirits, that an old friend advised her to consult a specialist for nervous complaints. This advice hurt her deeply, and she began to be alarmed about herself ; at the same time, however, she became aware of her danger and had energy enough to struggle against it. "Just as you yourself have experienced for a time the depressing effect of low spirits," she wrote to her friend, "thus, as you know, a cloud of gloom has long rested on my heart. I do not know how to get rid of this load, and can only describe it by saying that I feel as if I never could be happy again. God alone knows how deeply I despise myself for feeling thus. May He forgive my ingratitude ! However, for your comfort and mine, I can add that light is beginning to dawn on my soul, though all is not quite clear and peaceful yet."

She strove hard to overcome this state of depression. In 1854 she writes in her diary : "My earnest endeavour must ever be to raise my soul above the momentary influences of my changeful moods, in order not to be ever at the mercy of that which dims the spiritual eye

and robs me of my best strength. To what heights must I ascend, in order to gain the mastery over myself, and calmly to look down upon the sunshine and the storm! I will employ all my strength in bringing the lower motives of my soul into subjection to the higher. Rest with God is the home from which nothing shall succeed in banishing me. I must keep to this rule, if I would be an inhabitant of the kingdom of peace. Though the burning sunshine, or the winter's frost, may sometimes delay the pilgrim's steps, obliging him to pause by the way, yet he will ever again hasten on to the spot where His cradle stood, and where His mother's arms encircled Him. If man can mount to heights from whence to look down upon the clouds at his feet, why should my soul be content to inhabit those lower regions, where its gaze is blinded by storm and tempest?"

By constant acts of self-control, she had early succeeded in not permitting her depression to become outwardly apparent, so that for years her acquaintances, and even her nearest friends, had no idea of her tendency to melancholy. She writes about this time: "I look upon it as a solemn duty, to comfort the poor and the sick by cheerfulness and kindness, and thus to overcome, if possible, the sadness of these poor sufferers. Such a state of mind is only the painful consciousness of our own weakness, which, like a branch of thorns, twines itself round head and heart, thrusting its cruel points deep into the soul, and checking every expression of joy. After years of training I have at last succeeded, by my bright face, in giving the lie to my eyes, red with weeping, and thus in deceiving almost all with whom I come in contact,

though perhaps not my nearest friends. But with what doubly crushing power these feelings return when I am alone and unseen, particularly when my duties allow me an hour of freedom, is known to Him alone, who wrestles with me and yet ever again raises my drooping soul. No other hand but His could heal so deep a wound."

The outer world, with which, from her position as Superior of the hospital, she could not help coming in contact, brought to her heart even less comfort than her daily round of duty. In her diary she says, "God alone knows how hard it often is to live here from morning to night for others, most of them strangers! If they had only been brought to me by some great sorrow, which I could soothe by sympathy, I would gratefully recognize my duty, and endeavour to perform it; but as it is, I can only look upon this constant intercourse as a simple loss of time, hurtful and impoverishing to my soul. These empty, meaningless conversations put me so completely out of humour, that for long afterwards I am unable to do my work with anything like satisfaction."

Completely unfitted for such society, and, in addition, disquieted by the usual cares and troubles of the day, she appears at times to have been quite overpowered by the pressure of surrounding circumstances. "I am beginning to lose all faith in my own so-called good intentions," she once wrote, "as I cannot even banish from my soul the cares and occupations of the day, during the short hours of prayer! Long ago I should have treated trifles like these merely as stepping-stones, over which my feet must hasten to Him in whom alone the soul finds peace. I went to bed last night thoroughly vexed with myself,

for I had only made use of the short moments of prayer in mentally gazing at the daily round of household cares, as if this were a way of fulfilling my duties. I seem altogether to forget that work is sanctified by earnest prayer; but true, effectual prayer, is silenced when the affairs of the world engross the mind."

Next to her night-watching at the sick-bed, her favourite hours were those spent at the chapel altar, which she described as "the spot where she had always found rest and peace."

We find the following passage in her diary: "As the starlight pales before the rays of the sun, so at eventide the troubles of the day vanish from my soul, if only I can secure an hour of prayer before the altar. In the presence of my Redeemer I find all that I have lost in the heat and battle of the day. If intercourse with the world has embittered my heart, I am always sure to find the strengthening power of Christian love in the quiet sanctuary of the tabernacle. If the ingratitude of the poor has paralyzed my energy, then I can hear from the lips of my Redeemer that, although human ingratitude has given Him many a grievous wound, yet His own great love alone has nailed Him to the cross. Though I appear before Him poor in faith, in love, and in hope, comfortless in view of eternity, still I can hear the sweet assurance, 'My child, I will not forsake thee.'"

On another page she says, "When I am permitted, as to-day I have been, to partake of the Holy Communion at early morning, and my heart is filled with the joys of heaven, I cannot, during such moments, understand how the day's turmoil can so soon rob me of my peace. Such

blessed morning hours are but the dim forecastings of that brightness which will overspread the firmament on that morning when the day-star shall arise. My weak sight would be blinded in the presence of such light ; still my heart can picture, however indistinctly, the dwellings prepared for us above, by Him who suffered so unspeakably on earth, to reconcile us to the Father." "Blessed hours!" she exclaims, "why are you too subject to the laws of nature, taking away from me all that you have bestowed? Why does not the Lord of nature check your swift steps, and compel you to be for ever present with us? But I can well understand the Saviour's plan; He refreshes us, in order to awaken in us a longing for that City on high, where the hours are under the sway of His sceptre, and where no veil can hide Him from our eyes!"

She regarded the Holy Sacrament as the most valuable of all the means of grace in a time of need. Thus, she wrote: "My partaking of the Holy Communion to-day was quite an exceptional case. When St. Peter saw his beloved Master from afar, his fervent love caused him quite to overlook the intervening waves and billows, and to hasten across the waters to the feet of his Lord. Not such fervent love, indeed, but rather my inward want and misery, made me forget the gulf which divides my heart from that of the Redeemer. I seemed to have almost forgotten that, for long, not a single earnest prayer of mine has told Him how, in spite of my wishing to love Him above all, my heart still continues cold and unimpressed. But the Lord, so far from rejecting me, in His intense pity received me in my despair. . . . Our faithful Saviour, indeed, well knew what in His constant personal Presence

He gave to the world, but especially to the convents which arose in later centuries, within whose walls the inhabitants are obliged to silently bury the bitterest sorrows of their hearts. When mind and body ache under the burden of my calling, and I strive to hide my pain from those around me—in whose heart then could I seek help but in His, who never sent the helpless away? Ah! he who has once experienced the comfort of reposing there can well understand how readily the heart can bid farewell to an earthly glory, which must perish with time. And yet the Saviour would not grant us a constant, living consciousness of His presence; and why? He allows us to feel the pressure of our chains, in order that, like prisoners, we might long for freedom. Another truth, too, seems to me to be contained here: His love wished the unity, not the discord, of His children. Our spiritual eye may not ever look into His open heart; it was purposed that we should at times feel helpless, lonely, and forsaken, only that we might cling in affectionate sympathy to our fellow-men, bear joy and grief together, and comfort and support each other. We must be like Him, for His love is like that of a faithful mother, watching over the faltering steps of her children."

Her desire to put her thoughts and feelings into words was at times so strong, and her spiritual loneliness in the Order to which she belonged was so great, that, in order to gain a clear insight into the workings of her own mind, she would often jot down her experiences and reflections in writing, and then commit the pages to the flames. "I feel then," she wrote, "as if a faithful heart were sharing my joys and sorrows." "It would

appear," she continues, "as if God had so implanted the desire for communion with others in my heart, that even life within an Order, with all its outward forms and hindrances, though it may check, can never uproot it. How unsatisfactory, or rather, how maiming, the spirit of an Order, or indeed of almost all convents, is to the human heart, which God surely intended to ennoble and to sanctify by communion with others."

A few of these notes have been preserved without her knowledge, and they give us a clear insight into her inmost soul.

If, on entering the convent, Sister Augustine's position was a completely isolated one, all the rest of her life within the Order, apart from the sphere of activity which it provided her with, and regarded only from a religious point of view, was a constant struggle for existence; but she stood merely on the defensive, contenting herself with simply rejecting all that did not agree with her own religious views. She had a way of silently refusing, without contradicting, what was proposed to her, which her Superiors found difficulty in meeting, and which they had as silently to submit to.

It she was asked to give an opinion with regard to anything connected with the Order, or about any particular measures or persons, she did so with a frankness and candour that arose always from a sincere love for her Order, and which those were surprised at who were acquainted with the circumstances, and knew the consequences which her fearlessness might bring upon herself. It happened, on one occasion, that the authorities had desired the immediate dismissal of an excellent physician,

for the simple reason that the poor children in the hospital showed him more affection and confidence than they did to the Sisters. Such, at least, was the explanation which the head of the hospital herself gave to Sister Augustine. The latter gravely and earnestly expressed her strong disapproval of all such jealousy, and she gave her opinion most decidedly in the parent house against the desire, so common among members of a Sisterhood, of their being considered the sole objects and the centre of all affection and respect. She considered this tendency exactly opposed to the unselfishness and renunciation of all earthly reward, according with the spirit of the Order.

Sister Augustine never required from herself or her fellow-Sisters that so-called humility, which is actually the result of inward falsehood, or at best of weakness. She desired rather that true humility, which seeks neither itself nor its own honour in anything—that true Christian charity which chooses its “own quiet hidden paths,” as she says in one of her letters ; adding, “What a contrast between a true and a false Christianity!”

Sometimes the honesty of her words made an impression, but the contrast between herself and the new spirit which now prevailed in the Order was too profound, and the influence of the opposing party too strong, to allow of her opinions ever being acted upon.

Although her fellow-Sisters and herself had the same end in view—to serve God and to sanctify themselves by devotion to the sick—yet the ways by which they severally sought to attain their ends were very different. Sister Augustine did not herself feel so much at variance with the actual convent rules, although these demanded much to

which it was hard for her to submit—she had, indeed, in every way conformed to them, so that they had become her very life and spirit—but since her entrance into the Order, narrow-mindedness, one-sidedness, and untruthfulness had called forth innumerable new regulations and ceremonies, which for the most part were entirely opposed to the spirit of Christian love expressed in the old rules. So, too, these latter received new definitions. Thus, for example, Rule VII. 4, commanded the Sisters never to speak to their patients on general matters, but only of what is fitted to comfort and instruct them; though, in a previous clause of the same rule, they are told that then only do they fulfil their calling of nurses to the sick, when their every action is prompted by love. Sister Augustine was filled with this spirit, when she carried comfort to the sick-bed by a bright, cheerful conversation, entering into the general interests, as well as the spiritual needs of all; and she gave instruction more by deed than by word, or by so-called edifying talk. In contrast to the original spirit of the Order, a rule was afterwards introduced, requiring that the Sisters, whilst engaged in their calling, should utter no words but what were absolutely necessary, except perhaps a pious exhortation or two. They were ordered to check all attempts of their patients to enter into a conversation of any length, and they were strictly forbidden to sit down for any time in the sick-room.

Another proof of the change which had taken place in the spirit of the Order was, the directions given to the young Sisters to never allow their minds to dwell on home, or on anything connected with their former life; the original rule, on the contrary, left them perfect liberty in regard to their

own feelings. Another very characteristic instance may be taken. The original rule gave positive permission, in cases of extreme necessity, even to employ the "everlasting lamp," burning before the altar, in the service of Christian charity ; the new directions in 1862 strictly forbade doing so under any circumstances. The church services too, appointed for the Sisters of Charity, which up to this time had been exceedingly simple, were increased and disfigured by strange and curious innovations. Almost all these directions and ceremonies, which, in addition to the prescribed rules, tend to narrow the life of the Sisters, aim at undermining all personal independence, and at making them mere tools in the hands of their Superiors.

It required all the warm, energetic spirit of Sister Augustine to withstand such influences, all the earnestness of her conscientiousness to keep true to the vows she had taken upon her, and all the love for her calling, a love such as God alone can give, to be happy in the duties she had taken upon her.

Although she submitted as far as it was right to do so, yet she always maintained that the foundation of all truth is "to clearly understand your own mind, and to act according to personal conviction." And further, she considered the task of a Christian to consist, not so much in crushing, but rather in ordering and sanctifying all the powers of the soul—in submitting reason, wish, and endeavour to do the will of God, as it is expressed in His commandments, in the voice of conscience, and in the demands which outward circumstances make on the individual. She once wrote : "I would be far from condemning every impulse of the human soul. I think it very rash to attempt plucking out

of the human heart that which God Himself has planted ; that is a very crippled conception of Christianity."

In another passage, where she speaks of the pleasure of associating with friends, she goes on to say, "There is a style of caricatured piety, which considers all such personal intercourse as destructive, or at least disturbing to spiritual communion. For my part, I never agreed to this. I am firmly convinced that He who has ordained the body to be the dwelling-place of the spirit, has given power to the soul to ennoble and sanctify, but in nowise to despise, the world of feeling it inhabits."

In 1854 she wrote in her diary : "How peculiar it is, that in youth we can so often clearly and definitely fear, anticipate, or believe some things, of which as yet we can have but little conception ! Thus, I remember in my early years getting quite enthusiastic at the thoughts of the calling of a Sister of Mercy, and ardently desiring that some day or other it might be my own. But at the same time I was somewhat frightened at having to go into a convent in order to become one. How correct were my forebodings of the main conception of Christianity prevalent in the convents, tending to undermine the very foundation of the building which it is their aim to erect ! How hard it often appeared to me, during my novitiate, to tread the path which led to the end I so dearly loved ! What havoc the rules and maxims of the convent made in my soul, overthrowing what God's own hand had founded and built ! To what a caricature is God's love often degraded by man ! Surely the lifelong task of every Christian is, to ennoble and to sanctify the feelings of the human heart, but in nowise to uproot them with impious hand."

Her warm susceptibility for friendship, her severe, almost proud regard for truth, her lively interest for all that was beautiful and noble, her respect and regard for the feelings of others, and, above all, her simple piety, entirely free from all monasticism—all this appeared to her fellow-Sisters, and more especially to the Ladies Superior of Nancy and Trèves, in strange and inexplicable contradiction to the spirit of the Order.

The spiritual Superintendent of the "Congregation," when on a round of visits to the various hospitals, came to that of Bonn. After having informed the Sisters of the miracles which were alleged to have taken place in other "Houses," he inquired whether any had occurred in the Bonn hospital. Laughing heartily, Sister Augustine afterwards described his expression of *naïve* surprise, on hearing that nothing wonderful had ever come to her knowledge. In consequence of this and similar occurrences, the Order looked upon the Bonn hospital as a somewhat "ungodly" one, and Sister Augustine was content that it should have this reputation. She was quite aware that her manner did not produce the usual impression of nuns of the present day, and she wrote jokingly on this subject to Frau von Drüffel, after a visit from Professor M—— of Luxemburg (formerly secretary of Clemens Augustus): "Herr M—— was here the other day, but unfortunately a number of other gentlemen were with him, so that I had hardly an opportunity to ask him about my two sisters. I had also the mortification of seeing the excellent gentleman almost start back affrighted from me, most likely in consequence of the dreadful contrast between my own very unsaintly person and those sweet, pious, dovelike Sisters in Luxemburg.

It was a pity the good gentleman took so long to recover from his fright ; as it was, I let him go in peace and made the best of a bad job."

As Sister Augustine, however, was always regarded as a most valuable Superior, she was allowed to have her own way in most things ; but the days on which she was visited by the Superiors of the Order, and the time she was occasionally obliged to spend at Nancy, only made existing differences more painfully clear to her.

In May, 1854, after one of those days, she wrote : " I am beginning to breathe more freely again ; for there are one or two individuals with whom intercourse is most unsympathetic and painful to me, their whole mode of thought and judgment being opposed to the deepest feelings of my heart. I am less timid before open foes than in the presence of him who conceals a weapon under his garment. And when, in addition to this, the weapon is concealed under a spiritual garment, only that it may thereby wound him the deeper who is considered an enemy because he holds opposite views, then, verily, my heart fails me ! I feel as if the same hand were prepared to destroy the very image of God in my soul, and I had no power to prevent it. This dreadful state of mind often preys upon me for days together, till at last a kind of sadness comes over me, and my nobler feelings again revive. Such individuals are my soul's worst enemies, and I pray God that, in the course of my duties to the Order, I may never be banished into their immediate neighbourhood, for were I compelled to have always before me such a caricature of holiness, or rather such an exhibition of conceited piety, I should lose all self-control. No ; may God

lead me rather into the deepest and stillest solitude on earth!"

It seemed almost impossible to her to master this peculiar aversion. "In my intercourse with — I perceive, clearly enough, how little my heart is in subjection to my will. My strong will has indeed accomplished much in my life, but it has never, even for a single moment, attained the mastery over my heart. My heart has founded a little kingdom of its own, and defends its rights with a hand so strong, that I have lost all hope of ever being able, by means of reason and remonstrance, to abolish or even reform anything within it."

She was especially anxious not to let her aversion to members of the Order with whom she had no sympathy, be apparent in her external intercourse with them. She often complained how incapable she was of accomplishing this difficult task. "The heart of the Redeemer," she writes, "had only kindness and forgiveness for all who pained and hurt Him, but I have only coldness and bitterness. Every moment of my life bears testimony to His mercy, and yet I can meet with cold contempt, for days together, those whose views give me pain."

According to a rule of the Order, it was customary for the Superiors of all the institutions throughout France and Germany to assemble every two years, for the "retreat," in the parent house at Nancy. There they went through a series of spiritual exercises, exchanged their several opinions, and gave an account of their work. Such days spent in mutual fellowship were well adapted to preserve a living unity among the members of the Order, and might, too, have proved days of refreshing rest for body and soul.

But the old truth, that that which draws the cords of love ever closer among friends serves only to make wider the cleft of separation between characters that have no sympathy with one another, was here, as before, proved by experience.

Sister Augustine loved the simple, heartfelt piety which she found in many of her fellow-Sisters, with whom she formed close and lasting friendship, but as a whole the spirit pervading the entire assemblage was completely foreign and constrained to her. Those sentimental French embellishments of Christianity which were thrust upon her, as if her whole salvation depended upon them, became more and more repugnant to her nature. For weeks beforehand she dreaded the journey to Nancy, and it was a long time before she could shake off the impressions she had received there.

In 1860, after a nine days' sojourn in Nancy, she wrote to a friend: "Many so-called 'treasures' were displayed to our spiritual vision, but few of them excited any longing within me to put forth my hand and take. The *chère mère*, although she noticed this, left me perfectly at liberty, thinking, no doubt, that if she used force, she would only make my aversion the stronger." And again: "It is just a year since I was called to Nancy, to return here with my life the richer for a bitter experience. It is hard for me, with my strong feelings, to think of the whole transaction without bitterness. Help me by your prayers to cleave more firmly and heartily to the Saviour, who can make up for all our losses."

The insight she got on such occasions into the religious life within the Order was very painful to her. She wrote in

1862 to an old friend : " My inner and external loneliness often leads me in thought to your family circle, which is so dear to me. How glorious it must have been, during the late fine weather, in your lovely grounds, and especially in the garden that borders the Rhine ! The spell which God gives to the beauties of nature, possesses a power similar to that which speaks to our hearts in the Gospel, and reconciles us to much that is hard in the common course of life. Yes, dear Rosa ! the sight of a blue, friendly horizon is now almost entirely denied me ; but this has made me all the more careful of late to read the Best of Books, that I may again recover my peace of mind, which the experiences I have just made had completely destroyed. Help me, then, to pray for the one thing needful."

She wrote this letter at a time when the Order had wronged her in a manner which wounded her deeply. After hard struggles with herself, she succeeded in forgiving the offence, but what she then experienced destroyed for ever her respect for her superiors.

However, all the bitter experiences she had met with in the Order never succeeded in causing her in any way to regret the choice she had made of a calling.

In June, 1854, she wrote : " It is sixteen years to-day since I knocked at the gate of St. Charles, and begged for admittance. Time and its changes have brought me much, and taken much from me, and God knows better than I do myself what has been gained and what lost to my soul. But, be that as it may, I have every reason to thank Him for having, through all storms, preserved this one thing to me—love to my work."

Still, for all these experiences, it was always its real

practical aim which reconciled her to the Order. In one of her letters she says, "Solitariness and a life of seclusion, after all, are not good for the heart; they rob it of its best warmth. It is fortunate for me that I have become necessary to many needy ones; in any other convent I should have been completely lost." She regarded the constant intercourse with sufferers of every description not only as an advantage which her Order possessed over many others, but as a safeguard from many errors, which had in former days brought about the moral decay of many convents.

On this point she wrote, after having visited Heisterbach* in company with some near friends: "I have brought home a little remembrance of yesterday's delightful excursion, which pleases me all the better as it is useful and has made the fulfilment of my duties here appear easier. The road conducted us to a ruined convent, over which the destroying hand of war had passed, not sparing even the beautiful sanctuary. Its ruined outlines formed a painful contrast to the green fields, surrounded by wooded hills, which look as if they walled off that monastic solitude from the outer world. Such mute remains of departed greatness often remind us of the solemn truth that when man is permitted to dwell in happy carelessness in the fields of Eden, his heart generally becomes too apt to exchange his paradise for baser joys. If the inhabitants of many a convent could but have looked into the future and seen how recklessly the hand of time would destroy those riches which they preferred to inestimably higher

* A favourite place of resort among the Siehengebirge, a few miles distant from Bonn.

blessings, truly posterity would not have had to judge them so mercilessly, nor to witness the decay of monasticism. In this respect our calling seems to afford a better guarantee for the continued existence of our Order. Our treasures are the poor and the sick. The outward and inward sufferings of others—these are our fields of labour!”

The members of the Order wondered from whence Sister Augustine derived strength to perform the work of love and joy in her calling, considering the little weight she laid on the mere external forms of religion; for even at Nancy and Trèves her pre-eminent abilities and fitness for her position were readily acknowledged. She wrote somewhat humorously to an old friend of her father's: “Yesterday I went to Coblenz, to meet the strict Mistress of the novices. She was very condescending, and said that, after all, the Bonn hospital was perhaps not so godless a place as it was generally believed to be.”

Although Sister Augustine kept the real source of her inward religious life carefully hidden, so as to prevent its being encroached upon, yet the confidence she inspired by her truly Christian views was so great, that even within her own Order she was always applied to in all cases of need and perplexity. Many of her fellow-Sisters, who were at peace neither with the Order, the world, nor, worst of all, with their own consciences, sought and found comfort with her. The true source of her religious life, from whence she derived all her strength, was her belief in a personal Saviour—a belief which so possessed her, that it became the leading motive in all her actions. That true Christianity which sees in every poor and needy one the

representative of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," was exemplified in her. It was in this spirit that she wrote to a sick-nurse: "Ever look upon your patient as you would look upon Him, who, I trust, may be your portion throughout eternity."

Her clear, practical mind was as far from straying into religious subtleties and cavillings, as from submitting to the deadening influence of outward forms and self-sufficient trust in good works. The latter were so particularly distasteful to her, that she never spoke of her own labours and exertions, and would not allow "good works" to be looked upon as a sort of life-insurance for the soul. She wrote to an old friend on this subject: "Perhaps you may smile at the childishness of these lines, or even reproach me for them; still I cannot bear the thought of having let you go yesterday without having expressed myself clearly. My heart is quite heavy, for I feel that by my behaviour I risked losing your friendship. I must tell you that long ago I made a rule of never, except in cases of urgent necessity, parading before the eyes of others the so-called good works which form a part of my calling. In particular cases, I am sorry to say, I have often proved unfaithful to this principle, but rarely so completely as yesterday. That is why your kind words of praise struck me to the heart, showing me what a vain and paltry display I had been making before you."

For the same reason, she had no great liking for poems, such as those of Louise Hensel, "which talked too much," as she expressed it, "of crowns and rewards." The image of the Redeemer, as portrayed on every page of the New

Testament, was her firm support, and the standard by which she judged herself and others. She never wearied of seeking for, and rejoicing over, traces of that image.

From her diary we take the following: "The position and circumstances in which I am placed often deprive me of the privilege of being directly and openly found fault with; but God knows that this is not good for me, and that it pains me, and He does not fail to make me aware of it. Yesterday a friend, whose position obliges her to mix with very frivolous society, gave me, in a few words, so deep a view of her soul, that the impression left on my own was very humiliating. My conscience could but say, 'See, this soul, bereft of many means of grace and in the midst of the gay world, has, by purely personal communion with the Redeemer, succeeded in attaining to a greater measure of ennobling strength than thou hast, in these many years of quiet convent life. Thou hast been content to follow the broad-beaten paths of so-called convent virtues; but she has had to break a way through the cruel thorny waste of the world, and her moral and religious strength has brought her nearer to heaven than thou art.' Many such indirect sermons do I get, but, alas! there is often wanting in me the willing heart, and the ear ready to listen, and still more profitably to apply; otherwise I had not remained so far behind!"

Again: "In the poor little patient here, I have a confirmation of the experience I have so often made, that it is much easier for those who are still in youth's first freshness, to make the sacrifice of life, than for those who have experienced its bitterness and encountered its storms. I think the true and deep reason for this to be, that the

spirit of a child has such faith and strong trust in a brighter Beyond, that leave-taking from the visible world is easier for it than it is for him who, in the confusion and disappointment of life, has lost the freshness and fulness of his strength. A child can look innocently and even joyfully on the approach of death, as only a going home, without any cause for fear and shrinking. If I wish to rejoice in so great a blessing, I must never let go a trust at once innocent and firm in a future Home beyond this world, and so remain ever childlike. How happy my little world of childhood makes me here! From the angel purity of its innocent heart I can learn much, and can find treasures of richer knowledge than is to be got from all the wisdom of books."

Sister Augustine's sincere attachment to her own Church and her tolerance for all other creeds, were based on a deep religious feeling. She most gladly acknowledged all that was noble and great wherever she found it.

She often confessed that she had found more true Christianity among Protestants than among Catholics. As almost all the Protestants with whom she came into contact were men of the highest excellence, it was only natural that she should sometimes overrate Protestantism, and transfer the admiration and respect she felt for them to the creed which they professed, attributing to it, perhaps in too great a degree, their moral and spiritual worth.

She considered the personal belief in the Redeemer, so strongly insisted upon in Protestantism, to be the source of all spiritual life; and yet, whilst acknowledging that its stimulating power lay in "a personal search and per-

sonal struggle," she considered this again to be the weak and unsatisfactory side of Protestantism.

She loved the deep religious experience which she met with in Protestant life and literature (she was especially fond of some of the Protestant Church hymns, which she knew by heart, and which she was in the habit of repeating as prayers during the celebration of the Mass); but the vagueness of Protestantism and the uncertainty of its outward form, together with its departure from the history and tradition of previous centuries, seemed to her a want for which the truest and most upright piety of its individual adherents could never atone. She once said, "When I speak of liking Protestantism, I do not mean the protesting and negative, but rather the positive element which it has." Accordingly, she preferred the Old Lutheran form of Protestantism, with which she had become acquainted through friends in Bonn, and more especially in Schleswig-Holstein, to all others.

Sister Augustine loved her own Church with all her heart, and from her childhood she had ever looked upon it with pride. The great and simple doctrines of Catholicism were engraven on her soul. Redemption through Christ, and the foundation of Christ's Church, to which He had committed His teaching and His Sacraments, and with which He had promised to be, even to the end of the world—these were to her facts not to be overthrown, and on them she built her faith.

It was her constant endeavour to regard all the particular doctrines of her creed in living connection with the fundamental truths of Christianity—salvation by the incarnation of God's Son; and her heart gave no response to

anything she found at variance with this, or in contradiction to it. She had no sympathy with the numerous innovations unknown to the Church of the first century, and she even expressed her suspicion with regard to them; she had, however, no objection to their being granted to those who felt in need of them. She avoided disputes, as far as she could, with those who held opinions different from her own, as she found they were apt to end only in strife.

To a friend who wrote to her, saying that it was almost impossible to defend a single article of faith against the assaults of modern science, she replied, "I have often been unable to repel many attacks of clever opponents on my religious position; I once found the reason of this explained by Döllinger. 'Christianity,' he says, 'forms a connected whole of teaching, commands, exhortations, and historical facts, each dependent on, and explained by, the other. Only a few can perceive this connection, and still fewer, or perhaps even none, can keep it ever clearly present before their minds. Opponents direct their assaults only against isolated particulars, taken out of their proper connection, and thus the attacks may easily seem stronger and more plausible than the defence.' I have often said, when thinking myself defeated, 'God knew very well how difficult it would be for the poor heart of man to preserve, in every moment of life, unbroken trust in Him, and that still it requires that faith for its own inward peace. Therefore He sent us a personal, visible Redeemer, to whom we can draw near, and in whom we can find rest in every situation of life.' God can, indeed, sometimes appear to us far off and unattainable, and to begin there only where our knowledge ends."

Sister Augustine was too much imbued with the idea that the kingdom of Christ was not of this world, not to consider much as immaterial and even as an abuse, which many of her old friends—as, for example, her brother Ernst—considered as the “sacred rights of the Church.”

Her simple, grand conception of Christianity arose, not only from her own straightforward character, which was opposed to all mere appearances, or from her own former experiences of life, but also from her intercourse with people of different schools, which preserved her from all narrowness of heart, and which, by mutual exchange of thought, led her to greater clearness.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS IN BONN—FAMILY RELATIONS.

WHEN Sister Augustine came to Bonn, she found several families resident there who were old friends of her parents, and who gave her a most hearty welcome; foremost among whom were the Mendelssohns and Boissérées. She had known Professor George Benjamin Mendelssohn from her earliest years, and she greatly enjoyed the society of her father's kind old friend. His kind-heartedness and unselfishness were unequalled, and his close acquaintance with many remarkable men of his day made intercourse with him very interesting. Professor Mendelssohn himself had a great liking for Sister Augustine, and she was the medium for many of his acts of secret benevolence. Although warmly admiring her activity as a Sister of Charity, yet he never could understand why she had entered an Order, and he always regarded her having done so as a mistake, all the more to be regretted in so large-hearted and excellent a person, and for which he could find no other explanation than the breaking off of her engagement. In a letter to his friend Perthes, he says, "Our dear Lady Superior gives, I am happy to say, a satisfactory report of you, as not only being in good spirits yourself

but as having cheered Hilgers. She seems rather low-spirited about herself, and it is somewhat sad to think that this extraordinary woman, with all her practical talents and her great activity, still has in a sense mistaken her calling, which, in my opinion, is more *intensive* than *extensive*, as probably is the case with most of the best women."

Alexander Mendelssohn, of Berlin, the professor's younger brother, was also a great friend of Sister Augustine. They seldom met, but she always looked back upon his visits with pleasure and gratitude. She used to apply to him our Lord's words to Nathanael, adding, "A man who carries Christianity into practice in such a manner, cannot be far from Christ."

A year or two previous to her coming to Bonn, another friend of her father's had settled there, Sulpice Boisserée. Through him a new impulse was given to her interest in the fine arts, and St. John's Hospital owed many a work of art to Boisserée's friendship for its Superior. He, as well as his wife, often visited Sister Augustine, and both of them considered the rare occasions on which she could return these visits as high festivals. However, her intercourse with that excellent man proved to be of short duration. He had been in delicate health for some years, and in the spring of 1854 he became dangerously ill. She saw him for the last time a few days before his death, and found him, to use his own words to his physician, "a grateful, dying man." After this visit she wrote in her diary with deep emotion: "We shall see Him as He is! We shall see Him face to face! Thus Scripture describes a portion of that blessedness which is to be our share above. In this life, too, our happiness

depends chiefly on our seeing those face to face whom we love. This, no doubt, explains the deep sorrow which I experienced yesterday, on visiting my excellent friend Boisserée, knowing that death will soon remove him from us. Though my heart is resigned to the will of God, and thus enabled to return to His hands the treasure which He permitted me to find on my path, yet I cannot refrain from weeping over the approaching parting."

Soon after, on May 22, Boisserée died. "To-day my dear friend Boisserée has entered into his rest," she wrote. "I feel the parting from him too deeply to be able to speak about it." Next day she adds: "The fetters are broken, and his immortal spirit inhabits those realms into which I am able to follow it by means of prayer and the Holy Sacrament. No painful separation can destroy this spiritual communion in the future, and the knowledge of this is my comfort for the present."

After his death she continued on terms of the greatest intimacy with his widow. She felt herself more and more attracted by the healthy tone of mind and the vigorous intellect of this excellent woman. Both their characters had great resemblance to each other; there was the same clearness of thought and energy of will, the same perfect frankness in giving expression to their sympathies and antipathies. This latter peculiarity was most strongly developed in Frau Boisserée. Whoever once gained her affection, possessed it wholly for ever, whilst she unreservedly gave utterance to her dislike of others in the strongest expressions of her Suabian dialect. She had an intense aversion to would-be sanctimonious phrases, or to the slightest touch of pietism, and with regard to this she

could be somewhat rude in her treatment of very excellent persons. She was a sincere Protestant herself, yet she not only kept the peace with her husband's Catholic friends, but had a strong friendship for many of them. She had a great respect for Sailer, and she liked to tell how, when he came to see her at Munich, she would kneel down among her Catholic maid-servants, to receive his blessing. In earlier years, one of her greatest desires had been the re-union of the Christian confessions, and she had indulged in many illusions with regard to this. She accordingly was deeply struck when, on talking over this favourite idea one day with Ernst Lasaulx, he remarked, earnestly, "Do not for a moment think that such a thing would be fortunate! Look at France, Spain, and Italy, or at any country where there is but one confession, and see the bad condition of religion there! Conflict is necessary for a healthy life." After this she contented herself with peace and unity existing between the different creeds, without desiring that the barriers between them should be overstepped, except in the spirit of mutual love.

"We very often speak of our good Boisserées," Sister Augustine wrote to her old friend, "though deep sadness mingles in our conversation, making us feel all the more the loss of our dear friend. How I should enjoy nursing and comforting you, if I had you near me just now; but, as it is, I can be with you both in prayer only, and when I go to the little chapel in the churchyard. Perhaps I may go there again in a day or two, and then I shall see the beautiful windows presented by your dear husband, and which have just been placed there."

On Frau Boisserée's birthday she writes: "The 14th

of October has given me a dear, kind friend, and taken my precious father from me ; thus this day brings me both joy and sadness, and lifts up my heart in prayer."

She had a great admiration for the patience with which her friend bore her physical sufferings during a long illness. During the last years of her life she was confined to her room by paralysis, so that she had the greatest difficulty in moving. Such a condition of health was a great trial of patience to her, as she had all her life been accustomed to move about in society, and to travel a great deal. It was touching to witness how grateful she was to the friends who came to see her in her solitude, and who, by the news they brought her, kept up her connection with the outer world.

Sister Augustine deeply regretted that her calling so seldom permitted her to visit her old friend—many a year passed without her being able to do so. Almost in every letter to Frau Boisserée on her name-day (which, to please her Catholic friends, she always celebrated), she says that her "large household tied her down so much, that even St. Mathilde could not unloose her fetters."

Again she wrote : "All the festivals in which I should like to take part, come and go and leave me sitting at home, with a cough and breathlessness as my only companions. I am sure to fail in this trial of patience, whilst you put me to shame by your steadfast continuance in Christian resignation."

Through Frau Boisserée and Professor Mendelssohn, she became acquainted with Professor Perthes, the mutual friend of both. This was, however, not his first introduction to Sister Augustine, for he had known her in her

own home, when he held a Government appointment at Coblenz. When she came to Bonn as a Sister of Charity, he was little inclined to continue the acquaintance. At last he went to see her, on the persuasion of his friends, particularly of Frau Boisserée, who kept telling him that "Sister Augustine was quite different from all other Sisters of Charity." This first half-reluctant visit was the precursor of many others, and he afterwards formed a warm friendship with her. She placed great confidence in his clear judgment and his thoroughly Christian views.

Perthes was entirely convinced that real moral greatness and truly noble work can spring from no other soil than positive Christianity, and he expressed himself in strong terms against those who "fancy they may pluck those fruits of Christianity which please their own taste, and yet despise the root from whence they all spring."

Nitzsch, whom of all Protestant theologians he respected most highly, had a great influence on Perthes' religious views. A staunch Protestant himself, he nevertheless had a deep and impartial appreciation of the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. He was a great friend of Hilger's. "We both know," he remarked, "that our views are widely different. Formerly we used to argue about them; now we have given up that, and rejoice over what we have in common." Another time he said, "There are few men whom I should so much like to have near me on my death-bed as Professor Hilgers."

He, too, desired the re-union of all Christian confessions in one creed; but he had too deep an insight into ecclesiastical affairs, not to be convinced of the impossibility of

such an union ever taking place in our day. Soon after 1848, several Catholic men of learning attempted to bring about negotiations for union, and Professor Friedrich Michelis, of Münster, invited Perthes to join them. He, however, most decidedly refused, partly because he had no confidence in the scheme, and partly from his mistaking that gentleman for his brother, Edward Michelis, the former chaplain of Clemens Augustus. As Perthes had foreseen, these negotiations, which took place at Erfurt, failed; not only in consequence of the exaggerated demands of the Catholic men of letters, but also of the difference of opinion and want of authority within the Protestant Church, where each divine individually brought forward his own personal views.

In respect to ecclesiastical affairs, Perthes on one occasion wrote: "I have a constantly increasing abhorrence of quarrels and disputes on these and other subjects, and by the way in which such squabbles are carried on nowadays, both by the tongue and the pen, there will be, I should say, little profit to any one."

He hoped rather on the peaceful union of both confessions in practical life, and on each taking a lesson from the good belonging to the other, than on useless discussions. Among other things, he considered one of the advantages of the Catholic Church to consist in her greater appreciation of and entering into the wants and peculiarities of the people, and also in her pervading every-day life with religious ideas and customs, uniting the people by countless ties to its faith and clergy, and giving the Catholic Church an influence unparalleled throughout the world. He greatly regretted that this was not the case within

the Protestant Church, and his essentially practical nature prompted him to supply that want. It was he who first originated the idea of providing Homes for travelling journeymen, in which they could find not only food and shelter, but also the moral support of Christian influence. Similar institutions of the Catholic Church had served him as models. He was filled with an intense compassion for the ever-increasing degeneration of the lower classes, and he insisted on every one doing his utmost to counteract it.

His views on this subject were decisive for Sister Augustine. When she was first made Superior of the hospital, she had very little hesitation in dismissing servants because of their want of capability and trustworthiness. By the earnest persuasions of her friend Perthes, however, she gradually came to consider the spiritual welfare of her servants first, and to regard their capabilities as only of secondary importance, and the responsibility she felt with regard to them often induced her to keep them on for years, when she otherwise would have dismissed them long ago. Many a poor neglected creature, whom Professor Perthes wished to see particularly cared for, he brought to the Superior. Sister Gertrude had no great opinion of "the professor's pets," as she termed these poor people; most likely in consequence of their claiming particular attentions on the part of all in the hospital, through being the professor's *protégés*.

Besides his interest in all works of Christian charity, Perthes was led to frequent all the hospitals from another inclination. The problem of death, the dissolving of all human existence, was a question which occupied him all his life, and which led him to the death-beds of his friends,

as well as to those of the poor. "What a wonderful thing death is!" he often used to repeat; and when he saw any one die in peace and in the perfect confidence of faith, he was filled with such joy that, for a time, all his own fear of death vanished.

In one of his letters he gives his own experience in hospitals: "Sick-beds and death-beds have many lessons to teach him who approaches them in order to administer bodily and spiritual comfort. No one can give that which he has never himself possessed, and does not possess in the hour when he would fain bestow it. If there be a fountain of living water in his own heart, the smallest rill is able to make the most barren land fruitful with flowers and foliage, as when the rains descend on the hard soil of Africa. The most earnest attempts, however, to bring a man at the point of death to a conviction of sin, to repentance, to a desire for reconciliation, and to faith in the Redeemer, seldom have beneficial results. The words pass over without sinking into the heart; they often, indeed, provoke opposition. The best way for any one who wishes to help, and yet has no power to do so, is simply to read aloud passages out of the Psalms or New Testament."

For some years Perthes came several times daily to St. John's Hospital to see his sick friend, Dronke, and he seldom left without looking in upon the Superior. He was very fond, too, of bringing strangers to see her: "You must make the acquaintance of the Lady Superior; she is a very remarkable woman."

Although their friendship was based on deep Christian sympathies, yet their intercourse was not without its gay

side, and this latter was almost alone visible to others. There was a continual succession of quizzing, joking, and laughing. The strangers who accompanied the professor often listened in speechless astonishment to such conversation, and wondered whether this indeed could be "the Lady Superior of the hospital," in whom they had expected to find the grave, solemn nun. Sister Augustine had not one friend with whom she enjoyed a joke so much as with Professor Perthes.

Their intercourse was, however, not one of uninterrupted peace. Collisions were unavoidable in characters which were in many respects so similar, but their friendship remained unbroken, based, as it was, on habitual respect and confidence. On one occasion, when she expressed, with more frankness than politeness, her disapproval of something he had done, and insisted on his retracting what he had said, he replied, "I never thought you would oppose me with so much severity, but now I respect you doubly for it."

"Perthes is by no means pleasant, but you can always rely upon him; he is as true and genuine as gold"—such was another remark of the Superior concerning her friend. By "pleasantness" she meant that native gentleness and flexibility of character, which smoothes down all difficulties, and rather gives way and retires, than firmly and determinedly opposes what is wrong.

Some light is thrown on this judgment which the Superior formed of him by the words which a near relation of his used in aptly describing the distinctive traits of his character: "In proportion as his nature was strong and great, so by reason of its greatness he retained

within him much of the natural man. I have many a time been perplexed to understand how so much stiffness and even harshness, so much exclusiveness and one-sidedness, so much worldly wisdom and party spirit, could co-exist with faith. Yet faith, proving itself victorious opened up the way for love, gentleness, resignation, kindness, and benevolence towards all men, and, ever united with a holy anger against the sin and foolishness of the world, obtained the mastery. I have, thank God, known many a genuine Christian, of whom it could be affirmed that the struggle of faith with the natural man was an easier one than it was to Perthes ; but I venture to say that in no one has the struggle and the victory been so apparent, and hence it is that I know no one who, by his individuality, preached Christianity all his life so well as Perthes."

Sister Augustine often discussed with him the ecclesiastical and political questions of the day, and the views he expressed had much weight with her. Her decided preference for Prussia, for instance, at a time when most of her friends of long standing, and even her brother Ernst, cherished a blind love for Austria, she owed to Perthes, who was enthusiastically attached to the house of Hohenzollern. She read his works with great interest, and especially prized his life of his father. "Good biographies can make up for much that is wanting in actual intercourse," she said, referring to the "Life of Frederick Perthes" ("Friedrich Perthes' Leben"). She did not quite agree with her friend's book on the "Political Characters and the State of Politics during the Foreign Rule" ("Politische Personen und Zustände zur Zeit der Fremdherrschaft"), and she remarked at one time, "Perthes on every

occasion over-estimates the Catholics. I have told him that often enough, but he will never believe me. Had he but asked my advice, old Görres would not have come off half so well."

Although in his sympathies Perthes was much more closely related to Sister Augustine than either Mendelssohn or Boisserée, she seldom or ever revealed to him her inmost thoughts. With all her frankness in other things, she was very reserved in everything that related to herself, and her nine years of convent life, before her appointment to Bonn, had only tended to make her more so. The short letters which she now and then wrote to Perthes have almost all reference to unimportant matters.

It was some time before Sister Augustine found a friend at Bonn to whom she was unreservedly open, and to whose judgment for ten years she submitted unconditionally, in a manner hardly to be expected from a character so independent and energetic. This was Professor Bernhard Joseph Hilgers, who had spent the first years after his ordination as chaplain of the asylum at Siegburg. The years he spent there had exercised a deep influence on his ecclesiastical views. He had formed an intimate friendship with Jacobi, the director of the institution, and it was from him, and more especially from his excellent wife, Anna Claudius, the daughter of the "Wandsbecker Bote," that he obtained clearer views on the real nature of positive Protestant Christianity, than was generally prevalent among the Catholic clergy of that time. Hilgers himself attached great importance to the experience he then gained, and once remarked that at that time "the scales fell from his eyes."

Since 1835 he had resided in Bonn as Assistant Professor of Catholic Theology, combining with that office that of pastor of the "Minoritenkirche." Like the majority of his colleagues at that time, he was a disciple of Hermes; and the persecution which was directed against him, in common with all the Hermesians, deprived Hilgers thus early of all joy in his profession. Naturally predisposed towards melancholy, and often in much physical suffering, he was never able to get over the effects of those painful experiences, and life now presented to him its most serious and dark side. His character was reserved, strict, and thoroughly noble; "a pious Christian, a good Catholic, a warm Prussian, a first-rate man of business, cautious, gentle, and firm"—such is the description which Perthes gave of him in 1865.

Shortly after the hospital chapel was opened, he undertook the Sunday services in it, where his sermons, by the clearness of their style and their simple, yet grand, method of treatment, had a wonderful attraction for many. To hear him was to feel that the whole personality of the preacher was a pledge for the truths of his assertions, and that every word he said was the result of his own experience.

Though intimately acquainted with Perthes, Boisserée, and Mendelssohn, each great friends of Sister Augustine, Hilgers never came into personal contact with her during the first years of his active duty in the hospital. The ardent desire soon arose in her, however, to become more intimately acquainted with this excellent man, in whom she seemed to find the realization of that ideal of Christianity ever present to her, and which she had sought for

in vain in the Order to which she belonged. For more than three years she cherished the wish in silence, prevented from expressing it, as she tells us, "by the impression that the bitterest experience of life had made this deep, rich mind for ever unapproachable from without." At Boisserée's death-bed she at last became more intimately acquainted with Hilgers, and then a sincere and life-long friendship began between them.

She once wrote of this friendship: "What an unspeakable gift of God's grace it is to both of us, my thanksgivings prove. How hurtful isolation has been to my soul can be testified by many an hour of pain, which has made me in no way fitter for my eternal home. I thank God with all my heart for having given me a friend who can understand my greatest joys and my deepest sorrows, and can share them faithfully with me."

Again she writes: "Pure, true friendship and confidence have filled my soul with their blessings. Ought I not gratefully to kneel at the feet of Him who has sent this light to illumine my darkness? Truly, O Lord, I shall never cease to thank Thee!"

In the hardest and darkest hour of her convent life, Sister Augustine found a firm support in this old friend. In one of her letters she says, "What comfort do I find in beholding the deep riches of a mind which contains such unspeakable treasures!" And to Hilgers himself she wrote: "I never can thank God enough for sending you to me, as my faithful friend and teacher, and the greatest benefactor of my soul."

Hilgers also greatly benefited from his intercourse with the Superior. She was ever ready to enter heartily into

all his interests, to sympathize with him and encourage him in the sorrows which arose from his own peculiar character and constitution, as well as from the attacks of his enemies. She was indefatigable in trying to draw him out of the gloomy moods which sometimes oppressed him, and which she termed "the complaints of his childlike mind;" and in the most tender manner she took advantage of every opportunity to give a cheerful direction to his graver thoughts. We find her writing to him: "As this damp weather does not permit of your going to the beautiful Kreuzberg, dear Professor, I send you a book to make up for the privation. It contains 'The Death of a Village Pastor' ('Tod eines Dorfkaplaus'). You must read it in order to become acquainted with the depths of a mind whose beauty gives such refreshment to the spiritual eye as a delightful walk does to the body."

When, some years after, Sister Augustine's health began to fail and she found difficulty in getting through her day's work, Hilgers was often deeply distressed at the thought of the possibility of her death; but, however ill she felt, she always tried by every means to drive away her old friend's anxiety. Thus, after a long and serious illness, she wrote: "Pardon me, my dear Professor, for disturbing your short moments of repose by my complaints; but, remember, I was not allowed to visit the Child Jesus in His manger, and the Magi passed my door and went their way. The doctor treats me with unmerciful severity, as if he were a Russian minister of State. I sit here like a prisoner darning or knitting stockings, to cool his ardour. My last bit of patience has silently expired, and my courage has sunk to such a depth, that

it hides like a mole, so that the bright sunlight may not mock it. You, my dear friend, are in great part to blame for my miserable condition ; you have made the doctor deaf to all my entreaties, so it is time that you too should loosen my bonds. I hope this affecting description will touch your heart, and bring help to your poor prisoner."

When Hilgers was away from home, she followed him in her thoughts, and she often gave expression to them in words of kindness. In one of her letters she says "Your long silence has caused us no small anxiety, which your letter of yesterday at last put an end to. We are thankful to hear you are well. During the days of wind and rain, I thought with anxiety and pity of your being amid those severely beautiful Eifel hills ; but now that the warm sunlight is penetrating even to the deepest valleys, I am rather envying you the quiet, peaceful solitude surrounding you on your native soil. My daily prayer is that you may return in good health and spirits."

An old Coblenz acquaintance, a clergyman, who had called on Sister Augustine, thought her friendship for the scholar of Hermes so alarming a matter, that he imparted his scruples to her relations. Her aunt, Frau Longard, immediately went to Bonn, in great anxiety, in order to become acquainted with the dangerous man, and then to warn her niece. However, the earnest and truly pious impression which Hilgers made on her so won her respect, that she returned home with her anxieties entirely allayed.

Sister Augustine's most intimate acquaintances among the Catholic clergy of Bonn were Professor Knoodt, an old

friend of her family, and Pastor* Reinkens ; whilst Joseph,† the younger brother of the latter, then Professor of Theology at Breslau, called on her from time to time, when on a holiday tour.

She stood on a footing of friendship with the Protestant clergy of Bonn, who in the exercise of their duty were sometimes called to the Catholic hospital. They seldom left the house without looking in upon her, and the old Pastor Wichelhaus was very fond of a talk with the "Mütterchen," as he called her. "The Superior had once been ill," he tells us in his highly entertaining sketches of his intercourse with her, "and when I saw her after her recovery, I said (you must know we never gave each other any titles ; she did not wish to call me 'Herr Pastor,' nor did I call her 'Directoress, Superior, Sister'), 'How sorry I should have been had you died ! —yes, it would have been a great pity !' 'Oh, nonsense !' she answered ; 'a nun is just like a pane in a church window ; if it breaks, it is replaced by another.' 'Mütterchen,' replied I, in order to make her feel the superiority of my age and experience, 'you have not come that length yet, however fervently you may, by the aid of your Church, strive after self-sacrifice, obedience, and devotion to the Saviour.'" He attached much importance to the good understanding which existed between them, and to their common work among the sick. "I am an old Calvinist, and you are nuns, and together we have brought this soul to light and peace !" he once exclaimed

* The term *pastor* is employed in Germany for the Catholic as well as the Protestant clergymen.

† The present bishop of the Old Catholics.

by the death-bed of a man, who, after a long and ungodly life, had, nevertheless, died in the hospital calmly and trustfully as a Christian.

Among the families resident in Bonn, perhaps Sister Augustine's most intimate relations were with the daughters of Simrock, the music publisher, who had associated a good deal with her ever since she had been resident there. She also stood on terms of intimacy with the family of Dr. Velten, the hospital physician.

For a short period she had the pleasure of frequently seeing Carl Cornelius, the friend of her youth, who lectured at the Bonn University from 1855-58. When he was called to Munich, he and his wife, Elizabeth Simrock, kept up their intercourse with her by letters, as well as by repeated visits during the vacations.

Among members of princely houses, Marie, Princess of Wied, was peculiarly attracted towards Sister Augustine. Her Highness stood on a footing of intimate friendship with the Superior, often seeing her during her repeated visits to Bonn. Sometimes, too, she would see the aged Queen Marie Amélie of France, widow of Louis Philippe. Whenever she passed through Bonn, Her Majesty always sent for Sister Augustine, who ever cherished the truest respect for the unhappy princess. In June, 1861, the Prince of Coburg, Queen Marie Amélie's grandson, visited her, to bring her a message from the Queen, who was then eighty-four years old, together with her picture, with some words written on it by her own hand.

Living in a town which lies on one of the great continental highways, Sister Augustine had many opportunities of seeing both her relations and friends in her hospital.

All were glad to see her again, for however short a time it might be. She welcomed her friends not only heartily, but so warmly, that each visitor believed he conferred on her a particular pleasure.

Her most intimate friends usually visited her in the dispensary, where, undisturbed by their presence, she worked on, compounding her pills and mixing her drugs. Besides those best friends whom she was always glad to see, there came many others, both from Bonn itself and from a distance—sometimes to get her advice, and sometimes only to see the hospital and become acquainted with its Superior; and these last drew many a sigh from her. She never showed any impatience, however, no matter what the occupation might be in which she was interrupted, and it was very seldom that she thus complained: “M—— has just been here, and sat with me a weary hour, telling me about La Salette; I am still sick from the effects of it.” Another time she told a friend, with almost comic despair: “Fancy, the whole family —— sat with me a couple o. hours! Good-hearted people, every one more stupid than the other; their very eyes stare stupidly, and they thought they were doing me an honour.”

To Hilgers she writes: “Strange! the more I wish to be alone the more people come to see me. Yesterday I had B. von D——; to-day Professor Knoodt, and the whole families of Weckbecker and Reichensperger. Isn’t it dreadful? To-day the three gentlemen from the Minorites are coming, one of whom is to take your place on Sunday; and I, poor wretch! must be glad and thankful for the substitute, for I might have had a worse one.” Of another visit she says, “I was lying ill in bed one day, when I

heard voices outside my room ; the door flies open, and in rushes a strange creature, who falls on my neck, and before I can regain my breath to ask who does me the honour, takes hold of me by the head and covers me with kisses. 'I am Bettina,* Clemens' sister,' she said, 'and I always kiss the Sisters of Mercy at Berlin, though some of them are very ugly, and so I must give you a kiss too, although I have only seen you for the first time to-day!' In this way she went on speaking for half an hour without stopping, and before I could rightly collect my senses, she was off. 'So that is the celebrated Bettina!' said I, as the apparition disappeared."

Although Sister Augustine was vastly superior in intellect to many of her visitors, it showing itself in her being able to accommodate herself to the circumstances of every one, yet, far from paining, it had rather the effect of rousing and enlivening. She never thrust her own views and opinions upon others, however strong and decided they might be; she rather preferred to allow others to show their peculiarities. She possessed, as few do, the power of gleanng what is best and truest from every character. This was the secret of her amiability; the sunshine of her own person had an enlivening and warming influence on others, so that, unconsciously to themselves, they showed the bright side of their character, and left her with the agreeable feeling, which perhaps they could not quite account for, of "having made themselves pleasant."

Sister Augustine could not be called brilliant, still less was she learned, but many persons who possessed these

* Bettina von Armin, sister of Clemens Brentano, the well-known friend of Goethe.

qualities in a high degree sought her friendship and valued her advice.

She was so perfect a mistress of the art of listening, that her friends would sometimes say, "The Lady Superior has been really most interesting and entertaining to-day," when in fact she herself had hardly uttered a single word. She could take so great an interest in all that was told her, and listen with such warm sympathy, that no one ever noticed a sign of weariness or impatience in her. And she was expected to take an interest in everything—family events, universal history, Indian mythology and cookery recipes, stories of times past and present, Italian poetry and Church history.

She often gave up the little spare time at her disposal, to please her friends by reading books with which they had been charmed, and which they hoped would fascinate her also. In this way she became acquainted with Dante's "Divina Commedia" and Neander's "Church History," and although she had not sufficient time to master them wholly, she became thoroughly acquainted with parts of them. "Are you reading this?" said a Protestant pastor, who accidentally found the last-named book in her room. On her answering in the affirmative, he replied, "I must give you a special shake of the hand for that. I knew the author; he had the soul of a St. John!"

She sometimes idealized her friends, and fancied she discovered qualities in them which they never laid any pretensions to possess. The Lasaulx imagination, strong in her, as in most of her family, often led her astray; still, on the whole, she saw clearly the weaknesses of her friends, and could aptly describe, in the some-

what original Coblenz dialect, the character of each. She seldom found fault in words, but a grave displeased look from her had often more effect than much that was said by others. In small matters she had her own way of expressing her dissatisfaction to her friends, which they could not easily forget. A rather weak poetic effusion had once been submitted to her judgment. For some time she never spoke of it, and the author thought that the production, for which he had expected much praise, was forgotten. One day, however, Sister Augustine was asked in this author's presence what she thought the severest kind of criticism. "Complete silence certainly should be the most humiliating," she promptly replied, and, rising, took the manuscript from her writing-desk, giving it to its owner with no remark, but with a most suggestive smile.

"We Lasaulxs," she once wrote to Frau von Drüffel, "have a funny liking for telling people the honest truth; perhaps it is our only good quality." One of her peculiar characteristics was an unconquerable disinclination to clear up by a single word any misunderstanding, great or small, which might have arisen between herself and her friends. An acquaintance once asked her advice in a very important matter, but, misunderstanding her, acted in direct opposition to the advice given, though all the time in the happy confidence that she was carrying out the Superior's wishes. Some time afterwards Sister Augustine happened to express to a friend her disapproval of what had been done. On being asked, "Why, then, did you not say that such were not your instructions?" she replied, somewhat astonished, "Why should I? People who do not understand you are better left alone."

Sister Augustine looked on the confidence and friendship of so many excellent people as an inheritance, for which she was all the more thankful as she understood and appreciated its value. "As to the thanks you have expressed, I really do not know on which side the debt lies," she wrote to the wife of one of her patients. "A great boon is conferred on my little life whenever I am allowed, by means of intercourse with others, to become acquainted with intellectual and really amiable people. As unfortunately I am not easily satisfied in this respect, I know doubly how to value any addition to the narrow circle of my intimate friends, in which such painful gaps have repeatedly been made by the hand of death; this, then, is a benefit for which I must express my sincere gratitude to yourself and your husband."

Such painful losses as those referred to took place among her nearest relatives, during the first ten years of her residence in Bonn. After the death of her father, her mother had continued to live alone in the old home, for her daughter Clementine had, in 1850, likewise entered the convent at Luxemburg. What could have induced her to take such a step in her thirtieth year remains unexplained. Courted and admired in her youth, she was by no means indifferent to such homage, and at the same time she was little inclined to sacrifice any personal comfort for the sake of making herself useful at home; yet, for all that, she was anxious to choose a vocation requiring the severest self-denial in doing the poorest and humblest service. She was much too honest to utter a falsehood willingly and consciously, but her passionate nature and her lively imagination sometimes

prevented her seeing and expressing facts in their true light. Her character was a strange compound of captivating gentleness and forbidding vehemence, of humility and pride, of selfishness and devoted energetic love. Her outward appearance even partook of these contrasts. She respected little the prevailing fashions of the day, though she paid great attention to her general appearance; she had a peculiarity in arranging her dress so as to look different from other people, which gave her the appearance of a lady of the mediæval days, and yet her dresses were never either eccentric or gaudy.

Opinions regarding her were as varied as her character was many-sided. Her many and faithful friends spoke of her as charming and amiable, a perfect angel, a saint; one of them, Bishop Laurent, describes her as the most intellectual, noble, gentle-hearted woman he had ever met. Her own brothers and sisters, and all her relations, however, judged her very differently. No one, though, could be indifferent to her; from the first every one felt either fascinated or repelled, and either impression usually remained unchanged. In the family circle the opinion was that Anna, the elder of the three sisters, was entirely suited to convent life, that Sister Augustine might eventually become so, but that Clementine was totally unfitted for it, and many doubts and anxieties were felt about her when she left home. Not long after Clementine had taken the veil, Sister Augustine wrote to Frau von Drüffel: "According to my knowledge of Clementine's character, I do not think she will ever be prevailed upon to enter any other convent, far less to return into the world. Clementine's heart and intellect will every-

where have hard and bitter struggles with herself. Her passionate nature will only grant her few and short moments of that undisturbed peace which so many a heart finds and enjoys within the convent. Accordingly, I believe the best thing will be to leave her entirely in God's hands, and allow her to build her happiness there, where she may choose, for herself."

After Clementine had left home, her brother Hermann came to live with his mother; and partly for this reason, but still more owing to the peculiarities of his character, which unsuited him for practical life, he remained without any fixed occupation for many years. His mother vainly wished that he would accept one or other of the appointments offered him. "She herself," she said, "with her natural tendency to reserve and her love for solitude, would hardly feel the loneliness of her position." She had a strong constitution, and her simple habits of life made it appear likely that she would reach an advanced age. Soon after, however, she caught cold, and, fever supervening, she died after a few days' illness.

When Sister Augustine received the news of her mother's illness, she decided to start at once to see her, and wrote the following lines to Hilgers:—"Dearest friend! In consequence of a letter from home, I must leave to-night, and with a heavy heart, for I can hardly expect to find my mother still alive. When you awake in the morning, I shall have reached the spot where a painful loss awaits me. Pray much and earnestly for your S. A."

Next day, October 6, 1855, her mother died, and Sister Augustine, with her brothers and sisters, departed mournfully from their beloved, but now utterly desolate

home. It was a great trial to her to see the old house pass into strange hands ; "and yet," as she remarked to a friend, "we should feel strangers in our own home, if all that was best in it were wanting."

Six years after her mother's death, Sister Augustine was still more deeply affected by the death of her brother Ernst, to whom she had transferred all the love and veneration she had felt for her father. After taking the veil, she had only seen him occasionally, when, along with his family, he paid short visits to the Rhine.

In 1852 Ernst von Lasaulx had visited Greece for the second time, and had carried away with him the sad impressions of the decay and desolation of that once flourishing country. After this journey he began to write the most important of his works. A deep undertone of melancholy pervades them all: the rise, the glory, and the fall of empires passed in manifold phases before his mental vision, and the impression of the transitoriness of all that is earthly, and, on the other hand, the belief in the everlasting duration of all that is divine—in the final victory of truth—is the keynote of all his writings. In one of them he says, "When the destinies with which the future threatens us are fulfilled, and the fatal hour comes when Europe shall be the scene of the last great conflict of nations, then there can be no doubt that final victory will lie on that side where there is the greatest power of faith."

Sister Augustine read her brother's writings with deep interest, enjoying at once the largeness of his views, and the deep richness of his style.

In 1854 Lasaulx's "Fall of Hellenism, and the Appropriation of the Temple Property by the Christian Em-

perors" ("Untergang des Hellenismus und die Einziehung seiner Tempelgüter durch die christlichen Kaiser"), appeared. In 1856, a "New Attempt at an Old Philosophy of History, founded on True Facts" ("Neuer Versuch einer alten auf die Wahrheit der Thatsachen gegründeten Philosophie der Geschichte"), of which book Wolfgang Menzel says, "Lasaulx feels that humanity is getting old, and that the decay of the whole race has commenced: it is a funeral sermon over many a nation."

In 1857 he wrote "The Life, Doctrines, and Death of Socrates" ("Leben, Lehre und Tod des Socrates"), in which he, as it were, places the Grecian philosopher on a level with the Old Testament prototypes of Christ. He was bitterly attacked for his views, and his predilection for classical antiquity was looked upon as disregard for Christianity, though, in point of fact, it was nothing but a desire for Christian truth which prompted him to seek the traces of the Redeemer in all nations and all ages. His views were those of Clement of Alexandria (Strom. I.): "You never can err in attributing to Divine Providence all that is true and beautiful, whether it be Grecian or Christian; for God is the Author of all that is beautiful and true. Philosophy led the Greeks to Christ, as the law did the Jews."

At the beginning of his treatise on Prometheus, Lasaulx says, "Heathen mythology stands before us like a mysterious vision of prehistoric humanity,—a prophetic vision, the true interpretation of which was first given, in the fulness of time, in Him who was greater than all the prophets—in Christ—whose victorious voice broke the spell of the old serpent, and who redeemed the unhappy

human race from the slavery of sin and the law, bringing it to the freedom of the children of God. It is the task of Christian philosophy to prove how Christ's advent was presaged throughout all ages ; how His coming was clearly predicted in Judaism, guessed at and hoped for everywhere in heathenism ; or, to speak objectively, how the Desire of all nations has revealed Himself in heathendom as in Judaism."

Perhaps Ernst von Lasaulx may sometimes have attributed more Christianity to mythology than it really contains, and what he rejoiced to find may, in fact, have been something which he had himself brought into it. Such mistakes, however, did not so much arise from a want of Christianity as from his lively Lasaulx imagination, and his peculiarly artistic nature. He judged everything, even scientific works, by the standard of art, and his own best works are of essentially æsthetic importance.

"The Life, Doctrines, and Death of Socrates," as well as several other of his writings, were put on the Index Expurgatorius at Rome, as being opposed to the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Sister Augustine was the more pained by this measure, as she attributed it, justly or unjustly, to a friend of her early years in Coblenz. It confirmed her in the opinion that "hot-headed piety" had made progress in her native town, and it estranged her all the more from it.

The last of Ernst von Lasaulx's greater works, "The Philosophy of the Fine Arts" ("Philosophie der Schönen Künste"), appeared in 1860 ; with reference to it he wrote, under the presentiment of his approaching death, that he felt "it was time to close this work, before his mind should

have lost all the freshness of youth, and the days should come when we can say we have no pleasure in them."

He died in 1861, of a heart complaint of many years' standing. The loss of her beloved brother was a very deep sorrow to Sister Augustine, and she long struggled with one of those fits of gloom which sometimes hung like a dark cloud over her bright spirit. She often spoke of "our departed Ernst," of her "never-to-be-forgotten brother," and she carefully preserved every little keepsake she had received from him—flowers he had brought with him from Palestine, an old page out of a school-book representing his former place of abode in Würzburg, and a very sweet little picture representing the adoration of the shepherds.

A few months after her brother's death, she wrote to Frau Cornelius, "Clementine is particularly distressed at some of his books having been placed on the Index ; for my own part, this so little concerns me, that it will in no wise disturb my recollection of him. Would to God that all men could face their Judge with as good a conscience as *he* ! . . . I have always felt so closely united to him in spirit, that I now find it very difficult to accustom myself to the thought of his being so far removed from me. What makes the separation more bearable is the knowledge that spiritual communion does not cease now that he is gone. It makes me sad to think how little he saw realized of that which his rich hopes and laborious labours aimed at in life. I do not yet know how my sisters bore the sad news, but I should think that Clementine's passionate heart will have a long struggle."

On the 23rd of September she wrote to her brother's

daughter: "I was indeed grieved at hearing nothing of you dear ones for so long a time; the more so that the voice of him whom, next to my parents, I loved best on earth, is silent in the grave. Yet, according to my own experience, I could not misinterpret that silence, knowing, as I do, that when the soul is shaken to its very foundations, and the heart trembles in the bitterness of grief, the lips are wont to be silent, for words cannot express their anguish. Formerly, at the close of a fatiguing day's work, it was a real refreshment to me to transfer myself in thought to those to whom I have belonged since my childhood; but now, how has that circle been narrowed! Yet how blessed it is to think that they have but preceded us!"

The same faithful attachment which Sister Augustine bore to the living, she in no small measure preserved for the dead; she lived on in the memories of the past, and her prayers often contained intercessions for those whom she had loved in life. On a page of her diary she says, "When the anniversary of the birth of a dear friend brings back to me all the bitterness of having lost him, then the old sorrow wakes up afresh. Still, time lessens the keenest grief, and standing between us and the graves of our departed, it seems to admonish us not to attach too much value to that which must finally submit to its power. I am thus enabled to look beyond it, and on the wings of faithful intercession, to unite myself to those who have preceded me to a better world. God has given me tears to weep for those I have lost, but He allows me still in prayer to follow the departed. A complete separation alone can make the heart unhappy and homeless."

Sister Augustine never went to Coblenz after her home had been broken up, except on her way to Nancy. On such occasions she generally stayed a day or two in the hospital, that she might see her relations, and from thence she would take the route by Trèves and Luxemburg, and there spend a short time with her sisters.

Her sister Nannchen, Sister Hildegard, lived in the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, at Luxemburg, as Lady Superior of the Elizabethans; whilst Clementine was the Superior of a reformatory at Ettelbrück, conducted by nuns of the same Order and belonging to the Dutch Government.

By means of such journeys she kept up a close connection with her relations. She particularly enjoyed intercourse with her elder sister, who was the very personification of piety, kindness of heart, and gentleness, and was most tenderly attached to the home which she had long ago left. On the other hand, however, Sister Augustine often found some difficulty in getting on with Clementine, who, though far more brilliant and lively than the elder sister, was in every way so marked a contrast to herself; but the deep and warm family feeling peculiar to the three surmounted all inward difficulties and dissimilarities.

During her stay at Luxemburg, Sister Augustine usually wrote an account of her journey to her friend Hilgers: "I left Bonn with a very heavy heart, my thoughts, on my way to Coblenz, being often turned to the Rhineland. On arriving, I went to the Longards, and, half-an-hour afterwards, drove to the Mendelssohns'. However, I was not let off with only one visit; at eight o'clock next morning,

their carriage again came for me. The rest of the day I divided between my relations and the hospital. On Thursday I went by rail, with the Lady Superior of Eupen, to Trèves, arriving at the parent-house there, somewhat hot, at five o'clock in the afternoon. We were welcomed with great kindness, and I gave my opinion on many subjects to Velrich, the Mistress of the novices, who understood pretty well all that I meant. Yesterday afternoon I came here by train, and although we were almost three hours on the way, I had a very pleasant journey. I was alone in the carriage, and could enjoy the lovely scenery, and follow undisturbed the course of my own thoughts. I found my two sisters here, who received me with great joy, and would not hear of my going on to Nancy to-morrow, which, however, I must do. I believe I have now given you an exact account of all, one thing alone excepted, and that I must not do. Who knows where my letter may find you? I think in Dreiborn. To-morrow, then, I shall go to my prison, which is only rendered tolerable to me by the thought that, on the 11th or 12th of September, I shall again be where alone it is good for me to be."

In another of her letters she says, "Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, I left Trèves and arrived here at ten, safe and sound, where I saw Clementine on the high-road, waiting for the carriage. Your Clementine" (Sister Augustine sometimes jokingly used this expression to Hilgers, because on one occasion her sister's brilliant, distinguished manner had greatly excited his admiration), "in the joy of her heart, almost smothered me with her caresses on the open road, in true Lasaulx style. A

staff-surgeon, with a red collar and a sword at his side, was sitting beside Hildegard as I entered, and turning to me, he said, 'Pardon the liberty I take, but I was determined to make the acquaintance of the third sister;' to which I laughingly replied, 'Which, then, of these three editions do you consider the original?' He answered me by a most cordial shake of the hand. Is it not a commentary on the incorrigible Lasaulx nature,* that even here, in these holy precincts, they withstand the influence of hot-headed sanctity?—Your Clementine looks extremely well, and a conversation I have just had with her entirely confirms the incorrigibility. Hildegard, on the contrary, looks very delicate, and I do not think that her much-praised Protestant staff-surgeon will succeed in keeping her long with us. I have had plenty of squabbling too with Pastor Süss, and have certainly not come off second best. I had a conversation with the Mistress of the novices at Trèves, which convinced me that our fears were groundless; so we have every reason to rejoice at being neighbours in future, and I hope long to remain so. What a delightful surprise your letter gave me! I had not ventured to hope for it till to-morrow. May God reward you for all you give me by it. To-morrow fortnight, God willing, I shall return to the haven of my happiness."

She closes another account of a journey in 1867 by saying, "Clementine is three-fourths converted, yet she will ever remain one of the hot-headed saints. To-morrow I go to Nancy, and then I hope soon to be back again in my dear home. God keep you in health and as cheerful as I am."

CHAPTER IX.

THE POSITION OF CHURCH PARTIES : 1848-1868.

IN the year 1848, ecclesiastical movements in Germany had assumed larger proportions, and soon took a turn which was to hasten the final catastrophe. The Pope, ever since his exile in Gaëta, on the liberality of whose views the Italians once built such exalted hopes, had come entirely under the influence of the Jesuits, and all his endeavours were based on their cherished idea, that salvation could be found only in holding fast to the external structure of the Church, and in the spiritual subordination of the individual to the will of the Church's head. This design of centralizing the whole government of the Church, and of crushing and destroying all that could in any way frustrate this design, became ever more apparent, and this was the less difficult, inasmuch as the disorganization of the Church in Germany, caused by the French Revolution, had deprived the clergy of the material basis of their independence. It was a fact, not without its significance, that the German nobility declined to take Church orders any longer, and that the higher positions in the Church ceased to be filled, as for centuries they had been, by the sons of the oldest families in the land. The Vatican took

special care that only those men were raised to episcopal dignity on whose co-operation it could rely. And thus such harmonious relations arose between Rome and the German episcopate, as had not been witnessed for centuries before.

If Rome demanded from the Bishops absolute outward obedience and unconditional inward devotion, she, on the other hand, asked for unfettered freedom for them from the German Government. In 1848 the Bishops assembled at Würzburg, where they drew up a memorial, demanding complete freedom from their respective Governments, and more especially liberty of uninterrupted communication with Rome. Prussia granted this request in 1850, and after the conclusion of the Concordat of Baden in 1859, which had been preceded by other concordats with the different Governments, the curia arrived at the summit of its power.

The harmony existing between Pope and Bishops did not, however, extend itself to the particular dioceses, where an ever-widening chasm existed between the extreme Romish and the more moderate party, disposed to uphold their own independence. The mutual understanding between the two parties, which resulted from the events of 1848, had never been more than a passing one, in consequence of their both being equally opposed to the attacks of Government, and it vanished as soon as the causes which brought it about disappeared.

The twenty years which followed the excitement of the Revolution were a time of relentless party strife. Although the struggle was little visible to those who stood outside it, it was not on that account the less keen. It consisted mainly in a striving for the most influential

appointments in the direction of the diocese, and the Romish party knew well how to keep back and set aside those whom they could not count among their numbers. As the latter were for the most part men advanced in years, peaceably disposed, with no idea of following any ulterior ends, and for whom power had no attractions, they did not form themselves into what could be called a party, and so were far from being a match for their opponents.

The younger members of the clergy had only the choice left of either attaching themselves to the stronger party or of at once making up their mind to submit to hardships for the rest of their lives. To most of them the choice was not difficult, for this reason—that the party of Rome represented itself to them as the one alone justifiable and orthodox; and so they became members of it without further thought, naturally grew up with it, became its defenders, and came to regard their isolated brethren of the opposite school as very questionable Catholics. By means of repeated stringent regulations, which reduced personal freedom to ever narrower limits, this spirit was strengthened and practically destroyed all independence. The endeavours of the curia were powerfully assisted by the Orders and Catholic associations, which had sprung up in great numbers since 1848. These societies, with aims ostensibly very different, all more or less served the purpose of firmly planting and rearing in the hearts of their members, not the Catholic faith only, but a blind love for the clergy and a deep reverence for the external forms of the Church, while in their general assemblies nothing was so much emphasized and so enthusiastically revered

as the outward unity of the Church and the person of the Pope.

Montalembert wrote, several years later, referring to his own country: "It is to us one of the greatest mysteries in Church history how Catholic France has been in such a short time turned into a vestibule of the Vatican; a similar transformation of Catholic Germany can hardly be called a mystery, when we consider the multitude of threads, at once fine and strong, by which feeling, imagination, and reason have been entwined and fast bound."

Among the Orders it was chiefly the Jesuits and Redemptorists who were instrumental in bringing about this change. By means of their missions and their exercises they succeeded in obtaining such an extraordinary influence, not only over the laity already well-disposed towards the Church, but over the secular clergy and other orders, that the Protestant Church historian in no way exaggerated when he termed the Congregation of the Sisters of Mercy for the Nursing of the Sick "the outposts of the Jesuits."

The views of the extreme Romish party were least warmly received by the theological professors in the universities, and by the members of the Cathedral Chapters. This was partly owing to their being more independent of the Bishops, partly because of their coming into more frequent contact with the laity, and partly through the influence which certain pre-eminent men had exercised in these circles, an influence which had not ceased with the death of those who exercised it.

When Sister Augustine came to Bonn, she found deep traces of the struggle which had been going on in the

Church about 1830; and by the accounts she got from friends she could form a clear idea of those stormy days, the memory of which was full of pain and dissatisfaction.

In March, 1854, she wrote: "Yesterday I went with my friend Frau P—— to the churchyard, and there visited the grave of Hermes. It lies lonely and unadorned, with only a few words on the stone to tell whose dust it covers. Bitterness mingled with my sadness, till I looked to the stars of heaven, which need no earthly glory, whilst in brightness and sublimity they pursue their eternal path. The hand of the Church deprived him of the fruits and flowers of his scholarship—and who will dispute her right to do so?—but curse and blessing always assume larger proportions, like the avalanche as it rolls to the abyss below. The Church rejected only the dark side of his teaching; the hate and envy of his persecutors and slanderers have eternally destroyed in the hearts of his disciples love and reverence for their noble master. Who will bring this to judgment? Hands strong to pull down, but not to build; hearts that cannot love, only hate; souls who can bow in adoration only in the sanctuary of their own wisdom and their own spiritual world—does this not carry in itself its own dreadful and inexorable condemnation? I have ever cherished the memory of this dear departed one in my prayers. Yesterday my soul looked away beyond this poor quiet grave, and beyond the still poorer dead spiritual world."

Sister Augustine acknowledged inward truth and honesty of heart even in those who stood in direct opposition to her religious views, and her respect and love depended on the possession of these qualities, and not on

the identity of ecclesiastical opinions. "How is it possible that the good ——," she writes about a strict Romish family, "fail to see the wants and failings of the Church as it now exists? I believe it is because they are such kind, good people themselves, and naturally take for granted that like qualities are possessed even by those from whom they have become estranged; but what a surprise awaits them if their eyes were opened!"

Though Sister Augustine was well-disposed to the members of all other Church parties, even having pleasant talks with Father Ammon, an old Jesuit, who for some time conducted the morning service in the hospital chapel, until he one day warmly and offensively reproached her for not having a single picture of the Sacred Heart in the hospital, yet she instinctively kept apart from those "hot-headed saints," not on account of their religious views, but because they loved to check and destroy all opinions different from their own.

She described these endeavours in lively terms on a particular occasion, when one of her friends was painfully affected by them: "The matter has given me a dreadful shock, so that I would involuntarily close my eyes as if I saw a threatening ghost. To think of burying any one alive! The very atheist and heathen would tremble at so black a deed; even their cold hearts would pity their victims. But in spiritual matters the ministers of God are not afraid of committing similar crimes. Are not these the abomination of desolation in sacred places? Will judgment not follow them?"

After many struggles with the parent-house, the Superior had succeeded in prohibiting the members of the Order of

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Jesuits from entering her hospital, and prevented as far as she could any clergymen of their way of thinking from conducting divine service in it.

In a letter to Hilgers she says, "Nothing particular has happened in my neighbourhood. As no one in the whole town could be found to take your place, the Superior of the hospital had to betake herself to Cologne, to Professor Schwamm, who came here by the first train to read Mass. Probably, however, the reason is to be found in the character of that Superior, who would rather do anything than ask a favour from those whom she does not like."

Writing to Frau Cornelius, she says, "I have, however, something new to tell you : Pastor — has declared that he can no longer consent to be our *extra-ordinarius*, because, instead of coming round, I am always departing farther and farther from them. The authorities in Cologne have sent us Professor Reusch as his substitute. . . . If these hot-headed saints knew how inwardly, and as far as possible outwardly, I am alienated from them, they would have driven me from the land long ago. Don't be at all astonished if I should one day be quietly superseded."

Sister Augustine's religious and ecclesiastical opinions were not in the least influenced by her intercourse with Hilgers, for it was on account of the views she already held that she felt drawn towards him ; but she owed to him greater clearness in her ideas, and through him and Perthes, in whose house several members of the Catholic clergy were frequent visitors, she became acquainted with the state of affairs in the diocese of Cologne, and learnt to share the hopes and fears of her friends.

To those who looked deeper into the outward ecclesiastical events of that time, no doubt was left in their minds as to which direction the ruling party in the Church was gradually tending.

In 1854 the Pope proclaimed the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin—which for centuries had been held only by certain Orders—as a truth essential to the Catholic faith, and as necessary to salvation for all members of the Church.

The great majority of the Bishops gave in their adherence to the definition given to this dogma, and only a few denied the Pope's right to take any such step as this. Among the latter was Cardinal Melchior von Diepenbrock, who, taking a published opinion of Dean Balzer's as his authority, sent in a protest against this doctrine being made an article of faith; whilst the Old Catholic Bishops of Holland, whose opinion had never been asked, held themselves in duty bound, as Bishops, to send a memorial to Rome, containing their veto of the doctrine as something "completely new." As many of the theologians as opposed the doctrine kept silent and remained inactive, whilst those who accepted it, especially the clergy belonging to Orders, were careful, by prayers, medals, societies, pictures, erection of pillars to the Virgin, etc., to spread this doctrine as widely as possible among the people.

By the proclamation of this dogma, the Pope had actually declared himself infallible, and yet the event was allowed to take place in the Church without any outward disturbance.

In the provincial Councils which, since 1852, had again

come into life, the Bishops renounced all claim to independence, and made over the rectification and final adoption of these resolutions, as also the final decision in all doubtful matters, exclusively to Rome, whose verdict they designated as "irreformable."

It became ever more apparent with what zeal and unanimity attempts were being made to destroy all that now remained of the original Church constitution, which gave the Pope only "the first place among his equals," and which was based on the belief, that the power of the Bishops was not received from the Pope, but from Christ, and communicated by means of a legitimate election and dedication.

A special peculiarity of the new ecclesiastical school was, the belief in the necessity and divine institution of the temporal power of the Pope; and the zealous Catholics held more firmly to this idea, which had become almost an article of faith to them, as the prospect grew less of the Papal States being able to oppose the overpowering army of Italy. A great sensation was accordingly produced in Catholic Germany, when Döllinger, whilst the war of 1861 was still raging, brought the further existence of the Papal States into question in two public lectures in the Odeon at Munich. The fall of the papal power, which, according to him, was rapidly approaching, would, he said, turn out for good, and not for evil, to the Church. But although in these lectures he treated the Pope's worldly power as a passing historical event, like all other earthly institutions that are necessary and justifiable for a time, and destined to disappear and make room for others, he at the same time insisted on the priority

of the Roman See with a preciseness and a clearness which could only result from a deep inward conviction of its divine appointment. "The Chair of St. Peter," he said, "cannot be destroyed, because it can never be reached by human power; therefore no one is strong and mighty enough to abolish it. If all the Powers in Europe were to unite to abolish it, it would be impossible. All they can do is to drive it into exile, and keep it for a longer or shorter time away from its proper position in Rome. Finally, this papal Chair can never perish, because it is wholly indispensable and cannot be replaced; it is the keystone which keeps the whole structure of the Church together. *On ne détruit ce qu'on ne remplace*, and no one has ever seriously maintained that the Papacy can ever be replaced. It is the foundation stone on which the Church is built, which makes the Church what she is and what she should be—an universal Church, the only society which has ever earnestly set about trying to accomplish the divinely imposed task of embracing all mankind within its pale, and of having room within it for all nations. Take away this stone and the whole immediately falls to pieces. The Papacy will continue, because, as every Catholic believes, it is God's will that it should, and because two hundred millions of human beings in all parts of the globe wish it, as every one knows who understands anything of the condition of the world."

These words, however, raised a storm of anger in many quarters, all the more so, as Döllinger was one of the chief supporters of the Catholic Church in Germany, and the most prominent authority in the world of letters among Catholics. Walter, in Bonn, who, through his relationship

with Windischmann, had imbibed the spirit of the latter, endeavoured to get up a counter-declaration among the Catholic professors in Bonn. His plan, however, was at once opposed by Professor Reusch, who hesitated to subscribe to any protest against utterances he had not yet read. Walter could not agree to this delay, "lest the effect should be lost," and the whole came to nothing.

"Should you ever happen to meet that excellent man, Professor Döllinger," wrote Sister Augustine about this time to Professor Cornelius, "please express to him my deepest reverence for the address he lately delivered. It did my heart so much good, and made me nearly forget all the annoyance which the ecclesiastical matters of recent years have caused me. The hot-headed saints . . . have been perfectly appalled at the abomination of the holy place, and that a man like Döllinger, who was formerly their pride, should so cruelly attack their opinions. They will have their revenge, but how is not yet known. Hilgers came back from his holidays quite ill and dispirited, but the splendid address and all the reflections connected with it have revived his courage, and brightened his hopes of a better future for the Church."

And again she writes: "The hot-headed saints are not reconciled to Döllinger yet, but they have not the courage to break a lance with him in open fight."

Döllinger printed both addresses, and as an introduction to them published the book "Church and Churches, Papacy and the Papal States." Here, too, he wrote on the Papacy in a way which might have satisfied the strictest Catholic: "Whoever declares, 'I do not acknowledge the Pope, I or the Church to which I belong wish to stand

alone, the Pope is a stranger to us, his Church is not our Church ;' such a one thereby declares, ' We no longer belong to the universal Church—we will not be members of its body.' ”

Sister Augustine greeted this book, which was sent to her from Munich, with joy, and wrote concerning it to Frau Cornelius : “ Now I must express to both of you my thanks for Döllinger's long wished for book. Professor Hilgers and I read it through almost ravenously, and we feel ourselves quickened and of good courage. God will reward Professor Döllinger, and certainly more richly and better than the Pope ever could, for having, in our evil days, lifted up such a bold testimony for the truth. Our hot-headed saints, with — at their head, may well weep tears of blood over the loss of a man who has till now been their pride. But we cannot improve them, for they have not the good cause, but their own interests, at heart, and to secure these they are not over scrupulous as to the means they employ. The Protestants are, of course, rubbing their hands with satisfaction.”

In the summer of the following year, 1862, Pius IX., “ the Pope of great initiatives,” as Cecconi called him, summoned the Bishops of the whole Church together, on the occasion of the canonization of the Japanese martyrs. Two hundred and sixty-five Bishops obeyed the call. The Pope left no means untried to raise to its highest pitch the feeling of reverence and devotion to the papal Chair. In like manner the Charges he gave, which emphasized especially the unity of the Church through the subordination of all its members to Rome, together with the daily imposing ceremonies of which he formed the centre,

could not fail to produce the intended impression on the minds of the Bishops. In the address which the Bishops presented to the Pope before they separated, they expressed to him their entire submission and reverence: "Thou art to us the teacher of truth in its purity, the centre of unity, the unquenchable light kindled by divine wisdom for the nations of the earth. Thou art the rock, the foundation of the Church, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. When thou speakest, we hear the voice of St. Peter; in thy decisions we acknowledge the authority of Christ." Moreover, these Bishops declared, unanimously, that the temporal power of the Pope was based on divine decree, and that this was unconditionally necessary for the well-being of the Church.

Döllinger considered the leaders of German science as called upon and most capable of checking the ever-progressing endeavours of the Romish party after centralization. Accordingly, he drew up a proposal for an assembly of all Catholic men of letters in Germany, which might, by raising the general tone of science, assist in accomplishing the end in view. He issued in 1863, in connection with Abbé Haneberg and Professor Alzog in Freiburg, invitations for a general conference in Munich, which actually assembled in the autumn of the same year. It had for its principal aims :

1. To pave the way for more friendly relations between men of letters ;
2. To settle scientific differences ;
3. To discuss ecclesiastical questions ;
4. To support scientific undertakings ;
5. To unite and organize scientific Catholic magazines.

A copy of these proposals was sent beforehand to all the German Bishops, many of whom hailed them with warm satisfaction. On the 28th of September Abbé Haneberg opened the conference with a review of the past, presenting a sad picture of the history of Catholic theology during the previous ten years. "Where are the hopes," he exclaimed, "which revived Catholic Germany afresh when Möhler worked among us, when Görres taught us, when Montalembert crossed the Rhine to offer his homage to German scholarship; when the younger Windischmann, still a youth, had earned the reputation of a ripened scholar?" Most of those present were doubtless sincerely anxious for the furtherance and promotion of science, but when the limits of science came to be defined, opinions proved to be so diverse that little impulse was necessary to bring to light the already existing inward opposition. This showed itself in the very first meeting of the conference, when Döllinger spoke on the history and signification of theology, and its important mission within the Church, in the following words:—"It is theology that gives life and strength to a right and healthy public opinion on religious and ecclesiastical questions, and all the leaders of Church and State must bow before it. As prophecy in the time of the Hebrews took its place side by side with the ordained priesthood, so in the Church, over and above the ordinary, there is an extraordinary power, and this is public opinion; through it, theological science exercises its legitimate influence, and nothing can finally withstand it."

The views here expressed were similar to those which, some twenty years previously, Joseph Görres had uttered

with such enthusiasm,* when he declared that there had been, and ever will be, times in the history of the Church, in which a Pope or a Council can rightly lose their authority, when one Pope and one Council can be set up against another; and in such times of need the Church can be saved by no outward *form* of government, be it Pope or be it Council, but only by the return of the individual to a living faith in the Redeemer; and in such times when the legitimate leaders of the Church have shown themselves unworthy or incapable of it, the duty of establishing ecclesiastical authority devolves on its inferior members. Perhaps Döllinger apprehended the coming of such times when he spoke those mighty words at the first meeting of the assembly, which disclosed the irreconcilable differences which existed among the members.

The address was vigorously attacked, especially by the professors of the seminary in Mayence, who were zealous representatives of the party whose only hope of remedy was from high quarters—that is, from Rome. The thorough loyalty of the assembly to the Church was unmistakable in the almost unanimous reception of the two propositions brought forward by Professor Michelis. These were—the necessity of the connection of all science with the Church, and the subordination of science to the authority of the Church. Professors Huber and Friedrich alone were opposed to this, and voted in favour of the complete independence of science. To show that the assembly took up its position on purely ecclesiastical ground, and still stood in living connection with the Head of the Church, a loyal

* “Staat und Kirche nach Ablauf der Kölner Irrung.”

address to the Pope was unanimously resolved on, and its preparation entrusted to Professors Herzenröther, Reusch, and Schulte. When, shortly before the breaking up of the assembly, Heinrich of Mayence delivered a speech on the unity of the Catholic Church in its widest acceptance, even in spite of the oppositions which had been discovered in it, this idea of unity again exercised all its old magical power, and the majority left Munich with bright hopes for the future.

Sister Augustine in the autumn of 1863 wrote: "Professors Knoodt and Reinkens have come back in high spirits, and have great hopes that a marked change has come over the Catholic mind, which augurs the best results for the future. Hilgers is distrustful, and shakes his head sadly, for the past and the present seem to him so hopeless."

At first it was intended to hold these assemblies every year, but when it was declared in Rome that they could only be permitted under the superintendence of the Bishops, the plan was given up.

In the meantime, the extreme Romish party among the German clergy and professors was unremittingly engaged in bringing their more moderately disposed brethren and their writings under suspicion, both at Rome and among their people, and in claiming for themselves the possession of the only true faith and mind of the Church.

The prospects of free thought in the Church became more and more hopeless, and in 1864 a Syllabus appeared, comprising eighty opinions which the Pope declared as heretical, and among them several which formed the very basis of all modern political life. It was received in com-

plete silence, and the Bishops would fain have put a milder interpretation on it, as it contained propositions which, in the form the Pope put them, were totally untenable in Germany. "I find myself condemned sixteen times," said Sister Augustine after she had read the Syllabus.

In the autumn of 1865 a number of Catholic scholars, chiefly theologians and historians, assembled in Bonn, to devise a means of bringing about unity of thought and action in view of the threatening danger. Dollinger, as the guest of Professor Floss, took the chair at this meeting; but many who had been present at the assembly at Munich were now absent, chiefly the professors of Mayence, who in their magazine, *The Catholic*, opposed the others with much bitterness and intolerance.

The *Theologisches Literaturblatt*, which was founded in Bonn under Dr. Reusch's editorship, was the organ through which their common aims found expression, and it soon took a position of high authority, not only in the Rhenish dioceses, but in many other Catholic circles in Germany, and was considered a power to be dreaded by its enemies.

During this time the diocese of Cologne was awaiting in anxious suspense the appointment of the new Archbishop, on whom the welfare of the opposing Church parties should in the immediate future depend. Cardinal von Geissel died in September, 1864, and the Cathedral Chapter could make no definite choice, and were only able to agree on individuals whom the Pope would not appoint. "Tell Karl," Sister Augustine writes to Frau Cornelius, "that all is perfectly quiet as regards the appointment. In reality, however, all has been carefully

undermined, and any moment we may see something in the shape of an Archbishop blown into the air."

Owing to the want of trustworthy information, the most contradictory reports were spread, keeping the minds of those chiefly interested in a state of excitement.

In the summer of 1865, Sister Augustine wrote: "—— told me to-day that Herr Kaulen informed him that Abbé Haneberg would come to Bonn one of these days, and take up his quarters at the 'Ewige Aubetung' (Convent of the Eternal Adoration), and that there is no doubt a particular reason for this, on which Kaulen built the most joyful hopes for Cologne. This last statement is, no doubt, a *credo* of' ——." Sister Augustine did not share these sanguine hopes, as she considered the character of the abbé by no means equal to the important position of Archbishop of Cologne. "Frencken said to me," she wrote to Hilgers, "it would probably come to a vote, in which case Haneberg would be appointed. Prospects are, therefore, not yet very bright." It never, however, came to a vote, and even if an election had been made, it would have been useless, as was afterwards evident from the assurance given by the Pope to a Benedictine monk, who was about to return to Germany, with reference to Haneberg's appointment to Eichstädt in the following year: "Dite a questo abbate, che non lo farò mai vescovo."

The uncertainty as to who should fill the archiepiscopal Chair had now lasted two years, when, in the spring of 1866, to the surprise of all and the consternation of many, Melchers, Bishop of Osnabrück, a well-known member of the ultra-Romish party, was appointed to the diocese.

The Romanists were triumphant, their opponents hopeless, whilst some, as prudent as versatile, in view of the want of success with which their endeavours were sure to be attended, went gradually over to the other party, and thus saved their theological reputation in the eyes of the new Head of the Church.

Sister Augustine writes : " Poor Hilgers is not getting on very well ; his lectures are almost unattended, because the Archbishop has chosen to make a friend of Professor —. What is piped in Rome is sung abroad, till God will one day put a stop to all the wickedness in the world. Haneberg should be proud that the Pope has not thought him worthy of a See, for he who fills the Chair in Cologne is certainly no honour to it."

" Professor Hilgers is not in very good spirits," she continues ; " the Archbishop, or rather the school of Catholics to which he belongs, cannot fail to fill every one differing in opinion from him with fear and dismay. How far things will go before God interferes, I don't know, for I always thought that these hot-headed saints had lost all standing ground, so completely are they destitute of all pure Christianity. . . . — and — lately ventured to pay me a visit, but I think they did not fail to notice the contempt with which I regarded them, and the pride with which I turned from their proposals, in order to keep my own inward and entire freedom. There are really very few people who remain true to their colours and possess sterling worth. Believing this, I have no difficulty in becoming exclusive."

Much worse than all difference of opinion was the fact that both parties gradually lost faith in each other's

honesty of purpose, and watched each other with the most undisguised distrust.

A sad spectacle was presented at that time of inward conflict by Bishop Pelldram, the successor of Arnoldi, on the episcopal Chair of Trèves.

Bishop Pelldram was a gentle, kindly man, almost too ideal for the realities he had to deal with in Trèves. His North-German character was unsympathetic to the clergy of the district, and the confidence which he extended to the Cathedral Prior, whom his predecessor had somewhat put aside, occasioned at once a split between him and his clergy.

In the summer of 1865 Sister Augustine wrote: "Knoodt is going this autumn to Trèves, to discuss matters with the Bishop there, whom the people distrust as coming from a Protestant land, and because he does not look as Catholic as his predecessor."

Pelldram's life in Trèves was short, but full of trial. He was in delicate health when he came, and during the time he held his appointment, his memory began to fail him. The work and excitement of his office, with the continued struggle with opposing parties in his diocese, undermined his strength more quickly than his appearance betrayed—his imposing figure reminded all who happened to see him of the majestic figures of the old Electors. After hardly two years of office, he departed from the sphere which had caused him so much disquiet, to enter the regions of eternal peace.

Sister Augustine, who had loved and respected the Bishop, wrote somewhat bitterly, from Luxemburg, to Hilgers in 1867: "Poor Pelldram was dying in Trèves,

surrounded by those who in so short a time had caused his death. It is perfectly disgusting to me to see how little his death is regretted here. And no greater accusation could be brought against the poor man, than that he trusted everybody and wished to please everybody."

CHAPTER X.

HOSPITAL WORK IN SCHLESWIG: 1864.

THE war in Schleswig-Holstein broke out in 1864, and, on the invitation of the Knights of St. John of Malta, a number of Sisters of Charity and members of monastic Orders started, nearly at the same time with the troops, for the seat of war, to undertake the care of the wounded.

Sister Augustine was one of the first to offer herself for the service. Overjoyed at obtaining permission from Nancy, she intrusted Sister Gertrude with the care of the Bonn hospital, and left for the North on the 11th of February, accompanied by one of the Sisters from Bonn.

The prospect of so wide a field of labour filled her with the same joyful and expectant impatience which a true soldier's heart feels in the prospect of a first campaign. She felt sure she would find scope for the exercise of her love, and for displaying her talent of bringing clearness and arrangement into what was still in the wildest disorder. It was, moreover, the first time during the twenty-four years of her convent life that she had set out on a journey the object of which was not a Retreat. The prospect now before her animated and refreshed her spirits, and she regarded the journey as a blessing from God, for which she was heartily thankful. And even the

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sad impressions which she received on her arrival at the seat of war were not able to dispel the joy she experienced. On reaching Altona, she wrote to Hilgers: "Sister Gertrude will already have given you the first news of us, and have set your mind at rest. I can now add that I am very well, and to all appearance in possession of a considerable amount of mental and physical strength. Now for my news: as we have waited in vain till this morning for the five Sisters from Berlin, we shall start for Kiel in half an hour. The station-master has just told me that the train does not leave till 7 p.m., thus necessitating our arrival in the middle of the night. He has, however, allowed us to go in a goods train with a number of soldiers, and this Sister Theodosia and I prefer doing. I cannot sufficiently praise the kindness and generosity of all the officials, by whom every Sister of Charity is heartily welcomed. Two additional batches of wounded soldiers arrived here yesterday, and they have been entrusted to the care of our Sisters from Prague. The slightly wounded are sent on to this place, or to Hamburg and Berlin; the severely wounded to Kiel: thus there is more work there than hands to do it. Even the Prussian ambassador, whose son is with the army, had up till yesterday received no authentic information with regard to the last engagement; he knew only that there had been dreadful bloodshed. To put your mind at rest, I may add that the authorities here take care of the Sisters in a very kind and considerate manner. There are always some officers in the hospital, ready to send for whatever we may require for the poor soldiers or ourselves."

She continued this account of her journey in a letter to

Frau Mendelssohn: "We left Altona on Saturday morning, and did not arrive in Kiel until night, for railway communication is still quite irregular. Happily, however, we were most kindly attended to by a tall gentleman with only one arm, whom I afterwards found out to be a friend of Beseler. His name is Borgfeldt, and he is a churchwarden. Whilst it was yet night, he conducted us here, to the hospital where we now are and will most likely remain. There are four of us to about sixty soldiers, some wounded and some ill in consequence of over-exertion. Of course, we have only soldiers to assist us, but these, with the two doctors who help us in nursing, are quite sufficient. Everything else is going on well; that is to say, we are in good health, and rejoice to be able to do something for the poor creatures, whose gratitude is our richest reward."

About two days later she writes from New Münster:

"As we have to wait here some little time, I cannot make better use of it than by writing. You heard, I presume, through the Mendelssohns of our arrival in Kiel, so I may go on from that point. I had hardly got the machinery into working order, when I was awakened last night by a telegram, summoning me and three other Sisters to Schleswig, to look after the severely wounded. I don't know how long we shall remain there, but I rather think I shall be sent still further on to Flensburg—no further, I hope, as beyond that they say there are no more hospitals. Perhaps, however, as Major von Stockhausen thinks, we may have to go to the field ambulances, quite in the neighbourhood of the enemy. God knows the feelings with which I often look upon so many sufferers. In spite of myself, I cannot return the

grasp of their weary hands without tears, and yet I would not change my present position with any other, nor do I ever wish I had remained at home. Though I have left many dear ones behind me, still the pain of separation is more than made up by the consciousness that I am of some comfort to the unfortunate men here, and I know that I can always count on your prayers. The French consul is standing beside me and talking incessantly. When am I to hear of you and of all whom I love? That comes of being always on the wing! My health continues wonderfully good, and my spirits are, if possible, still better; so don't be unnecessarily anxious about me, for I am really more to be envied than pitied. There comes the train—good-bye, with kindest remembrances!"

Sister Augustine had more work in Schleswig than she could do. She found the wounded in a most helpless condition. She worked day and night with Dr. Ritter, the hospital physician, rendering what assistance she could. There were scarcely any bandages, and, in fact, nearly everything was wanting. Even such articles as had been abundantly provided could not at first be got at for lack of hands. For instance, several large chests were standing in a shed, with labels to show that they contained oranges, an article greatly in demand, but they were inaccessible through other stores being piled on the top of them.

On the 24th of February she wrote to Bonn: "My poor wounded are still under the influence of narcotics, so, whilst watching beside them, I can hastily answer your kind letter of yesterday, which brought me the news of yourself and your surroundings. You do not say any-

thing about your health, but I hope and trust that you are well, for I must keep up my spirits and energies. The consciousness of being able to alleviate, though, alas! not to remove, so much suffering, helps me over many of the difficulties of my position. I have lived through years during the last week—so varied are the experiences through which I have passed. An idea which I have often spoken to you about has again been present to my mind with more than desirable clearness. You will have difficulty by-and-by in reconciling me to the inevitable, and yet what a beautiful thing truth is, even when it causes us deep pain! I suppose you have got the particulars of my Schleswig-Holstein experiences from others. Yesterday, according to your wish, I wrote to Walter. Please take the letter to the Mendelssohns yourself, and give them once more my kindest remembrances. Though I am close to the camp, I know less than you at home how things look. The day before yesterday a number of gentlemen, among others Count —, arrived here, partly to see whether the Protestants were not giving us too much to do (you can fancy the answer I gave him), and partly to visit the entrenchments of Düppel, to learn whether it would be necessary to establish new ambulances near them. They were anxious to avoid the recurrence of what happened here before, when the wounded were actually without bandages and medical assistance for two whole days (the engagement had not been expected so soon). In one of the hospitals here the wounded are still lying on the ground, with nothing but a straw mattress under them. Should the fight at the entrenchments of Düppel be a bloody one, I shall possibly again be sent on ;

if not, I shall remain here as long as God pleases. Right and left of me lie young men from Prague, whose limbs are so horribly shattered, that by order of the staff physician I persuaded them to have them amputated to-morrow. How many will still be sacrificed! Could the gentlemen of the Government at Berlin and other places, where everything is planned, spend but one week in the hospitals, and hear the groans of their poor victims, I am sure they would be more peacefully inclined!"

Towards the end of February, Sister Augustine removed from Schleswig to Rendsburg. The Sisters belonging to her own Order had not been sufficiently firm in the position they had first taken up, and consequently had not been able to fulfil the duties which they had expressly come to perform. They had allowed themselves to be intimidated by the servants of the hospital physicians to such a degree, as to be almost entirely excluded from any share in nursing the sick, and were obliged to confine themselves to the performance of work of the coarsest nature, whilst the officials themselves, whose confidence they had forfeited by several blunders, afforded them but little protection. Other Sisters, indeed, from Westphalia, who were likewise in Rendsburg, and who had had similar difficulties to encounter, succeeded nevertheless in overcoming them by an energy, a tact, and a practical discretion, of which the Superior from Trèves seemed to be entirely destitute.

On the 1st of March Sister Augustine wrote, still from Schleswig, to Hilgers: "My telegram will have already informed you that, according to a summons from Trèves, I am to go to-morrow to the third Field Ambulance in Rendsburg. The reason of this change is, that the Superior there

does not seem to get on very well, owing, I believe, to her being one of the hot-headed saints. It remains to be seen whether I shall succeed in pulling the cart out of the mud. For the last day or two there has been a lull in our own and other hospitals, owing partly to the fact that the worst cases have mostly terminated fatally, and partly that those less serious had recovered so far as to allow of their removal to more distant hospitals. Whether there be some deeper reason for this last-mentioned plan, I do not know. Should the attack on Düppel be a sanguinary one, then of course it is better to make room here for the reception of the freshly wounded. Should it, on the contrary, result in little bloodshed, then I may hope to be soon with those whose interest I have most at heart. Herr Clason came to see us the day before yesterday, and left yesterday morning for the entrenchments of Düppel. According to his opinion, a dreadful slaughter may be expected, but every one here thinks the contrary, for it is reported that England has interfered. I am much relieved to hear that Rudolph Perthes is safe. May God continue to protect him! Remember me most kindly to the Perthes and Beselers (the latter's house stands quite close to me here by the water's side). How I look forward to meeting you again! To keep your mind easy, I may add that I am quite well and in good spirits, as far as that is possible in sight of so much misery."

"We are so well off here," she wrote to her brother Hermann, "that we have not the slightest desire for the quiet days at home."

In Rendsburg she found matters very much as she had expected. On her first arrival she succeeded in

restoring things to such good order that former blunders were quite forgotten. All placed so much confidence in her, that in a letter to Hilgers, she said she "could not wish the physicians and officials to show her more kindness than they did." "And," she continues, "our sphere of activity is all I could wish it to be ; so you can fancy how happy we five are."

On the 4th of March she wrote the following report from the 3rd Field Hospital for the Severely Wounded, Rendsburg, to Countess Stillfried, at Berlin :—

"Since arriving here I have learnt the meaning of the term 3rd Field Hospital for the Severely Wounded ; but, thank God, I am encouraged rather than disheartened. I was, I confess, rather taken aback on discovering that I and my five Sisters had, until this time, done little more than parade-service ; but now active field-service has begun. Our hospital consists of five large apartments, formerly inhabited by the Danish ambassador, but now vacated. Tears are better fitted than words to describe the scenes by which we are surrounded. What horrors are occasioned by war ! The Austrian hospital, which is under the care of the Sisters of St. Vincent, is opposite ours. Death has made fearful havoc there. Within three weeks they lost more than three-quarters of their patients. We have a whole room full of poor Danes, who are constantly being reminded of their hard fate by the sight of a Prussian soldier, who keeps walking up and down with drawn sword. All that can be done is done for every one of the sufferers, but even kindness cannot remove many a bitter grief. This is the only thing to make us sad in these happy days."

A week later she wrote to Hilgers: "In the event of Düppel being stormed, we shall be still more pressed for time than just now, so I will employ this morning hour in turning, not in thought only, as is my wont, but in writing, to my dear ones at home. I will begin with the question which I have so often asked myself of late: Why is my letter to you still unanswered? Should illness be the reason of your silence, then I must earnestly request Marie to write to me at once. In my position uncertainty has a most paralyzing effect. Next comes Velten's account of poor Sister Gertrude's state of health, and anxiety for her and the hospital would long ago have brought me home, were it not that by returning I should feel to have completely undone all the good already accomplished. This sounds self-important, I know, but still I say it, although reluctantly. Besides, the medical authorities speak so anxiously of the much blood likely to be shed in the coming storming of Düppel, that we Sisters should be the last to dream of forsaking the poor suffering soldiers. For the last five or six days the standing orders from headquarters have been: 'Have as much room as possible ready in the third Heavy Field Hospital!' Accordingly, though our physicians have dismissed as many as possible to Spandau and the entrenchments of Düppel, yet every day brings us so many sick and slightly wounded, that we have hardly time to get ready the beds required. In this way two hundred beds are constantly occupied, and only the newly furnished rooms are empty. Last night two waggons full of wounded Danish prisoners arrived. These poor creatures indeed deserve the greatest sympathy—first, for their sad physical condition, and then for the long imprisonment

that is before them. Our poor fellows, who, when hardly convalescent, must return to Düppel, have often a heavy heart too, knowing full well, as they do, that only death is before them. We put a piece of white bread and cheese in their knapsacks, and give them a little money to help them on their way. They are all provided with good clean clothes. In this way we try to brighten the gloom which hangs over their future. Yesterday the whole lobby and our own room were crammed with soldiers ready to leave for Düppel. I was quite alone, and had been dealing out provisions to them for a whole hour, when suddenly the Sisters from the dispensary came in, and, after surveying the faces of the soldiers, they said: 'These men are all from the other hospitals in town.' I inquired if it was so, and the answer was: 'Yes; but there are no Sisters there, so we can get nothing.' Most of them had tears in their eyes, and I did not regret the mistake which had occurred. My fellow-Sisters are all that I could wish, and the way they have of treating our poor sufferers seems to have a good effect; this, I suppose, is the reason why the physicians are so fond of them. I cannot tell you how kind the inhabitants of the town are to the soldiers, who, they say, have come to free them from the Danish yoke. According to reports, however, this is by no means the case further north, as in Kolding, Fredericia, and Grafenstein. The people there are hostile, and will give the soldiers nothing; so that provisions and straw have already begun to fail."

Writing about the same time to Frau Mendelssohn, she says, "I have found it to be a very marked feature of Schleswig-Holstein, that the inhabitants, whilst they

receive the Austrian troops with the greatest enthusiasm, owing to their distrust of Prussian politics, treat our soldiers with comparatively little sympathy. As usual, the fair sex shows the greatest animosity. With regard to us Sisters, however, all denominational differences seem to be forgotten, and we experience great kindness. The Protestant clergymen and their families are our particular friends and benefactors, and even say that they are entirely agreed with us."

On Easter Sunday, March 27, she wrote to Hilgers: "Wishing to have an additional joy to that which every Christian experiences on this day, I naturally apply to you in order to obtain it. To-day, when for the first time a priest from Saxony celebrated Mass in the beautiful Protestant church here, I remembered all those dear to me, with a heavier heart, I confess, than I would have had in the hospital chapel in Bonn. Whether it was the pressure of these warlike times, or the separation from home that weighed upon me, I cannot say.

"Easter Monday.—A wounded soldier, who has just arrived from Fredericia, tells us that we have as yet taken only two entrenchments, and there are seven yet remaining. The heavy artillery arrived the day before yesterday, and bombarded the entrenchment No. I. for forty-eight hours. It remained uninjured, as if not a single shot had touched it. Heaven knows when the storming will be possible! Nevertheless our daily orders are—'Have as much room ready as possible for the reception of the wounded!' In Jütland and the vicinity of Düppel they say the soldiers are hardly able to get any provisions, even for money, so that we have enough to do here, filling the soldiers' knap-

sacks and bottles before they return to the camp. I have not written to Berlin again, as Countess Stillfried printed my first letter in one of the newspapers, and I write as seldom as possible to Trèves. . . . A day or two ago the head Chaplain of the army introduced himself to me thus : ' Our most gracious Queen commanded me, before leaving Berlin, to visit all the Catholic Sisters everywhere, and to thank them in her name for their care of the soldiers.' The authorities here are always very kind to us, and this, of course, tends greatly to ease our position."

Sister Augustine possessed that Christian charity to such an extent which, as she says in one of her letters, "loves the quiet, secluded paths," that she had a great repugnance to having her doings made the subject of public talk and admiration. "Do all you can," she wrote to her brother Hermann, "to prevent my letters from getting into the newspapers; three have already appeared, and I am much annoyed at it." On the other hand, she ever wished to remain in constant communication with those who were dear to her, and to let them know all that befel her. She wrote to Hilgers: "I hastily make use of a spare quarter of an hour, to tell you what I shall probably not have time to write to-morrow. First of all, however, many thanks for your last letter, which brought comfort to my soul. I can never be thankful enough to God and to you for it. Our staff-surgeon and his assistant left for Rinkeniss a day or two ago, where there is a newly established Prussian ambulance. Last night our head surgeon received a letter from the first-named gentleman, begging him to try and persuade me to come to him at once, with at least one other Sister, as the severely wounded there stood in such

great need of help. Though it does not take much to touch my heart, still I telegraphed to Rinkenise to-day, to learn whether no other help was to be had, and if I could find accommodation in the camp itself. On this last point there is some doubt, as the troops there are so numerous. I shall have to decide according to the answer which comes to-morrow, whether I shall go on to Rinkenise, which is said to be a village two miles in length, and within an hour's distance of the entrenchments of Düppel. I shall be close to the field of battle there, and continually in presence of the most horrible scenes. God has been so faithful to me hitherto, that it is doubly impossible for me to draw back from this new task. If I go there, I shall make some of my Sisters follow me, and the gap left here will be filled by Sisters from Kiel, where there is now but little work to do. I get into a strange frame of mind when I look into the future, which now lies before me more uncertain than ever, and is entirely dependent on what course the war takes. But it is in God's hands, and there, too, I may rest quiet and thankful. Rinkenise is said to be only ten minutes distant from the sea, so that our wounded can be brought down on mattresses to the shore, and sent by ship to Flensburg. May God keep you and all dear to me! My kindest regards to all, but especially to you, my excellent and faithful friend."

Whenever the position of matters became critical, and where most work was to be done, Sister Augustine was always turned to for help; nor did she ever fail to fulfil all expectations. It was a real pleasure to the doctors to work with her, and the wounded who were committed to her care appreciated the love and energy with which

she devoted herself to them, and for the consideration which she showed for the wants and the feelings of each. Thus, it cost her much thought and care to find a way of rendering ample pecuniary assistance to a wounded Dane in her hospital, Count R——, now reduced to perfect poverty, so afraid was she of hurting his somewhat excessive sense of honour. Owing to the generosity of her Bonn friends, she was enabled in some cases to bestow more than the usual amount given for the assistance of those committed to her care. She was very grateful for all that was sent her from home.

She wrote to Professor Perthes: "Almost daily whole transports of soldiers, hungry and empty-handed, come to us, not, however, to return as they came, for they emptied our pockets in the most unmerciful manner. This side of our work is often a very cheerful one."

Altogether her sense of humour was always ready to discover the comical side of everything, even when connected with the performance of the gravest duties, and she often laughed on looking back to such incidents. On one occasion the Holy Communion was being administered by a Lutheran Pastor to a dying Danish soldier; Sister Augustine performed the service of beadle, and whilst she was reverently and devoutly assisting the clergyman, suddenly the Catholic army Chaplain came in, and stood in mute astonishment, motionless, at the door, with such an expression of stupefaction, that, in spite of the solemnity of the ceremony, she could not retain her gravity.

According to the wishes of the physicians, she went to Rinken in the beginning of April, where she at first

had only one Sister with her. She wrote: "This morning we went by rail as far as Flensburg, and were sent on in a field-carriage from the commander's quarters, with a guard of soldiers accompanying us, arriving in Rinkenise safe and sound before dusk. The physicians were greatly pleased at seeing us here among so many severely wounded; yet our own joy is much greater in the consciousness of bringing relief and comfort to these unfortunate men. Be sure not to be anxious about me: although the roar of cannon is near enough to shake our windows, yet it cannot harm either our wounded or ourselves."

In a letter to Professor Perthes, she gives the following description of her position in Rinkenise: "We two Sisters are living here in the most peculiar circumstances, and in the strangest company—Sister Berthilde in the school-house, half an hour from here, where there are two large rooms full of wounded, quite alone among doctors, attendants, and all sorts of officials. The same can be said of myself up here, in an inn on the highway to Düppel. The lower flat is the public-house, fearfully noisy, and frequented till all hours of the night; the upper-story, a large dancing-room, with a raised and decorated platform for the musicians; and the room next to it is filled with our wounded. An adjoining room is inhabited by the physicians and attendants, and I am alone among all the uniforms."

Towards the middle of April, the order came to vacate the hospitals near the seat of war, as great convoys of wounded were expected. On the morning of the 18th of April, Sister Augustine wrote: "An hour ago we sent off as many of our wounded as possible by ship to Flensburg,

as we got the intimation yesterday that the entrenchments are to be stormed to-day. Last night, eleven waggons filled with wounded arrived, some of which we sent to the school where Sister Berthilde is, and some have been kept here. The sight is so dreadful that I can hardly bear to look out of the window. For a long way nothing can be seen but the flashing of the cannons, particularly on the heights of the entrenchments, which, as our wounded say, is a sign that the Prussians have reached the top. All that remains of the villages in the neighbourhood is in flames. The firing shakes everything in our rooms—what wretched beings will be brought us this afternoon !”

On the 18th of April the entrenchments of Düppel were taken by storm. The victory was a bloody one ; death reaped a rich harvest, and Christian charity gleaned the battlefield.

The wounded were brought literally in loads to Rinkenise. Sister Augustine had to summon up her whole physical and mental strength, so as not to succumb in the presence of so much suffering. On the arrival of the waggons, she mounted them, and assisted in separating the living from the corpses of those whom had died on the way. It almost broke her heart to witness the distress of those wounded whom it was impossible to receive into the crowded hospital, and had to be sent further on in the cold dark night. She and her fellow-Sister worked so unceasingly, helping the surgeons to bandage the wounded, as hardly to allow themselves an hour's rest. In those days she had no time to write home ; all her time and thoughts were given to her wounded. She only wrote a few almost illegible lines in pencil : “Yesterday the en-

trenchments taken by storm ; frightful slaughter—the horrors here indescribable. I spent half the night on the high-road, getting the living out from among the dead and having them brought up here. Adieu !”

Several weeks elapsed before she could write home and give an account of herself to the anxious Sisters at the Bonn hospital, and to her brother Hermann.

“Dear faithful friend !” she wrote to Hilgers, “I can only tell you by a few lines what a pleasure I had in receiving your kind letter here in Rinkenise, and just at a time when I am surrounded by such inconceivable misery and anguish. I cannot tell you how the experiences of the last few weeks seem to have made every feeling of joy almost impossible to me. How little we dream in times of peace of the indescribable wretchedness which war brings ! God grant that these sad times may soon come to an end, though there seems very little prospect of it as yet. Yesterday and to-day we heard constant cannonading on the island of Alsens. During the short time which has elapsed since the storming of the entrenchment, a third part of our wounded have died in horrible agony.”

On the 12th of May she wrote in greater detail to Perthes : “Thank you with all my heart for your letter ; it did me good, and helped me to look up to God ; for all the misery which surrounds me has a consoling side, when seen with His eyes and from whence He dwells. Truly the loud rejoicings at the taking of the entrenchments find a strange echo by the bedside of our poor sufferers, who have paid dearly for the victory with their heart’s best blood. How many of our wounded have died since then—sadly—far from home and parents, and often too from wife and

children! And our poor Danes, whose hard lot pains me deeply—how they suffer whilst they hear the victorious shouts of the others! When the ninety-two guns that we have taken passed our windows, they looked long after them with tearful eyes; they cannot even share the hope and joy of the others in the thought of soon recovering, for recovery to them means going, perhaps, for a long time into a strange land.

“Yesterday I went to see Countess Groeben, whose husband, a colonel of Hussars, lies here in Rinkenitz, dangerously ill. She has been obliged, of course, to leave her little children at home, and I fear that her husband’s illness will terminate fatally. We have already several cases of typhus in our hospital, and one of my Sisters has caught it. I sent her off to Rendsburg at once, where she can be nursed far better and more easily than here, as there are two hospitals and ten Sisters there. Our doctor seems to have become a little anxious about us, and insisted on our getting into the open air, so we took a long walk yesterday, as far as the entrenchments of Düppel, one only of which is now remaining. The Danes took thirteen years to build them, and three weeks have sufficed to level them to the ground! We stood long and with heavy hearts at the graves of the fallen, where sometimes twenty, thirty, or forty lie buried together. Large, simple wooden crosses, with green wreaths, and an inscription to tell how many rest beneath, are the only indication of these graves. From the heights the unfortunate little town of Sonderburg can be seen on the opposite shore; the bright red-tiled roofs form a sad contrast to the blackened, still smouldering houses. There is not one habitable house

left in the village of Düppel, and the unfortunate inhabitants wander about destitute and without shelter. How many times have I wished myself in presence of those whose watchword is ever 'War'!

"I cannot say anything about our return home with any certainty. I ought to go to the Retreat at Nancy, but they will not hear of us Sisters going away, as they fear that after a month's armistice the conflict will be renewed more fiercely than ever. The future, with all its hopes and wishes, lies in God's hands."

The members of the Orders who had devoted themselves to nursing, prepared to return with the victorious troops to Germany in the summer. They had, as the members of the Order of St. John of Malta reported, "performed their hard and often frightful duties in a manner beyond all praise."

Sister Augustine had not only been a comfort to others, but the time she had spent in Schleswig, and her experiences there, were of the greatest blessing to herself. It was a period which materially assisted the development of her character; her whole nature seemed to have gained much in firmness, independence, and clearness in the fresh air of the North. She wrote no more diaries after 1864; she no longer considered human friendship absolutely necessary for her. Her insight into human life, with all its joys and sorrows, as also into the wonderful combination of all earthly events, had become more wide and clear; she had, as she expressed herself, gone through deep experiences. On leaving home, she had been filled with regret and sadness by the thought that she and her fellow-Sisters would have to go for months without the accustomed and

frequent partaking of the Sacrament, and she feared that such a deprivation would make her spiritually feeble and languid. On her return home, she tells us that God is not bound to make His grace everywhere and at all times dependent on outward symbols, and that, so far from participation in the Sacrament being an absolute necessity in every position in life, God can and will richly make up for every sacrifice we are obliged to make. She said that she had not once felt the want of the Holy Communion, nor had she ever felt nearer to God than during that time.

It greatly refreshed her in the lonely hours of night, when resting from her work, to sit at the open window and gaze upon the vast ocean, or, lifting her eyes to the stars, raise her thoughts above the anxieties and labours of the day.

By a strange fate, she passed almost directly from the free existence in Schleswig to the oppressive atmosphere of the Parent house at Nancy.

Shortly before leaving Rinkenise, she wrote to Hilgers : " God knows how much I look forward to being in Bonn again, but He knows, too, how hard it will be to leave so soon to go to Nancy. You know all the thoughts with which it is associated ! I am sure that those too well-known influences at work there will raise a perfect storm within me, now that I have learnt to know better things here in Schleswig-Holstein."

On the 21st of June she appeared unexpectedly among her Sisters in the Bonn hospital, having kept them in ignorance of the exact time of her arrival. The joy of all the inhabitants of the house knew no

bounds, and she had to submit to a very demonstrative welcome. She herself, however, felt like many a brave officer, who finds garrison service dull and tame at the close of a campaign, and who longs in his heart for a new war. "I shall soon be in the old routine again," she wrote to Frau Cornelius, "but with very different feelings this time. You cannot think with what longing I daily look back to my ambulance work, to Schleswig-Holstein, which has now become so dear to me. Such really noble people are to be found there, who understand how to preserve that which is purely human in the highest sense. I am sure, too, that the unfortunate Danes are not half as much in the black books of heaven as our hot-headed saints! And as to the poor shattered soldiers, whatever country they belong to, I dare hardly tell you what place they occupy in my heart, else you might feel inclined to laugh at me. Well, I believe God knows, and that He will, some time or other, lead me again out of this well-managed hospital into another field ambulance."

CHAPTER XI.

HOSPITAL WORK IN BOHEMIA : 1866.

SISTER AUGUSTINE'S wish for a sphere of labour similar to that in Schleswig, was to be fulfilled only too soon ; for in June, 1866, war broke out with Austria. When she and her Sisters, accompanied by Baron Geyer, reached the Bohemian frontier, the battles of Nachod and Skalitz and the storming of Trautenau had taken place, and she found ample opportunity for rendering assistance.

Completely overcome by the sight of the battle-fields over which she had passed, she wrote to Hilgers, in almost illegible characters, from Gitschin : " Unfortunately I can only write a few hasty lines, but the horrors by which I am surrounded excuse everything. From Dresden we went on next morning direct to Turnau, and just as we were going to take charge of the hospitals there, a telegram brought us the news of a dreadful battle having taken place here in Gitschin. Geyer decided at once to move on with us to join the army, so we set off immediately in carts. In Niporen (or Libau), an hour distant from this, our cart was stopped, as fifty to sixty officers and a great number of soldiers were lying on straw, in the streets and in the village church, without any assistance. We left half

of our party behind, and drove on, over the bloody battle-field, arriving here late at night. It is difficult to say how long we shall remain here. As the army has reached Josephstadt, we shall soon have to follow it, as there are none in the surrounding villages capable of rendering assistance ; and yet the worst cases cannot be moved, but must remain where they are. Please give all my news to my people, with my love. Thank God, I am quite well, except swollen feet, which, however, are better to-day. I am happier than I ever was in my life."

The frightful aspect of the battle-field on the days after the battle, and the sufferings of the wounded in the hospital, often filled her soul with grief and horror ; yet cheerfulness was the predominant feeling of her heart, lightening all toil and trouble, and helping her to shake off all sad impressions. On the 6th of July she was called to the vicinity of the small town of Nechanitz, where the Castle of Hradeck had been turned into a large hospital. On the 3rd of July the decisive battle had been fought in that neighbourhood, which, by command of the King, was named the battle of Königgrätz.

During the first few days after the battle the misery was truly terrible, as previous preparations are seldom sufficient for the need which follows upon a great battle. The astounding rapidity with which the war progressed had rendered it quite impossible to have the necessary help at hand for such unexpected numbers of wounded. Austria, besides having refused to join the Convention of Geneva, with inconceivable indifference left the care of her wounded to the enemy, whose means of assistance were, of course, insufficient. Within the short time that elapsed

between the battles of Nachod, on the 27th of June, and Königgrätz, on the 3rd of July, no less than sixteen thousand officers and soldiers had been wounded, and in the next few weeks six thousand cases of sickness were added to these. All the churches and buildings of any size in the country round about were filled with the wounded and the dying. The inhabitants of the villages had fled into the woods with all their possessions, and only a few courageous men remained behind and faced the horrors of those days. A brave Catholic priest was the most indefatigable of all, in bringing, to friend and foe alike, spiritual and physical comfort. The men appointed to bear the wounded from the field had seen him on the evening of the battle. Night was coming on, and a tall black figure could be observed moving to and fro; sometimes it disappeared as if the earth had swallowed it, then it was again visible, and again it vanished. The first impression produced was, that the figure was one of those ruffians who go about the battle-field robbing the corpses; but on approaching, the soldiers discovered it to be that of a clergyman, who administered the Sacraments to the dying, and who, in order to do this in the easiest manner for the sufferers, laid himself down beside them on the ground. It was the priest of Probus. The village of his parish had been dreadfully devastated, most of its inhabitants had fled, and the church and parsonage were filled with the poor and the wounded. He found no room in his own house, and, accordingly, he had taken refuge in a barn. It was in his church that Sister Augustine first nursed the wounded, and soon a warm friendship sprang up between her and this excellent man. She used to say of him,

"that he was one of those whose kingdom was not of this world." He was so unwearied in well doing, that she and her Sisters had to protect the little they possessed against him, or he would have given that away too. "When it came to be a matter of giving," she said, "he lost all idea of mine and thine."

She wrote to the mother of an officer who fell at Königgrätz: "God knows the comfort it has been to my heart to find a priest here who has not hidden the real substance of the Gospel, true Christian charity, under mere empty externals and cold self-sufficiency."

And none the less warm was the admiration which Pastor Nowak felt for Sister Augustine. When she left the country, she gave him her rosary-cross as a remembrance of their work together, and his joy at the gift was so great, that he gave directions that after his death the cross should be buried with him.

Sister Augustine found an enormous amount of work awaiting her at Hradeck, which at first she had to do almost alone. In the large riding school of the castle eighty severely wounded soldiers lay side by side on the scanty straw, which had been brought from the bivouacs forsaken by the Saxon and Austrian armies. This part of the hospital, as presenting the greatest difficulties, was chosen by her on her arrival, as the sphere of her labours, and for weeks the whole of the nursing was done there by her, only assisted by one or two military attendants. One of the physicians who was constantly with her at that time, Professor Busch of Bonn, wrote: "Whoever has experienced the physical exertion of attending wounded men from morning to night, having constantly to remain in a kneeling

posture on straw, can estimate the value of her labours, not to mention the emotions through which a sensitive nature passes in witnessing so much misery." Count J. B——, one of the Knights of St. John, describes her as "a real support, comfort, and help, an example of self-sacrifice, a clever nurse, wise, tender, full of tact in every way."

Whilst she was employed in nursing all day long, she employed the night hours in washing and repairing the soldiers' clothes and bandages. She seemed to require no rest herself; yet it was only her rare strength of mind which supported her, for her over-exertions at that time laid the foundation to a complaint which began to undermine her constitution. The following letters, in which she describes her experiences, are dated from the castle of Hradeck. She wrote to her brother Hermann: "You cannot picture to yourself the beauty and loveliness of our castle; that of Coblenz is a mere empty nutshell in comparison. Everywhere in the surrounding woods you are met by dozens of the finest deer. The indescribable misery now reigning within these walls seems to mock at earthly splendour, and dispels all sense of joy."

"I hope," she wrote to Hilgers, "that my letter from Gitschin has reached you by this time; I do not feel so sure that you will get this. I am here in a lonely hunting-lodge of Count Harrach, six hours distant from Horzitz. More than a thousand poor crippled men, who were unable to be removed, fill all the barns and churches for miles around the castle. Here alone we have more than four hundred. On Wednesday I received the following telegram at Gitschin:—'Fräulein Lasaulx to

come at once to the Surgeon-General Busch at Hradeck.' Accordingly, our staff-surgeon packed me and Sister Leopoldine without delay into a carriage, and setting off immediately after dinner, we reached this about nine, where Professor Busch received us. The luxury by which we are surrounded forms a frightful contrast to the anguish and misery of the poor wounded, who fill every corner of the castle, from the garret down to the riding-school. Most of them lie on straw, their wounds festering for want of attention. It is known that these unfortunate men have lain four and six days on the field, after the battle, without nourishment, and the day before yesterday a new convoy of wounded soldiers arrived, who had been discovered in the wood, a whole week after the fight, in a state which passes description. In three or four weeks death will in all probability have released them from their torments. The others will by that time, perhaps, have so far recovered, that we shall be able to go to Prague or Vienna with them. It is very hard for me, especially in so dreadful a time as the present, to be without news from my friends ; but this is one of the sacrifices by which I have the satisfaction of bringing comfort and relief to so many—a privilege for which I can never be too thankful to God. Please tell the Mendelssohns, Perthes, and other friends all that you think would interest them, with my kindest remembrances, for I cannot possibly write to them myself. Perthes' poor sister, alas! followed her son this morning from the castle to the churchyard. I had not seen him, for I got my place at once assigned to me in the riding-school, where there are more than eighty wounded. Accordingly the officers were given into the charge of

some Franciscan Sisters from Nonnenwerth. And now a hasty adieu! I had to rest my feet, which give me much pain, and thus it is that I have been able to write you so long a letter."

A few days later, she wrote: "The political horizon begins to look brighter—indeed, even peaceful. God grant it may continue so! The price paid in human lives and domestic happiness has been large enough, as we inmates of the hospital are daily able to testify. Death has been thinning the ranks to a fearful degree, not only by shot and shell, but also by cholera, which, even now, is carrying off innumerable victims in this neighbourhood. All the Sisters from Prague were summoned to Brünn to take charge of the cholera cases in the army. It has entered the castle here twice, but all recovered, and, thank God, no new cases have occurred. You can have no idea of the delicious forest air we have here, which has driven away all my breathlessness, and has made me feel better than I have done for many years. You would be pleased to see my good looks; the air, though, does not seem much to benefit our poor wounded, probably because they have suffered so fearfully before coming here. However, the generosity of my dear friends——has assisted many, and we have been able to make many additions to the meagre hospital fare, which of itself would give the poor people but little support. The day before yesterday I went on foot to the little town of Nechanitz, to call on Major von Hymmen from Cologne, who is rather severely wounded; his wife has arrived, and is in much distress. They both wept for joy when I offered that I and my fellow-Sister should take them under our protection on

their journey home, and take care of the sufferer; but I fear he will have to remain here longer than we. The physicans hope that in two or three weeks the Prussian wounded may be able to be moved; the Austrians and Saxons would then be given in charge of Austrian physicians. God grant it may be so! I cannot quite believe it yet, as all around looks so sad. The large church in Nechanitz is still quite full of wounded; the same is the case in Milovitsch and Horzitz."

In a letter to another she says, "A thousand thanks for both your and your husband's letter, which gave me all the more pleasure that I felt undeserving of it, for I have as yet only been able to give you indirect news. To-day I happen to be confined to my room, so I think I cannot do better than have a few words with you. True, our conversation can hardly be a cheerful one, as our thoughts and sympathies cannot turn away from the numbers of poor wounded who fill the countless hospitals of this beautifully wooded country, surrounded by the poor half-civilized Bohemians, who seem almost to belong to a past century. The battle of Königgrätz is said to have been the most bloody of modern times; countless numbers lie buried on the battle-field, and how many have since then been struggling between life and death! I cannot understand who is to be blamed, that the poor wounded lay so long (four, six, and even eight days) on the field of battle, without meat or drink; I only know the fact that many have died, more from want of food and nursing than from their wounds. The inmates of the hospitals in this neighbourhood are to be brought to us, as both the situation and the rooms of this castle are so

very healthy, and in order that they may be under the excellent treatment of our able Professor Busch. Our hospital arrangements are much improved by this time ; the greater part of our patients have got strong mattresses, though not beds, and we have got a greater supply of shirts and bandages, of which we require so many every day. The anxiety which weighs heaviest on my heart is, how to get nourishment for those who are exhausted. The bread which is to be sent to the hospitals is probably packed while still hot, and is often very mouldy. A healthy person, if hungry, would perhaps not mind eating it, but a poor wounded man, faint from loss of blood, raises it to his mouth, and then, with tears in his eyes, he quietly lays it down again and tries to bear his hunger a little longer. This I saw daily and hourly, till I could stand it no more. Your kindness has happily enabled me in many cases to supply the want. Every morning I give a roll to each, of which I get three for a penny, and in the afternoon I go round with the butter-dish, cutting away the mould from each piece of bread, and spreading it with butter. I wish you could see how gratefully and eagerly the poor fellows stretch out their hands for it ! For the last two days we have run completely short of bread, occasioning no small consternation. However, thanks to your kind gift, I sent to Nechanitz to buy some, and have distributed to-day two hundred slices of bread-and-butter, which were hailed with great delight. ‘ Now we need not go to sleep hungry,’ they said. ‘ May God reward our kind benefactors of the Rhine ! ’ Yes, indeed, thought I, and may God bring me safe home again, to thank you personally from us all, for your great love and kindness.”

To Frau Cornelius Sister Augustine wrote : " I cannot ask you to pay me a visit here, where all misery, anguish, and torment meet. The description which you have read of our hospital in the castle may have faithfully pictured the sad scenes by which I am surrounded, yet it would give you no idea of the mental sufferings of these unhappy people. May God comfort the many parents whose sons and relations lie buried here, after passing their last days in unspeakable agony ! "

In a letter of July 26th to Perthes, she says, " Though I have not yet written a syllable to you, my thoughts have been with you, and not without anxiety for your own health and that of your family. I have not met your sons, thank God, among the numbers of my sad flock, but unfortunately your poor nephew belonged to it. Your good sister will probably have told you what a trial awaited her here, and how she had to follow him who was dearest to her to the churchyard. * I was much moved to see how the mother's heart strove for strength and resignation to the will of God. May God comfort her and all near and dear to the departed ! "

On the same day she wrote to Hilgers : " May God reward you for the joy and comfort which your letters brought me ! It was the first sign of sympathy from that small circle I love so much. I had hardly dared to hope for it, as in our castle in the wood we are almost entirely cut off from the rest of the world. But I, for my part, am glad of this, as it keeps me out of the way of the "hot-headed saints." Even Trèves and Nancy cannot easily find us out. The dense woods which closely surround this castle are filled with countless tame deer. This

would delight you, were it not for the unspeakable moral and physical misery which is under this roof. Alas! death has reaped a large harvest during these few weeks, and will yet carry many away to that land where all sorrows cease. Strange to say, we Sisters have not yet heard one single word of bitter or unchristian complaint from these unhappy men. Perhaps this may be occasioned by dulness in the many non-Germanic races of Austria; but in the cases of the Prussians, Saxons, and Austrians, particularly among the great numbers of officers, the reason is undoubtedly due to moral greatness. Many familiar names are among the latter. Count Hompesch, whose grandmother lives at Bonn, died here a month ago. Prince Hohenlohe, a cousin of the Cardinal, is dangerously wounded in the breast. Yesterday his wife and aunt arrived; their grief cut me to the heart. Count Erbach and young Bismarck, a nephew of the Minister, are also here, dangerously wounded. I take as little share as possible in nursing them, as of course they are better cared for than my poor men in the riding-school and in the passages of the house, who are left alone in their torments."

The enthusiasm with which these poor men rewarded her for her unwearied love was expressed in many a touching trait. A wounded Italian, whom she had long nursed, but who nevertheless died of his wounds, one day expressed great impatience to see her; he said he felt himself to be dying, and wished to tell her something before he died. When she came, he looked at her with deep feeling, and summoning up his last strength, he said, "When Sorella dies—immediately with Jesus!" On her telling

him by a sign that she had understood him, he clapped his hands, while an expression of great joy passed over his face. He died immediately afterwards. Sister Augustine felt deeply affected by his last words.

Towards the end of July cholera broke out in various places in the neighbourhood. Sister Augustine thus refers to it: "I must explain why I write so long a letter. In Benatck, where the great number of corpses had only one foot of earth above them, a putrid odour spread with such rapidity, that the Franciscan Sisters from Nonnenwerth and all their assistants had to leave at once. Unfortunately two of the Sisters took cholera and died a day or two after. They have it also at Neu Bidschow, two hours' distance from us. We have not got it here yet, thank God, although we have some cases of dysentery. This troublesome guest attacked me last night, and I think it my duty to keep quiet in my room to-day, letting Sister Leopoldine take my place, so that I may be quite fresh again to-morrow. Don't be anxious about me, for until now I have been much stronger and better in this forest than I ever am at Bonn. If the rulers make peace, then we shall soon be home again!"

On the 26th of July the truce of Nikolsburg was signed, followed, on the 23rd of August, by the peace of Prague. Sister Augustine hailed this news with great joy. She wrote to her cousin Julia: "It often made my heart tremble, to think of the possibility of the neighbourhood of Vienna becoming a battle-field, and accordingly I felt doubly relieved when peace was signed. However, the labours of the Prussian ambulance committee in Bohemia still continued for some weeks longer."

On the 22nd of August she wrote : "The period of my return is again quite uncertain. On the one hand, our hospital authorities are not sure whether the Austrian physicians will take charge of our hospitals, nor when that will be, so that we can be dismissed. On the other hand, they are afraid of letting us Sisters go away, for fear of having to remain behind alone, with the sole charge of the wounded. So we daily hope for decisive news, and then we can start at once. You should have seen and heard the excitement of our wounded Austrians, one and all, when they heard that the Austrian doctors were to come and take charge of them ! Every one had some particular reason to give for his aversion to them, for the most part charging the Austrian authorities with great coarseness and want of all religious training. It is almost a good thing that our hot-headed saints are not ashamed of their vexation and sorrow at the loss of that deeply corrupted empire, since they thus show themselves in their true colours to the eyes of all people of education. Though I am not sure whether things will be better with us in future, still I comfort myself with the firm conviction that, in case of Austria having been victorious, we should rapidly have approached the ruin of all that is noble and good."

The words of the King, "The day of Königgrätz has cost us heavy sacrifices, but it is a day of honour to the whole army, on whom the Fatherland gazes with pride and admiration," found a loud response in Sister Augustine's heart. Although her care and sympathy was given in equal degree to all the wounded soldiers under her charge, yet her heart exulted at every victory of the Prussian arms,

and she was proud of her Prussian fatherland and of her King. She was deeply indignant on hearing how different in part was the feeling in her home on the Rhine—how many people wished that Prussia had been defeated, and that, in some circles, benevolence turned exclusively to the Austrian wounded.

During the last days of her stay at Hradeck, the decrease of work enabled her to visit the environs. "Yesterday," she wrote, "I went to the cottage where the unfortunate hero Benedek spent the night before the battle. I ascended the table-land of Chlum, where the Austrian army had been so advantageously entrenched, at a good pace, and without being at all breathless, so well and happy am I. You will have difficulty in taming your 'filly'!"

One day, on her way to a neighbouring hospital, she felt so well and merry in her forest solitude, that, forgetting her position, her age, and the decorum belonging to it, she kept running and jumping over heaps of stones that lay by the roadside, till peals of laughter behind her caused her to look round. There she saw, with consternation, a troop of soldiers marching along, and evidently greatly amused at the sight of the merry Sister of Charity. Another time, when driving with several of her Sisters to some distant place in a transport waggon, she kindly invited a traveller, who was plodding along the dusty road, to mount beside them. As they drove along, she repeated the breviary with her Sisters, and so she never noticed, till the deed was done, that the stranger, a young artist, had hastily made a sketch of them all. On receiving a copy of the picture, which had been lithographed, through

Professor Binz, one of the physicians, she laughingly told how "unsuspiciously she had, out of pity, invited the rogue into her cart, little thinking he would slyly take her likeness."

In September she returned from Bohemia by way of Prague and Dresden, greatly refreshed and strengthened in spirit.

"The impressions received here during the past two months," she wrote, with reference to her stay at Hradeck, "have been very painful, but they will be a blessing to my whole after life."

Melancholy reminiscences of that time are found in a letter written by her, shortly after her return home, to an acquaintance, who had sought for information from her on behalf of the mother of an Austrian officer, Prince Salm, who had fallen: "It always gives me pleasure to get a message from any one for whom I have a high respect, and your lines would have done the same, had their contents not been so sad, recalling to my mind the most dreadful experiences of my life. Would that it were in my power to give that distressed mother any cheering accounts of her poor unhappy son, whose disappearance must indeed cause a mother's heart the deepest anguish. Neither I nor any acquaintances of mine had anything to do with a hospital at Nachod, and none of the physicians or officers to whom I have spoken on the subject within the last few days, could tell me anything, but only advised that the mother of the unfortunate prince should write to General von Steinmetz, in Breslau, or to the Chief of Staff, Colonel von Sperling. The latter had, with Steinmetz, led the Prussian army at Nachod. According to an official report, the battle was quite as

bloody a one as that of Königgrätz, only that in the latter a greater number of troops were engaged. The Prussians, as is well known, so rapidly took possession of the field, that the Austrians could only remove a very small number of their killed and wounded. Had the poor prince fallen into Prussian hands, either wounded or as a prisoner, he never could have totally disappeared, for the hospital lists are kept with great exactitude. It is difficult to understand how impossible it is to recognize even nearest relatives without having been personally on the field of battle, so frightful is the disfigurement produced by a shot through the head or breast. The effusion of blood which follows, and the earth which the balls fling up, completely deface the uniforms, so that much time and research is necessary in order to distinguish between officers and men. Moreover, the dead bodies were plundered by wandering bands (and even by soldiers of both nations), so that no articles of any value were left upon the corpses. During the first week or two after the battle, many persons from Austria and Saxony came to us at Chlum and Probus, wishing to take the corpses of their relations home with them; but these had become so shockingly disfigured, that few were fortunate enough to recognize their friends in the large graves, which as yet had but two feet of earth upon them. I repeat, those only who were personally on the scene of action during those bloody days, will without difficulty understand how the unfortunate prince could find a grave, nameless and unknown, and without a single living person being able to give any authentic information about him. The unspeakable anguish and suffering which I witnessed among the innumerable wounded in those days,

in a way comforted me and made me feel almost thankful on seeing those carried to the grave who had escaped prolonged agony by a quick death. Doubtless the good prince now looks down from above as a conqueror, upon his faithful mother, still in the midst of this world's conflict, and whom God alone can comfort in her affliction. I shall often be near her in prayer, as I am with those unhappy sufferers to whom I was permitted to give my help and pity."

Sister Augustine had returned to Bonn in a state of so much physical suffering, that she gave up all hope of recovery. Grave thoughts of approaching death began to occupy her mind, all the more so as in the course of the two following years many painful gaps were made in the circle of "those she loved." Her friend Perthes had long been very ill, and with deep sorrow she saw that his life was fast approaching its close. The calmness and confidence with which he, who through all his life had been a prey to the most intense fear of death, now saw his last hour approach, could not fail to make a deep impression on Sister Augustine, as on all his friends. That power of Christian faith, which robs even death of its bitterness, was clearly evident in him during his last days. On the 14th of November she wrote to Professor Mendelssohn: "Oh that God would still long preserve our excellent Perthes! He knows what a boon it would be to all of us; but truly our ways and thoughts are not always His." Towards the evening of the following day Sister Augustine saw her friend for the last time. He could not rise to welcome her; and, pointing sadly to his swollen feet, he said, "That is now my only occupation"—meaning patience in suffering. "I found Perthes very ill, sitting in his armchair," she wrote

to Frau Cornelius. "Poor man! he is suffering from dropsy now, in consequence of heart disease. He himself is quite composed in view of his approaching death; but his friends, and I amongst them, are not so. I cannot tell you what a trial it is to me to lose him. How few people there are of so much real worth!"

On the 25th of November, 1867, Perthes died. Sister Augustine knew but too well that the gap occasioned by his death in the circle of her friends could never be filled up.

About the same time, too, she lost several of her nearest relations, to whom her heart clung with warm affection. Her father's three sisters died within a few years of each other. She particularly mourned the one who was her godmother, of whom she says in one of her letters, that "her loving and excellent disposition had from childhood inspired her with the deepest affection, and that by her death she had lost a second mother."

In January, 1866, her own sister Hildegard died, and in August, 1868, she lost her brother Hermann, who had lived in Bonn since 1855. He had long been consumptive, but had kept up by dint of wonderful strength of mind. He often pained his sister by the proud manner in which he rejected, as long as possible, her care and nursing. Sometimes he would not come near the hospital for months together, though dearly loving his sister. In the summer of 1868 his complaint forced him to keep to his bed, and she succeeded in persuading him to come to the hospital for a few weeks. She observed, in writing to a cousin, that "he appeared, after all, to find more comfort in being nursed by her than in his bachelor existence, but that

she feared he would escape from her as soon as he got a little better." Her brother recovered temporarily, so as to be able to return to his own lodging, but he soon became worse again. Sister Augustine visited him day by day, to see that he was properly nursed, and she was with him when he died. It was on the 2nd of August, just as the university of Bonn was celebrating its jubilee, and a gay procession, with bands of music, was passing along the streets. He tried eagerly to catch the sound of the music that was wafted from a distance. His sister begged him not to let himself be disturbed by it, but rather to try to go to sleep. He replied, "Yes, indeed, I am a fool to be still listening to music!" Then, looking at her once more with indescribable affection, he closed his eyes, to open them no more on earth.

In deep emotion she wrote to her niece at Munich: "I have just returned from Hermann's lodgings, after receiving the last pressure of his hand and a remembrance to you. . . . I fancied myself stronger, but my strength seems broken. Pray for him and me!" "Now I am quite alone!" she said to a relation who next day came to comfort her. In her loneliness she felt a strong longing for her sister Clementine, although she had been at Bonn shortly before her brother's death, and though that meeting had not been a pleasant one. By urging the most pressing reasons, Sister Augustine succeeded in obtaining the permission of the ecclesiastical authorities at the Luxemburg convent to allow her sister to again make the journey. The meeting had not the desired result, for the intercourse with her sister afforded her no comfort; she felt rather more than ever, that death is neither the only nor the worst form

of separation. To a friend she said at that time that she felt as if her father's house were about to become extinct, and that she was the last of her race.

"My good faithful friend!" she at that time wrote to Professor Mendelssohn. "You have always shown yourself as such to me, more particularly in times of affliction, and may God reward you for that sympathy, which always has done my heart so much good! Although the peculiar circumstances in which my brother was placed tended to alleviate my sorrow for his death, still I mourn the loss of a brother, the only one left to me. I always looked upon him as a trust left me by my departed parents, of which I had the care."

In a letter of August 18th to her friend B. Th——, she says, "I was sure that your sympathy would be with me during those saddest and most painful hours of my life, and spiritual communion does take away the sharpest sting of separation. Yes, dear friend, God alone knows what I felt, as I held my brother's cold hands in mine, and looked into his dimming eye. How difficult and yet how easy a thing it is to die, and how little we understand life, ever putting obstacles in the way of a happy, joyous faith in God! A few weeks ago my poor brother was in much distress about his not belonging to the Church; then, at his own wish, he partook of the holy Sacraments, and from that time he became calm, without, however, allowing me any insight into his soul. But I trust that he is happy now, and that comforts me. Besides, I had the consolation of being able to help and comfort the poor sufferer a good deal during the last years of his illness, a privilege which seldom falls to the share of nuns."

To her cousin in Vienna she wrote : " Now, dear Julia, we have both of us seen our parents, brothers, and sisters laid in their graves, and have carried back with us into every-day life the oppressive sense of our loneliness. Those only who have made the same experience know how long and hot the conflict is, when death makes new gaps in our narrow circles, thus narrowing them still more. The power of religion alone can help us to look beyond the grave, up to where our dear friends have found that lasting happiness and peace which they and all of us have sought for in vain throughout life."

CHAPTER XII.

ECCLESIASTICAL EVENTS: 1868, UNTIL SUMMER OF 1870.

THE spiritual power of the Vatican had gradually reached such a height as it had hardly ever before attained, even in the Middle Ages, the most brilliant times of its history. The profound reverence everywhere entertained by the Catholics for the person of the Pope gave to his deeds and utterances a value that excluded either prejudices or contradiction. The old tradition of the *curia*—that the Pope is the possessor of the highest and most unlimited jurisdiction over the whole of Christendom, and the sole possessor of the infallibility bequeathed by Christ to His Church—had, in numberless cases during the last decennia, been brought practically forward, without finding any serious opposition. Among the majority of Catholics, the feeling was that such a position of affairs was neither oppressive nor indefensible; on the contrary, quite justifiable, and, as contrasted with the confusion and want of authority prevalent in the Protestant Church, worthy of the greatest admiration.

The time had seemed to have come when Rome could decide in her own favour the old controversy as to the only justifiable form of Church government, based on the

words of Christ, over which, and with varying fortune—sometimes openly, sometimes in secret—a conflict of opinions had been maintained for centuries.

The Pope's intention of calling a general Council, expressed towards the close of 1864, found favour, although not unconditional favour, with the great majority of the Cardinals residing in Rome, and the Bishops, whose opinion had been consulted. Three years later, when nearly five hundred Bishops were in Rome, on the occasion of the celebration of the eighteenth Centenary of St. Peter, invitations to the Council were issued. This assembly, in the summer of 1867, was the last of a series of acts intended to prepare the Bishops for the time when they should give their final decision. One of their number—Cardinal Manning, of Westminster—tells us that it was in reality the events of 1854 and 1862, but still more the celebration of the Centenary of St. Peter, which brought the doctrine of the Papal Infallibility prominently forward, roused the minds of the Bishops to its importance, and decided many to use their endeavours to bring matters to a final issue.

From the expressions used, as we gather from the writings published on that occasion in Rome, it is undeniably to be inferred that the purpose of the Council was no other than to define the doctrine of the Papal Infallibility as a fundamental truth of divine revelation, and to establish it firmly for all future time.

In Germany opinions were divided with regard to the impending Council. The Catholic population in general looked on calmly and almost indifferently. Without being exactly convinced as to the necessity or the practical end to be served by this assembly, they yet held firmly to the

belief that the Pope and the Bishops best knew the most pressing wants of the Church. The comparatively few who had followed the ecclesiastical events of the past years with any actual attention, looked with ever-increasing anxiety and dark forebodings into the immediate future; but, removed from all practical life, they had little influence on the people. The numerous Romish party, on the contrary, hailed the Council with delight, anticipating from it the fulfilment of their wildest hopes. In the general assembly of the Catholic Union, held in Bamberg in 1868, these hopes were expressed in the following words:—"Either the salvation of the world will come from the Council, or the world cannot be saved." Several of the Protestant theologians shared these sanguine expectations, in so far as to trust that substantial progress would be made towards a union of the different confessions. However, the Protestants in general, and the greater part of the indifferent Catholics, who had long been strangers to Church life, anticipated the Council with perfect unconcern, or only with the faint interest which is bestowed on an historical occurrence in distant parts.

The Pope's public appeal, on the occasion of the Council, to Christians of other confessions to return to the unity of the Church, *i.e.* to submit to Rome, had partly met with a decided refusal from the Protestants, as "an unauthorized encroachment upon their Church," and had partly been simply ignored by them as a mere "specimen of the epistolary style of the *curia*." On the other hand, the Patriarchs and Bishops of the Greek Church replied by altogether denying the right of the Pope to assemble a general Council without their consent. They observed that

the seven first Councils had alone been valid, and that, accordingly, these alone pointed out the right means of bringing about the union of the two Churches.

The reduction of the Papal Infallibility to dogma had not yet been declared in Rome as a proposition to be laid before the Council; nevertheless, it was remarked by several, that not only would this dogma be found among the questions to be dealt with, but that it was the one reason why the Bishops had been summoned together. This suspicion rose to a certainty when, on the assembly of the preparatory commission in the winter of 1868-69, the German theologians then in Rome reported that the doctrine of the Infallibility was actually among the propositions to be laid before the Council.

The whole plan of the Council was given to the world on the 6th of February, 1869, by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and in March by the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. This disclosure caused great excitement, not only in the learned world in Germany, but in all grades of society, which were at last raised up from confident or careless indifference. Many discovered now, for the first time, the distinction between tolerating the absolute and sole rule of the Pope as it actually existed, having little or nothing to do with the individual in practical life, and the reception of this rule as an article of faith revealed by Christ—indeed, as the basis of all other articles of faith.

By an accident, fortunate for the plans of the Vatican, the Pope's jubilee fell in the spring of this year. It was celebrated with great splendour in the Rhineland, and the loud jubilations of the Romish party, in which most of the other Catholics honestly and joyfully shared, drowned

the isolated voices which were raised in warning. This celebration, held simultaneously over the whole globe, brought back the idea of the Catholic unity, with all its indescribable charm.

The nearer the time drew for the Council, the bolder the *Civiltà Cattolica* became in proclaiming that it was the wish of "the great majority of the faithful" that the doctrines on the Syllabus, together with the Papal Infallibility, should be proclaimed and held fast, and that all Catholics would hail the latter with joy. In presence of such assertions, a number of men in the German dioceses regarded it as their duty likewise to raise their voice and decidedly to protest against these wishes. They drew up addresses, and presented them to their Bishops, in order to express to them their convictions and wishes, before they should set out on their fatal journey.

The beginning was made by the so-called address of the Coblenz laity, which was the first step of open united action in the matter of the Council. The address was composed by Dr. Stumpf, of Coblenz,* and, after being submitted to Cornelius, Kampfschulte, and Reusch, was revised and sent to the Bishops of Trèves and Cologne. It besought the Bishops not to fall in with the ideas which the *Civiltà Cattolica* falsely described as the ardent wish of all Catholic Christendom, but rather to direct their energy to the actual wants of the age: "In trying to free the Church from the power of the State, to restore the independent and yet harmonious movement of the two working laws under which, by divine decree, human life

* One of the head-masters of the gymnasium at Coblenz, and one who took a prominent part in the Old Catholic movement.

must unfold itself, to settle definitely the share the faithful are to be allowed to take in the formation of ecclesiastical institutions affecting the relations of every-day life, to bring back brethren to the Church who are separated from it ;—to suppress social evils, and to find the true position of the clergy and of private individuals with regard to general culture and science. In trying to accomplish these duties, which embrace ecclesiastical life in its widest sense, the present age is spending its strength, and it looks with earnest expectancy for help and assistance in their solution from the approaching Council, which is led by the Holy Ghost, and summoned according to the wishes of the whole Church."

In the address it was further wished that the spiritual life of the Church might be revived by the re-introduction of national, provincial, and diocesan Synods, and that the Council should declare that the Catholic Church "abandoned the desire ever to restore the theocratical polity of the Middle Ages." In closing, the subscribers emphatically asserted that they wished "to live and die as loyal sons of the Church, in union with her centre, Rome."

The Archbishop of Cologne replied coldly and evasively, taking special notice only of the closing words of the address, in reference to which he expressed himself as justified in pre-supposing that the subscribers, "whatever their own views and wishes might be, would faithfully and humbly submit to and respect the decisions of the Council, as the mind of the Holy Spirit."

The address was more warmly received by those of a like mind in other lands, than it had been by the Bishops. "I can hardly tell you," Montalembert wrote in July, "how

much I was moved and rejoiced by this glorious manifestation of Catholic conscience and reason. It seems like a ray of light in the midst of the darkness, and at last I seemed to hear one manly Christian word amid the declamations and flatteries by which we are deafened," etc.

In another letter he says, "To-day it is from the Rhine that light comes to us. Germany has been chosen to put up a barrier against the torrent of servile fanaticism, which threatened to swallow up everything."

In order to keep herself thoroughly conversant with the course of ecclesiastical events, Sister Augustine took in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, in conjunction with the pastor of the "Minorite-Kirche" and Professor Hilgers, whilst the news occasionally received from Munich she communicated forthwith to her friends at Bonn. All her thoughts and feelings at that time, in so far as they were not taken up with the duties of her calling, were devoted to the future fate of her Church, and she was full of much anxiety and the darkest forebodings. The strength and liveliness of her thoughts and feelings were manifested in her letters to her most intimate friends.

Writing to Professor Cornelius on August 23, 1869, she says, "This time I have been longer than usual in expressing to you the thanks which I always heartily feel whenever a letter or a book comes from you. In such a dreary time, or rather one so destitute of inspiring events, I always come back with eager hunger to this, and rejoice that I can there find the echo of a better and nobler world. What you tell me of Rome, and of the condition of matters there, agrees with the harmony which has its origin in the infernal world, and finds its

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home in Rome. It is well that God does not desire us to long for such a home. I have read Michelis' 'Papal Infallibility' with hearty enjoyment, and the pamphlet of Liano, which you were good enough to send me, and which has met with so much acceptance from the really piously disposed minds. The articles in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 19th, 20th, and 21st of August, are first-rate, especially the last one, which gives a glimpse into the abyss, on the very brink of which we are standing. Here on the Rhine we are nearly in despair, and consider it as a judgment of God, which must come and bring unspeakable misery along with it. You are quite right to betake yourself for once to the clouds; down here in the valley it is dismal enough. If my noble calling, which I so much love, did not keep me a prisoner here, I should have certainly set up my habitation on some mountain top."

In order to calm the excitement in the dioceses, the Bishops assembled in September, 1869, in Fulda, from whence they sent a memorial to the Pope, praying that the theory of the Papal Infallibility should not be included in the propositions to be laid before the Council. At the same time, they directed a pastoral letter to the faithful, in which they solemnly promised to abide by the following propositions at the Council:—First, "The Council will establish no new precepts, or other than those which by faith and conscience are already written in all your hearts;" secondly, "Never will or can a general Council give forth any new doctrine which is not already contained in Scripture or in Apostolic tradition;" thirdly, "The old and original truths will only be placed in a clearer light." These assurances were only partially successful in removing anxiety, and many Catholics

deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church, thought of the future with a heavy heart.

In November, 1869, Sister Augustine writes : " Here, in the diocese of Cologne, it is doubly difficult for us to hope for a favourable issue to the Council ; every ray of light is extinguished by the action of the Archbishop and the Jesuits. In Cologne, P. Rive, a Jesuit, lately asserted openly, in a sermon, that whoever did not believe in the Papal Infallibility was guilty of a deadly sin."

During the months preceding the assembly of the Council, a hot literary discussion arose on the question of the Infallibility, in which even the Bishops took part ; Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, Dechamps, Archbishop of Malines, and Fessler, Bishop of St. Pölten, defended it, whilst Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and Maret, Bishop of Lara, i. p., and Dean of the Sorbonne, opposed it. Among the enormous mass of writings then published on the question, the most remarkable were, perhaps, James's " Pope and Council," Döllinger's " Considerations for the Bishops of the Council on the Question of the Papal Infallibility," and " The Reform of the Head and Members of the Roman Catholic Church," by Ginzel, Canon in Leitmeritz.

In another letter in November, 1869, she writes to Professor Cornelius : " My best thanks for the pamphlets and your commentary on them. I am just now reading James's, and will afterwards attack the pamphlets, which I have in the meantime lent to Hilgers and Langen. Hilgers is quite delighted with the style and contents, and thinks it is the best that has yet been written on the subject. He gave the same opinion some weeks ago on James's. I

have not yet read 'Reform in Head and Members,' and will be very grateful if you can send it me. Will the German Bishops be really capable of accomplishing all they resolved on in Fulda? I can hardly believe it. No doubt the salt has long ago lost its savour; to read the pastoral letters is enough to make me sick. God must first entirely renew the soil of the Church before anything can grow and bloom on it. We in the cloisters are well looked after, so that no discord in the Roman *sanctus* can arise from us. Whenever a new devotional exercise is brought us, I almost shudder as I ask, Where is all this to end?"

Towards the close of November the Bishops prepared for their journey. Cardinal Schwartzenberg was very anxious that Döllinger should be present in Rome, and several times proposed to take him with him as his theological adviser. Döllinger however refused, perhaps because he considered his presence in Germany more needful and more beneficial to the Church than an evidently useless stay in Rome, or perhaps he feared the journey and the climate of Rome would be too much for him. Montalembert had implored him in the most earnest manner to accept the Cardinal's proposition, and use the whole weight of his theological reputation and personal influence against the adoption of the dogma of the Infallibility.

Montalembert, who in former times had zealously fought to free the Church from the power of the State, had, since the year 1852, in accordance with the views of the Archbishop of Paris, devoted all his strength to resist the encroachments of Papal power; and it grieved him that, just at the time when that conflict had reached its height, he

should be slowly approaching death. "I have entered my coffin alive," he wrote to Döllinger, "but the lid has not been closed yet. From hence I look on, with the disinterestedness and impartiality of the dead, on what is going on in the world, and I can speak with the authority of the dead to those who will listen to me. I assure you, if I saw any way for a layman such as I being admitted to the Council, nothing would hold me back. Wretchedly ill as I am, I would try to drag myself to Rome, perhaps only to perish by the way; and, should I get there, I would not be allowed to speak. Yet I should go, if but to protest by my presence, by 'the sad yet bold look' of which Bossuet speaks, against the vileness which is on the point of being produced, and which has a chance of triumphing. As for me, I am nobody, and never have been anything in the Church; but you, who are incontestably the first man in the Church of Germany—how could you decline the mission of defending her in this formidable crisis?"

On the 28th of November, Sister Augustine writes: "I had always regarded Montalembert as one of the hot-headed saints, and on that account was all the more agreeably disappointed on reading his letter. If his wish were only fulfilled, and Döllinger went to Rome! But his 'Considerations,' really invaluable in their clearness and decision of expression, make him an ever more unwelcome guest there."

On the 8th of December, 1869, the Council was opened. The regulations drawn up for the conducting of business, and approved by the Pope, determined that the Pope only should be permitted to make propositions to the Council, and that the Bishops must hand in all their suggestions to

a committee named by the Pope, and who would bring them, with his special consent, under the consideration of the Council. The Bishops further were not to be allowed to read, examine, or compare the reports of any meeting, nor were they to be allowed to publish anything in Rome against the Infallibility.

On the 10th of December the first general meeting was held. In the very first *sederunt* a great excitement was produced by the daring step taken by a Bishop from the Turkish frontier, unknown to all present. Strossmayer, Bishop of Bosnia, protested, in a powerful speech at the beginning of the Council, against the rules for the conducting of business which had been forced upon the Bishops, and "by which all calm consideration and close examination were rendered from the very first impossible." He was called to order by the president, who informed him that he was speaking on a subject already decided by the Pope, and therefore no longer before the meeting. This occurrence produced a bad impression among the French and German Bishops. Between fifty and sixty of them handed in a protest against the business regulations, as calculated to endanger "mature deliberation and the fullest freedom of discussion." They, however, received no answer.

In Germany the excitement with which the future proceedings of the Council were awaited went on increasing. Several men of learning, among whom was Döllinger's friend, Lord Acton, at that time in Rome, through abundant opportunity of intercourse with several of the Bishops, were able to follow accurately the proceedings of the Council, and sent detailed accounts of all events to Germany, and always first to Munich.

Sister Augustine writes to Professor Cornelius, December 14 : " My hearty thanks for your three interesting letters. Their contents, indeed, are only too well fitted to make the picture of the Church's future daily more distinct with the most dreadful details. With our whole soul we hope and wish for a real deliverance, and were we not to catch at every streak of light, we would, after the past experiences, be more than hopeless. You will see that the worst will come to the worst, and that the partially good and firm intentions of many of our Bishops will soon be suffocated in the atmosphere of Rome. The Jesuits have already had satisfactory proof of this, for everywhere in this neighbourhood, even in Cologne, they are preaching with perfect confidence on the dogma of the Infallibility, with the warning—' That whoever does not accept this dogma commits a deadly sin.' Do you not think they should be pitched out of the pulpit? And yet I often say, ' Even though this wretched dogma is not given to the world, matters will go on, on the whole, the same as ever in Rome—the Church continuing in her present state of splendid misery.' And as we are always most interested in ourselves, I shall have the honour of figuring in our large Congregation at Nancy, as Pontius Pilate in the Credo. What lectures shall I have to submit to, and how many things will be expected of me, not one of which I shall ever be able to perform! I am more anxious about this than about my health, although it is in a bad way just now. If I had not the sturdy, tough nature of the Lasaulxs, I would have been buried long ago; but having this, I can manage to master this wretched cough, which is now taking its departure. I am really very glad that our excellent

Döllinger has not gone to Rome ; please to remember me kindly to him. He could have accomplished nothing with such associates, and he might thereby have compromised his good name."

In December the report was spread suddenly among the Bishops that the dogma of the Infallibility was to be carried and proclaimed by acclamation. This caused the more uneasiness to the minority, as the immense majority of the Bishops assembled had from the first determined to submit unconditionally to all the wishes and intentions of the Pope. The majority was so overwhelming, owing to the numerous Italian Bishops, for whom the exaltation of the Papacy was a mutual triumph of their nation, and the immense number of Bishops *in partibus* which the Pope had created at his own pleasure during the previous years. No less than eighty-nine had been appointed from 1867 to 1869. Without representing the doctrine or tradition of any special part of the Church, these Bishops *in partibus* were equally entitled with the real Bishops to a vote, and by their complete submission to the Infallibility, on which account indeed most of them had been raised to the positions they occupied, they exercised a by no means inconsiderable influence on the Council.

Darboy declared that, in the event of this report being really true, he and one hundred Bishops with him would immediately leave Rome, and "take the Council with them in the soles of their shoes." However, the intention of calling the doctrine into existence in this manner was abandoned in the fear of so unexpected an opposition, and Darboy's fears proved to be groundless.

The first article laid before the Council, *de fide*, contained nothing about the doctrine of the Infallibility; nevertheless it provoked a warm discussion, and drew forth startling pictures from some of the Bishops of the effects of the ever-increasing system of centralization—"shifting the life of the Church," and aiming at a unity based not on inward harmony, but on outward form, and one destitute of all spiritual life. In December, writing to Frau Cornelius, Sister Augustine says, "Tell Charles that, according to the article in to-day's *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, the atmosphere in Rome is even below zero; perhaps that is good, as the thoughts of many have been revealed. A day or two ago I read the letter of the Bishop of Orleans, which gives me pleasure, as the German Archbishops were incapable of doing it."

Dupanloup, who on account of his opposition had been furiously attacked by the Archbishop of Malines, wrote a reply which was not allowed to be printed in Rome.

The learned Gratry (of the Oratory) took up the defence of Dupanloup's opinions, publishing a number of his letters to Dechamps, in which he proved that the theory of Infallibility was founded solely on legends and fables, which in the Middle Ages, partly unconsciously and partly by conscious and deliberate falsification, had been set forth as the teaching and expositions of the Fathers.

The year 1870 began with the Bishops of the majority presenting an address to the Pope, in which they prayed that an opportunity might be given to the Council of bringing the question of the Infallibility to a final decision. This address owed its actual existence chiefly to two

German Bishops—Bishop Martin of Paderborn, and Bishop Senestrey of Regensburg. This caused one hundred and thirty-seven Bishops of the minority to present a counter address, drawn up by Rauscher and Darboy, which the Pope refused to accept. From many of the towns in the Rhineland letters of approval were sent to the opposing Bishops, to thank them for the position they had taken, and to strengthen them in it. The German Bishops, with few exceptions, were inwardly startled at the consequences of the ecclesiastical views they had adopted, which, now the Council had assembled, made ever more imperious demands on them. The voice of their consciences, the conclusions to which their studies had brought them, and the warning voices which reached them from their German homes, raised serious reflections within them ; but yet they could not gain that unalterable purpose which springs only from a clear perception of a decided duty and the determination to perform it, irrespective of consequences. In their speeches they defended themselves with all the energy of despair against the dogma, which they designated as an unheard-of innovation, a crime against the Church, an act of suicide. They always opposed the business regulations and complained of the violence practised on them. They designated their protest as an “everlasting memorial” of their opposition to the illegal proceedings of the Council, and in the most decided language declined all responsibility for any unfortunate consequences, for which the Council was alone to blame.

“You must remain here,” one of them said to Professor Friedrich, the assistant theologian of Cardinal Hohenlohe, when he was on the point of leaving Rome—“you must

remain here, for it is quite necessary that historians should sit in judgment on this perfidious method of action."

With respect to Germany, on the other hand, the very same Bishops did all in their power to allay the opposition to the Infallibility, and to hush the troublesome voices raised in warning. Professor Michelis, for instance, was forbidden to write anything whatsoever on the subject of the Council, under pain of excommunication.

Sister Augustine, in another letter to Professor Cornelius, says, "The scandalously arrogant letter of — to good Michelis made me blush for very shame, knowing that — is a Coblenz man. This shows you what such individuals mean by trust in God, to which he directed you on his visit."

Great offence was given to some of the Bishops in the minority, by Döllinger writing, with reference to the address of the majority who wished to hasten on a decision, his "Few Words" on the Infallibility, in which he asserted that he represented the same faith which in essentials the German Bishops taught. The Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Mayence proposed that a common declaration should be published against Döllinger; the other Bishops, however, would not agree to this. The Bishop of Mayence then published a declaration in his own name, in which he solemnly disclaimed all connection with Döllinger; the Bishop of Ermeland followed his example, though in a milder form.

Sister Augustine wrote to Professor Cornelius: "The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* has just announced that the Archbishop of Munich has been ordered to forbid the

theological students from attending Döllinger's lectures: this, it is to be hoped, is untrue; but if not, I almost feel tempted to wish that fire from heaven may come down and destroy the whole company. An address will shortly be sent from here to Döllinger. . . . Hilgers would have expressed it more strongly. 'The "Considerations" of Döllinger,' says Hilgers, 'have taken deeper root in my heart than anything else that has yet appeared.'

In this address, which was signed by all the Catholic professors in Bonn, with but few exceptions, Döllinger was thanked and praised for the stand he had made against the Infallibility.

Whilst the names were being collected, an occurrence took place which filled Sister Augustine with great indignation. She wrote about it to Professor Hilgers: "Please do get — to copy these lines, and then send them back to me; they will be sent by post to Neusser, the publisher, and printed by him. I know your answer will be, 'Bold enough!'—As the views of an academic teacher should above all things be rightly construed by his students, a friend of truth considers it his duty to make known the following facts:—Professor — refused to put his name to the address which was sent from the academical teachers here to Professor Döllinger. At the same time this same individual wrote to the latter that he had not lent his name to the address because he considered it not praiseworthy enough."

The second article, *de ecclesia Christi*, was brought before the Council in January. The whole doctrine of the Infallibility and of the temporal supremacy of the Pope was indirectly, but incontestably, expressed in it. The

Bishops of the opposition determined on this account to energetically oppose the whole article ; at the same time they fell back on a position utterly untenable in a question of truth and falsehood, professing that their opposition was founded on the premature bringing forward of the dogma. Only a few expressed their unconditional rejection of the doctrine, and only one or two of these few determined to abide by their position, whatever the consequences. The thought of the possibility of a schism was the spectre which rose before them whenever it came to a question of taking a decisive step at the Council ; and the more the minority vacillated, the more decided became the actions of the victorious opposition.

A pitched battle took place on the 22nd of February, when Archbishop Haynold declared that the want of unity in the Church was owing to the desire to create new dogmas. The Bishops, he said, should rather seek to do their duty in trying to preserve the old doctrines, in which the Church had been happy. Hardly had Haynold got thus far in his speech, when a storm of indignation and dissent arose from the majority ; on all sides the Archbishop was met with loud applause and hisses. He was silenced by the president and the *sederunt* was closed. Strossmayer received the same treatment some weeks later, and wrote thereupon his "Protest against the Unheard-of Manner in which Dogmas are created."

In March a new business regulation was introduced, which laid more decidedly than the first all power in the hands of the majority. A proposition, supported by ten Bishops, could now, by obtaining a simple majority, put an end to all discussion, and bring matters to the final

vote. The minority again protested, but only again to submit.

“For the first time,” says the protest, “have the Bishops been deprived of a substantial and inalienable right, the right of free discussion in all matters of faith. We are compelled to vote, but we are no longer allowed to give a reason for our vote, by laying down a testimony to the teaching of our Church. We can send in remarks in writing, but they come to the knowledge of none except the committee of twenty-four; for the Council itself and our fellow Bishops we can do nothing,” etc.

On the 9th of March Sister Augustine wrote: “The protest has been drawn up and already signed by the forty French Bishops. A worthy deed, in truth! God grant that the Germans may not disgrace us, and not all be like the miserable Bishops we know! I expected nothing better from —; twelve years ago he insisted on joining the Jesuits, and was deterred only by the urgent entreaties of his mother. — and many others are certainly no honour to us. I will gladly say with you, Long live the Croats! Thank God, everything nowadays is made public, and contemptible meanness soon finds its merited punishment. I read Gratry's third letter yesterday with perfect triumph. I hardly know whether to laugh or weep over the quotation from Father Faber.”

During the spring of 1870 the warning voices from every part of Europe grew more numerous, prophesying endless confusion if the designs of the *Curia* were not checked. Hohenlohe's appeal to the German Governments to take common action found no response; on the other hand, memorials were presented by the Prussian, Bavarian,

Austrian, Portuguese, and French Governments, which declared that the reported definition of the Pope's Infallibility would be held perfectly incompatible with civil authority, and would accordingly be opposed. Towards the end of March it was announced in Rome as a fact that the sketch of a law was being made in Berlin for the complete expulsion of the Jesuits. The Catholic party in the Prussian Landtag sent an urgent request to Archbishop Melchers that the Infallibility should be left undefined; Professor Walter, too, sent a letter from Bonn to the same effect.

In the beginning of June, after Maret, another Bishop of the minority, had again been interrupted in his remarks, and the majority had forcibly put an end to all future discussion, the Bishops took into serious consideration whether they should totally refuse to take any further part in debates, and content themselves with merely giving their *non placet* at the close, or whether they should simply hand in a written protest against the injustice done to them. They determined on the latter course; the Archbishop of Cologne, however, refused to sign his name. The Bishops, accordingly, appeared as before in the meetings, and took part in the debates with similar results. By continually giving way and defining the clauses in which the dogma was indirectly contained, they went from compromise to compromise. Sister Augustine at that time wrote: "My fears increase daily and my hopes diminish, that truth will be able to obtain any outward visible victory over falsehood."

She deeply grieved over the death of Count Montalembert, one of the noblest opponents of the doctrine of Infallibility, who died in the spring of that year. His last writing,

published when he was on his death-bed, was, as it were, a confession of faith, with which he closed his life. It was his preface to the "Testament du Père Lacordaire." In this preface he solemnly testified that Lacordaire himself had ever been a decided opponent of that party which lays the Papal autocracy like a yoke upon the Church; "for all the wild clamour of that party which thinks itself victorious over all that resists it, or takes flight before it, *he* never would have trembled nor recoiled. As the companion of his battles, the old confidant of his generous heart and his bold spirit—now, alas! unable to serve the cause of union between faith and liberty, so dear to both of us—I would be untrue to my conscience and a traitor to his honour were I to refuse my testimony,—a testimony all the more necessary, the larger the number of those who, formerly his disciples and admirers, prove themselves now equally unfaithful to his mind as to his example, plunging into an inexcusable timidity, or sheltering themselves in a neutrality which no one either believes in or respects."

Sister Augustine, who some time afterwards received the book from Munich, wrote: "Many thanks to Charles for the delightful book he sent me. I have read it, and am greatly pleased with much that it contains. Though not agreeing with many of his designs, still I consider his character doubly precious for the age in which he lived. I was very much surprised and pleased by what Montalembert says in the preface. Oh, would that he were alive just now!"

Whilst she thus followed the future of her Church with keen and anxious interest, she was summoned in the

spring of this year, by the Lady Superior, to Nancy, to take part in the "exercises." Never before had it seemed so hard for her to obey this call, when the relations between the opposing Church parties were strained to the very utmost. She feared that even then, before the decision as to Infallibility had gone forth from Rome, the Order would try to extract from her a confession of her faith.

Although her fears in this respect were not realized, an occurrence which took place at Nancy caused her to turn away with renewed aversion from the religious tendency of her Order.

Towards the end of the "exercises," the Lady Superior appeared in the midst of the assembled Sisters, and informed them that she had been fortunate enough to find a faithful portrait of the late Sister —, which she would forthwith show them. This communication caused a general feeling of joy, as the deceased, whom nearly all the Superiors present had personally known, was universally respected and beloved. All gathered round the *chère mère*, in order to see the picture. Suddenly the foremost uttered a loud cry of horror, and started back; the others pressed forward, and were no less horrified. Sister Augustine, who had been standing somewhat in the background, advanced, and in astonishment beheld a skull as the promised portrait, which the Lady Superior had procured from the grave of the Sister when the churchyard was being dug up.

Sister Augustine was at first too indignant to be able to express herself in words; but before her departure, when the conversation turned on the occurrence, and the Lady

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Superior spoke of the great edification which this unexpected sight had been the means of affording, she could not help remarking that, personally, she had not much taste for this kind of edification, which was really only a shock to the nervous system ; moreover, she thought it very foolish to give such a fright to Sisters, several of whom were invalids and very old. Some had afterwards trembled and wept from excitement, without daring to inform the Lady Superior of the cause of their indignation. The Superior, however, continued to assure her that the edification had been general, and somewhat angrily added, "Mais vous restez donc toujours la même Sœur Augustine, qui sent et parle tout autrement que toutes les autres!"

Sister Augustine returned in May from her journey, sick in body and spirit. She gives an account of her stay at Nancy in a letter to Frau Cornelius, her friend : "I will now tell you how I have been faring, and how glad I am to be back again. As ill luck would have it, it was a very hot day when I left here, and I arrived in Luxemburg in the evening, dead tired. I spent four days there with Clementine, and, on the whole, we lived peaceably together. We spoke about everything else except the infallible Pope, which would infallibly have parted us for life and death. When I left Luxemburg I had pretty well recovered, but a really fearful heat arrived with me in Nancy, and lasted the whole time of the Retreat. Fancy, from ninety-five to one hundred persons for ten whole days in low and not very large rooms, and not allowed to speak all day, only to listen ! Four sermons daily, and the rest of the time filled up with prayer and meditation ! How often I looked

up indignantly at the fat Jesuit father, thinking, 'It is fortunate for you that I am here only to listen, and dare not answer you!' The quiet little jokes I made to myself helped me over the annoyances which were caused me by all that was spoken, till I reached the hour of liberation, really in a pitiable state physically and spiritually, which only began to improve as the train hurried me through woods and meadows. Matters in Rome, in the meantime, went on slowly, without reaching any final decision, and it will be time enough when it does come."

In the course of this month the Article on the Primacy and the Infallibility was distributed to the Bishops, and the discussions on it extended over the whole of the following month of June. The most remarkable speech on these propositions was that of the Archbishop of Bologna, Cardinal Guidi. His object was to prove that the personal infallibility of the Pope, apart from his episcopate, was entirely unknown up to the fourteenth century, and that any traces of it will be sought in vain in the Bible and in tradition. It was clearly deducible from the works of the celebrated Jesuits, Perrone and Bellarmin, that the Popes had never, on their own responsibility, defined a dogma or condemned a heresy. This speech caused great commotion among the opposite party. Guidi, who was a Dominican, was deprived of all personal freedom, every means being tried to induce him to submit himself.

"The celebrated speech of the Archbishop of Bologna," wrote Sister Augustine, "was more than merely beating the air; he was sharply called to account for it by the Pope." "I could fall on my knees before Cardinal Guidi,"

she says again, "if only he does not come to such a pitiable end, like poor Father Hötzel." This latter was a Franciscan in Munich, who had ventured to defend Döllinger against his opponents, whereupon he was called to Rome and compelled to retract. The Bishops of the opposition, whose opinion he consulted, told him that, under the circumstances, he could do nothing else than submit himself.

On the 14th of June the Bishop of Ermland made a speech, in which he reminded the Council that the Holy Scriptures did not make Peter and his successor, the Pope, the foundation of the Church, but Christ and His apostles and prophets. At the same time the Archbishop of St. Louis (Kenrick) published a pamphlet against the Infallibility, which he declared to be incompatible with the divinely appointed episcopal office of judge; and further, to be a new doctrine, which could not be found either in the Bible nor in any tradition. He prophesied that unspeakable misery and incalculable complications would be the result if this dogma were accepted. Those men, he added, who had raised their voices and warned the faithful that no innovations in matters of faith were permitted—these men would on that account be worthy of eternal remembrance, and obtain the approbation of God.

Another startling picture of the gross injustice which would be done was given by the Archbishop of Halifax. "We Bishops," said he, "have no right to give up for ourselves and our successors the ancient and original rights of the episcopacy, or to abandon the promise of Christ: 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' But now we shall be reduced to mere cyphers, the noblest jewel in the breastplate of the Bishops' high-priesthood will

be torn from them ; they will be deprived of the highest prerogative of their office, and the whole Church, with its dignitaries, will become a blind herd, forced to believe all that is said by the only one among them capable of seeing."

"Things continue to look worse in Rome," Sister Augustine wrote to a friend, "and therefore so much the better for the true Church. God's hand in this matter of the Council is becoming ever more apparent—the opposition is displaying a bolder front. Gratry's fourth letter has appeared. The day before yesterday Hilgers gave us a heart-rending picture of the times we live in, and on this dark background he brought out in bold relief the shining figure of the true and faithful Redeemer. I felt ready to fall down and beseech Him, with tears, that the night might never again return."

Many energetic speeches were delivered against the Infallibility by the Bishops of the opposition ; at the same time, they almost unanimously accepted the paragraph on the "Principle of Freedom," in which the Infallibility was clearly though indirectly contained.

"I never turned with such longing to the North as I do now," she wrote, "when things are in such a deplorable state in the South . . . No, not a trace of pure Christianity is to be found there! Acton has left Rome, but made provision for the regular despatch of letters. According to them, things are going the usual way, and minds are being constantly distracted between hopes and fears. What the final result will be, God only knows."

She wrote to Professor Cornelius on June 21: "Best thanks for your two interesting letters, but their contents

could not but make my heart heavy. The question A—— put to Kenrick has reference to passages still less perspicuous than those which the public eye had already regarded with dissatisfaction, not to say with contempt. The answer that the battle must be fought with the truth alone, and nothing kept back, has done me much good. This is, without doubt, the best weapon against Rome's system of shameless deceit and falsehood. All news that comes from that side only contributes to complete the caricature of a Catholicism from which all trace of Christianity has long since disappeared. The unfortunate Bishops of the opposition have really got into a very sad position ; all will certainly not remain true to their colours. The utter contemptibleness of —— has been long known to us, and we were thus saved any disappointment. The conduct of —— and his explanation are really beneath contempt. Are these the leaders of our Church ? If —— has really been induced to stand still and consider the headlong course on which he has entered, we can only rejoice at it ; but how hard will it be for us ever to trust such men again ! That your fears with regard to the approaching proclamation on the 29th will be realized, hardly admits of a doubt, if we are to believe the reports brought us by the newspapers ; but I cannot yet understand that it is necessary for the reform of the Church."

The festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the 29th of June, passed without bringing with it the dreaded proclamation of Infallibility.

Sister Augustine wrote to Professor Cornelius, July 9 :. "With a trembling, beating heart, I awaited the 29th. It is now past, but not the danger that the evil day will

dawn some time or other. . . . Acton has made excellent provision for the continuation of the letters from Rome, which are incalculably valuable. God be thanked, the Pope cannot shut *his* mouth as he can those of his prelates. Poor Hilgers is naturally much cast down, and can now only hope that the State will extend its protection to the professors personally. The Government professing, however, to keep on good terms with the so-called Catholic population, in contradistinction to the educated Catholics, offers but little help. Warmest love to you all, as also to Professor Döllinger, who always continues to speak, although his pen has been condemned to inactivity."

In July the final vote was to be taken. The evening before the decisive day, July 13, seventy Bishops of the minority met to prepare for the approaching assembly.

The next day 520 Bishops assembled in Council, of whom 300 gave the vote *placet*, 88 *non placet*, 62 *placet iuxta modum*, and 70 refused to vote.*

On the 15th of July a deputation of the minority waited on the Pope, to entreat him to regard the declaration of the Bishops of the majority as an expression of their devotion and reverence, without reducing it to a formal dogma; or if he did, at least with this reservation, that only those papal decisions were infallible which should be supported by the testimony of the Church. Bishop Ketteler threw himself at the Pope's feet, and besought him not to call up such unspeakable misery upon the Church. This united endeavour of the Bishops to rescue the old faith was in vain, and a

* According to Cardinal Manning ("The True Story of the Vatican Council") the number of the Bishops assembled was 601; of whom 451 voted for the decree, 88 against it, and 62 *juxta modum*.

formal protest was handed in by them on the 17th of July, in which they, "compelled by conscience and love to their Church," renewed and confirmed their adverse vote of the 13th of July.

At the same time, they expressed in this protest (which Melchers and Ketteler refused to sign) that, out of simple reverence for the Pope, they would abstain from taking part in the solemn proclamation festival, in order not to be compelled to "oppose the Pope to his face" in a matter concerning his own person. Thereupon they left Rome.

On the 18th of July the dogma was confirmed by the Pope and solemnly proclaimed. It ran as follows: "Truly following the traditions of that faith which from the beginning has been, to the praise of God our Redeemer, for the exaltation of the Catholic religion and for the welfare of all Christian people, we, with the consent of the holy Council, do declare as *a divinely revealed dogma*: that the Roman Pope, whenever he speaks from his Seat (*i.e.* when in the exercise of his office as shepherd and teacher of all Christians, and when in virtue of his supreme apostolic power), and decides that a doctrine relating to faith or morals shall be accepted by the whole Church, he, by the divine assistance promised him through St. Peter, possesses in such matters that authority which the Divine Redeemer wished His Church to be provided with in all matters relating to faith and morals, and that, therefore, every such decision of the Roman Pope is of itself, and not only after the Church has given its consent, unalterable. And whoever dares to call in question this our decision, let him be excommunicated."

On the 18th of July the last sitting of the Council was

held ; it was not brought to a close, but, on account of the summer heat and the outbreak of the war, was soon afterwards adjourned.

Two months later, Rome was taken by the Italians, and thus the last remnant of the Pope's secular power disappeared.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YEARS AFTER THE COUNCIL: 1870-1872.

ALTHOUGH the effect of the Council's transactions could have been almost with certainty predicted, nevertheless the opponents of the Papal Infallibility felt their religious life shaken to its very depths by the blow which had destroyed the old constitution of the Roman Catholic Church, now in the eighteenth century of its existence. The first act of the great ecclesiastical tragedy was past, the scene of the next and more affecting act was henceforth to be Germany.

The German Bishops, with but few exceptions, had, it is true, after solemnly protesting, left the Council, thus frustrating its decrees, which were valid only in so far as they had been unanimous. But this was small consolation, as all confidence in their continued and ultimate opposition had been too much shaken in Germany. Almost "stunned," as Bishop Krementz wrote, they had left Rome. "Dark and mysterious" the final issue of the Council appeared to them; and their only means of safety would have been in their continued unanimous opposition to the Infallibility. Hardly, however, had they returned home again, when almost all of them not only declared their entire acceptance of the

doctrine, but caused it to be proclaimed as a divine revelation. Deliberate conviction had to give way before the idea which they believed must at any price be retained—the unity of the Church.

Sister Augustine and her circle of friends were much cast down. Soon, however, their attention was drawn to other subjects. Immediately after the return of the German Bishops from the Council, the war with France broke out. The enthusiasm in Germany was intense, and the banks of the Rhine re-echoed with patriotic songs. At every station loud acclamations of joy greeted the long railway trains which carried the German army to the frontier, and the young troops, in the presentiment of coming victory, responded by joyous cheers.

True, it was with heavy hearts and tearful eyes that friends and relatives saw their loved ones go forth to join the army; still the general enthusiasm was so great, that every family felt proud and happy in taking its part in that great cause which all had in common.

The Superior did not partake of this joy; she knew the horrors of the battle-field by personal experience, and neither glory nor victories could make amends to her for the agonies of a single human being. Even amid the loud enthusiasm of her young relations she remained grave and almost sad. Gladly would she herself again have gone out to the battle-field, but her failing strength made it impossible for her to do so; and besides, the general impression was that the Rhineland would soon be the scene of conflict.

Again came railway trains laden with soldiers, but not now amid cheers and joyous songs. Silently those wounded men came, who had bought their country's liberty at the

price of their own blood. It was a heart-rending sight to see those youthful mutilated forms, pale and motionless, with their wounds barely dressed.

The hospitals of Germany were filled to overflowing, and thousands of willing hands offered their assistance to the sufferers. Bonn was not remiss in her share of the labour of love and pity, as she exercised in fifteen hospitals, some permanent, but for the most part temporary erections.

Sister Augustine made most careful preparations for the reception of the wounded in her hospital, and soon the ample wards were filled. She was not able to do any actual nursing herself, but her watchful love provided for the necessities of all. She sent two of her Sisters to assist in a neighbouring hospital, whilst they were replaced by several ladies of her acquaintance. The Superior was grateful for all the help she could get, though sometimes the good intentions of her assistants came into collision with the comfort of her patients. Such, for instance, was the case when several of the older scholars of the "gymnasium" volunteered watching at night by the sick-beds. The soldiers complained of them: "We hardly drop asleep, before they thrust their little lanterns into our faces, to see whether we are awake or not; and, of course, we can sleep no more!" "Those poor fellows, those school-boys," said the kind Superior, "I cannot bear to hurt their feelings by sending them away, but I wish I could get rid of them by easy means?" Even in those sad times her old merriment never quite forsook her. She enjoyed allotting the task of preparing breakfast for a number of Jesuits in a hospital close by, to a friend of whose aversion to them she was well aware. Laughing and

joking, the Superior would stand at the open door to see her orders punctually, though reluctantly executed. During this war she again met with many noble traits of character among these simple soldiers, and the heroic fortitude with which they bore their sufferings filled her with more enthusiastic admiration than even the news of the great victories.

A young Saxon soldier, the son of a poor labourer, once remarked, on receiving a letter from home, "Every day they expect to see me return!" and on being asked whether he had not written to say that he was very dangerously wounded, and that months at least must pass before his recovery, he replied, smiling amid his sufferings, "Oh no; it is enough that I alone suffer. Why should I grieve my parents? I have told them that I am only slightly wounded."

There were several French prisoners among the patients in St. John's Hospital; these were not only nursed with the same care as the Germans, but they were the objects of the Superior's peculiar pity. When the tidings of each new victory of the German army was proclaimed throughout the house, followed by gay festivities, even among the sufferers in their wards, or when the convalescents in the evening sang patriotic songs in the garden, or gifts and well-deserved thanks were brought to the brave German soldiers, she still sympathized with the feelings of the vanquished, and sought by her own strict impartiality to alleviate their sufferings. She saw that they were well provided with winter clothing, remarking, as if to excuse herself, "Poor fellows! they have no one else to care for them." The German soldiers could not help being aware

of this, and sometimes the bitter and unjust hint was dropped: "If I were a Frenchman, I would get all I want!" Yet her actions were not prompted by any want of love to her German fatherland, but by the Christian feelings of a true "Sister of Charity."

Even one of her dearest friends was perplexed by such strict impartiality, and still more by the manner in which she avoided hurting the feelings of those who brought the patients useless or even hurtful gifts. The misunderstanding thus occasioned increased to such a degree, that the friend one day frankly told her that she intended breaking off their friendship. Instead of replying, Sister Augustine embraced her, weeping, and exclaimed, "Oh, don't do that; I am so very lonely!" Their friendship remained unaltered, but in their intercourse they henceforth restricted themselves to a subject in which there was no difference of opinion between them—the future fate of their Church.

All the excitement arising from the war could not do away with the grief occasioned by the sad results of the Council. All through the war this sorrow predominated in her.

In deep sorrow she wrote to Frau Cornelius in July, 1870: "Thank you for your kind but sad letter, which revived in me the comforting assurance that we can bear the sorrows and cares of these heavy times together. How this dreadful war will desolate the most peaceful circles and fill us all with distress, and yet its bloody hand is laid only on the form and relations of an earthly visible existence! Infinitely deeper and more painful is the wound which the so-called dogma of Infallibility, with all its dreadful consequences, inflicts on us. This is a

judgment coming on our Church, which could make us weep tears of blood. The war will pass over: but who will live to see the end of this spiritual misery? Tell me, will all those who have hitherto laid down their testimony for real Christian truth now remain dumb, and accept what their own hearts must reject and condemn? That would be enough to drive us to despair. The poor clergy and inhabitants of the cloisters will be tortured first! In the cloisters in Aix the Romish party is furiously at work, especially among the Sisters of the Child Jesus. — will soon be appearing here as executioner, but rather will I shake the dust from my feet than accept one word of the new Credo. We will remain in the old Church, won't we? and God and His sacred Gospel will help us. Hilgers is quite ill from sheer grief; what will become of him if he continues his opposition? The Archbishop is going to demand 'confession of the dogma' from the professors in three weeks. I don't know if I shall remain here, but I rather think so, as we have got ready fifty beds for the soldiers, and have undertaken the nursing in the new hospital, and are, besides, much in request. You see, unhappily, I was right about a third war!"

A few weeks later she wrote to Professor Cornelius: "How very few there are in Roman Catholic circles who now testify by deed what they formerly confessed with the mouth. How deeply does this want of principle, which is hardly pardonable in a common workman, disgrace the princes of the Church! Never have the latter appeared to me so fallible as since their head has laid claim to infallibility. On this new dogma God has distinctly spoken His *non placet* by the war. This reconciles me in

a certain degree to the war, though its ghastly victims surround me on all sides. Thank God, we Sisters here are able to perform our share in the work, otherwise I would not have remained here. You know how much better the most violent storm suits me than common every-day life. To-day we are expecting a fresh transport of wounded from Metz. . . . God has so plainly spoken his *non placet* to the Pope, that he must surely have understood it by this time. But of him it may truly be said—

“Der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.”

The submission of the Bishops was immediately followed by a renewal of the opposition within the dioceses. This opposition was at first merely passive, and could no longer count among its numbers nearly all those who had belonged to it during the Council. And in addition to this, the comparatively few who were comprised in it were scattered and isolated in all parts of Germany. The older clergy had, almost to a man, followed the example of their Bishops, for the sake of peace in the Church ; others, too, actuated by less noble motives, had submitted to or tacitly acquiesced in the decision of the Council. It was not necessary to directly and publicly acknowledge the dogma, and in the few cases where the Papal Infallibility was indirectly implied, the clergy adopted a course of evasion or of submission. The younger clergy, owing to the training they had received, had been, even before the Council, in no way opposed to the dogma of Infallibility, and became now its most valiant champions. A somewhat similar position was taken by the Catholic laity, for whom Catholicism consisted essentially not so much in holding

fast the traditional articles of faith and the Sacraments, as principally in remaining in connection with the external hierarchy, which possessed and embodied all teaching. With such views prevailing either exclusively, or exercising a predominant influence among them, it was only natural that all the positively disposed in the Church should consider it as nothing more than their simple duty to submit to the authority of the Bishops, or at least to refrain from protesting—the more so that, for some years past, individual responsibility had been represented in the Catholic Church as of little importance compared with belief in authority and obedience.

Opposition to Rome, after the Council, was accordingly not the product of the general feeling of the German Catholic population, nor of any healthy process of reasoning on its part; it originated rather among the narrower university circles, to which individual men from other towns, particularly from Cologne and Coblenz, attached themselves. These were to be found in greatest numbers in Bonn and Munich, and these two towns gradually became the centres of all future movements.

Opposition to the doctrine of Infallibility brought men of the most diverse views together, who had but little in common except enthusiasm for the same cause. And even those whose views and opinions in ecclesiastical matters were alike, had been led by the most different ways to a common standing-ground. Side by side with men who, like Hilgers and Baltzer, had for years been opposed to the Ultramontane party, and who, as a matter of course, refused to accept the dogma of Infallibility, were to be found others, who had during their whole life been

attached to the hierarchical party, and whose every effort had been devoted to strengthen and uphold it. Only at the last moment were their eyes opened, by the result of their studies and of their personal experience, to the mischief the very party to which they belonged was creating, and their earnest zeal for the welfare of their Church made them equally decided in opposing those who had formerly been of the same way of thinking with themselves.

The small prospects they had of making any adherents was fortunate for the opposition, in so far that it prevented, at first at least, the introduction of other than purely ecclesiastical elements among them. Still, many at that time joined the opposition to whom the possibility of playing any part in public life was attractive, and to whom it was a matter depending entirely on outward circumstances whether they appeared as defenders of the new or of the old doctrine. There was likewise no want of those who, clearly perceiving that the decisive struggle between State and Church was now approaching, attached themselves, from more or less selfish reasons, to the opposing party. Lastly, men were to be found in this party whose object, so far from being to preserve the ancient constitution of the Church, was rather to find in the present a fitting opportunity for renewed attacks and secret, but active, attempts against all positive Christianity and Church systems. Opposition to the Pope served only as a pretext for trying to introduce revolutionary measures into the Church. But all such impure elements were only to be found here and there among the members of the opposition, and their presence had no influence whatever on the determinations and resolutions of the great majority,

who were really in earnest, and whose ecclesiastical views were strictly positive.

The first general declaration against the decrees of the Council was made by an assembly of Catholics in Munich. It ran thus: "That we do not receive the unjustifiable decrees published in Rome on the 18th of July; that we all remain true to our old Catholic faith, in which our fathers lived and died, and therefore are determined to offer every kind of opposition, active and passive, to any attempt to force any new article of faith upon us, or to expel us from the Church." At the same time forty-three professors of the university of Munich published a declaration that:

"In consideration of the following facts:—

"That the chief subjects of deliberation had been concealed from the Bishops, thus making all preparation on their part for the Council impossible;

"That much pressure had been put on many Bishops who were not independent;

"That the definition was not unanimously come to:

"The undersigned consider the Council as having been neither a free nor a general one, and hold its decisions invalid;

"And also reject the Infallibility, as being founded on a doctrine not contained in sacred Scriptures, in contradiction to the tradition and history of the Church."

Similar expressions were used by an assembly of Catholic scholars in Nürnberg. Abbé Haneberg intended being present at this meeting, but shortly before it assembled wrote excusing himself. Immediately before this, a number of the clergy and laity from the dioceses of

Cologne and Trèves had met in Königswinter, to resolve on the common attitude they should assume towards the dogma of the Infallibility. Dieringer made himself especially conspicuous by his violent attack on it. He urged that the protest against this innovation should be expressed in the strongest terms.

The opposition to the dogma, which grew and was nourished by the very speeches and complaints which the heads of the German Church had themselves uttered in Rome, began to cause the Bishops some uneasiness. Seven of them assembled in Fulda, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Cologne, and agreed to draw up a pastoral letter to the faithful, after the publication of which proceedings would be taken against all who should in any way render opposition. It was not said in this letter that a love for peace and for the unity of the Church had determined them to agree to the resolutions of the majority, and that they recommended their flocks to take a similar step, but they at once proclaimed—in most glaring contradiction to the testimony they had borne in Rome—Infallibility to be a truth revealed by Christ, which at all times, and in every land, and by all people had been believed; that the Vatican Council was in very deed a general Council in which there had been no want of necessary freedom; and that all who wished to remain members of the Catholic Church must submit themselves to its decrees as emanating from the Holy Spirit.

Many, and among them Sister Augustine, cherished the hope that the declaration of the seven Bishops would find no echo among the other members of the episcopate. In the beginning of October she wrote to Professor

Cornelius: "I would have thanked you sooner for your letter and Acton's pamphlet, but I was utterly cast down in spirit, and could not think of the Church's misery without tears. Your last letter gave me courage at the time, and allowed me to hope that all the Bishops are not so pitiable as those who assembled at Fulda. Their moral worth is certainly less than nothing. And we poor creatures have the misfortune to live in their very dioceses!"

After a short time the whole of the Bishops proclaimed their adherence to the declaration of Fulda—Hefele alone excepted, who, in consequence, held a completely isolated position. Hefele, as a former professor of Church history, was too firmly convinced of the novelty of the doctrine, and accordingly determined to persist in his opposition and take the consequences, whatever they might be.

After the proclamation of the pastoral letter, every possible effort was used to gain a general acceptance for the decree of the Council. The Archbishop of Cologne made a beginning, by requesting his college friend, the pastor of Unkel, whose opinion in Church matters he well knew, to declare his submission. On his refusing, the pastor was deprived of his office. This was the first suspension that took place in the Rhineland. In Unkel, where the inhabitants were distinguished from those of the surrounding villages by their quiet, deliberate ways, this event produced an unheard-of excitement. The whole town, with one or two exceptions, took the part of the pastor, who had won the love of his parish by his unremitting care for the sick and the destitute, and by the zeal with which he suggested and carried out the restoration of the old and remarkably beautiful church. As soon as the

Archbishop was informed of the opposition, he wrote a letter to the inhabitants, solemnly warning them not to make shipwreck of their faith, nor ever to separate themselves from the Catholic Church, in following a priest whom she had excommunicated, etc.

The excitement rose to a climax. Everybody, even to the very school children, took sides for or against the Infallibility; work was left neglected; the men sat half the day in public-houses, and the women stood about the streets in a state of excitement. After a short but hard struggle, the desire for peace and order, and respect for legitimate authority, triumphed over affection for their former pastor and love to the old traditional faith, in which their ancestors had lived happy and content.

Pastor Tangermann, relying on the protection of the State, considered it his duty to remain in his parsonage longer than was permitted by the Archbishop after his suspension, and even after his parish had turned against him. Sister Augustine, who personally knew him, disapproved very much of this step. "If I were," she said, "in his place I would have been off long ago. Christ Himself said, 'And whosoever shall not receive you nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake the dust from off your feet.'" In her eyes an honest opinion, and, when necessary, an open confession, was essentially the one thing needful at this time. Everything like partisanship, all desire to have a personal following, all disputes about the "mine" and the "thine," all public speeches against the new doctrine, etc., did not meet with her approval, nor did she leave her disapproval unexpressed. However decided she was in her own convictions, she was

very far from ever attempting to convert others to her views, nor did she desire to exercise any strong influence either among her fellow-Sisters or the circle of her intimate friends.

With the single exception of Unkel, all remained quiet in the parishes of the Rhineland, and it was among the professors that the Archbishop first encountered a determined opposition.

Sister Augustine wrote to Professor Cornelius on October 8: "You will no doubt have already heard that the heresy hunt has begun, and that Langen, Reusch, Knoodt, Birlinger, and Dickmann have received a written declaration from the Archbishop, which they are expected to sign. Three days ago, Hilgers received a similar communication, and one hour after receiving it, his answer was on its way back to Cologne. He has not stated his attitude to the dogma; all that he has done in the meantime is to inform the Archbishop that all further dealings with him must be conducted in the legitimate way, through the Government. Beseler, Curator of the Bonn University, is naturally on the side of our professors, and hopes still to be able to ward off the blow in spite of — miserable behaviour."

The Archbishop's first step was to deprive the professors of their *missio canonica*, thereby causing them to discontinue their lectures for the winter, and as a consequence the sermons in the hospital chapel were given up, to the great grief of Sister Augustine and many others who regularly attended them.

"What times these are!" she wrote in October to Frau Cornelius; "we had enough to do with the war, but

now there comes this moral misery in the Church, which will leave even deeper wounds. The convents will be carefully searched, after the example set in the dioceses, and the knife held at our throats. What I am to do is perfectly clear; but what will come of it all, God alone knows; but when the time comes, He will help us."

In another letter she said, "What oppresses me is, not my work, but the events in the ecclesiastical world, where hardly any true Christianity can take root in future. The Master must come and with His fan thoroughly purge His floor. How pitiable is the behaviour of the majority (not to say the whole) of the German Bishops and the fanatical clergy! The sword is at present suspended over our professors—do you think Dieringer will remain true to his colours? Our dear and revered Church will ever more and more disappear from view, till she becomes altogether invisible. How comforting to think that we shall find her again above, and in her complete purity!"

The nearer the time of decision approached, the greater became the mental depression. Sister Augustine was often deeply cast down, but in presence of her friends she strove to appear brighter and more hopeful than she really was at heart. She continued consoling, encouraging, and cheering as much as lay in her power. Professor Michelis, whose acquaintance she made at this time, was once heard to say that "the 'Mother' of the Charity Sisters is worth more than six Bishops and twelve professors put together." And when, a little later, he visited Haneberg in Munich, he wrote to Professor Reusch that "if the 'Mother' of the Charity Sisters were only abbot of St. Boniface, this convent might serve to enlighten many." She was indeed

a pillar of the opposition. Her own sturdy nature, never doubting as to which was the right way, and never hesitating to take it, without any idea of compromise, possessed a strength to which many owed the decision to which they were ultimately led.

The zeal with which the Bishops worked through the winter to propagate the new doctrine, left the impression that they were trying to atone for their former hesitation and final opposition; and their behaviour was interpreted as such and extolled by their former opponents. Thus, among others, Cardinal Manning wrote: "The German Bishops have won for themselves the honourable title of 'Defenders of the highest and infallible authority of the Chair of St. Peter.'"

The signal which had been given for the persecution of the opposition found a loud echo, and, as Sister Augustine expressed it, a perfect "chase" was begun against those who adhered to the old faith. Friends sought to bring their friends and relations to an acknowledgment of the Papal Infallibility, or at all events to keep silence. Where entreaties failed, threatening was tried. Aged people were reminded of their approaching death and of a burial without the honours of the Church; friendships of many years' standing were broken, and irreconcilable dissensions arose within countless families. All that could have brought about a reunion was forgotten; the ties of relationship, memories of friendship, love for a common home, even faith in the same Redeemer—all this appeared as nothing compared with the acceptance or rejection of the one doctrine. The party names "Ultramontane" and "Old Catholic" only embittered the enmity which had arisen.

Though men could no longer be put to death for their faith's sake, they could be deprived of something higher and better than life—their own good name and honour. It seemed indeed as if the adherents to the old faith were regarded as nothing better than outlaws ; men otherwise most honourable did not hesitate to assiduously spread the most exaggerated abuse and unworthy slanders concerning them. The more prominent the position taken, the more was the individual subjected to contumacy and insult. Those who had formerly been the idols of the party to which they belonged, now were by that same party despised and hated in proportion as they had been formerly respected, and all this on account of the Infallibility. It cannot be asserted that the Old Catholics bore these moral persecutions with the patience of the early Christians, and that they never retorted in a manner similar to that in which they had been attacked ; but certainly they did not indulge in abuse to the same enormous extent as their opponents. By systematic slander, and by cleverly taking advantage of every real weakness of their opponents, the Romish party gradually succeeded in placing the Old Catholics in a very evil and invidious position. By these means many honourable persons hesitated to express their disapproval of the Infallibility and to join the opposing ranks, partly because they would rather not be found making common cause with men whose reputation had been ruined, and partly because they feared lest a like fate might overtake their own good name.

The Archbishop's dealings with the professors extended over the whole winter. Dieringer was gradually brought to complete submission. Another old clergyman, likewise

a decided opponent of the Infallibility, one day came into the hospital, and somewhat impatiently asked Sister Augustine, with whom he had long been on visiting terms when at Bonn, whether her friends had not yet declared their submission. She looked at him with surprise, and replied that surely he himself did not mean to do anything contrary to his conscience. — answered that he had already signed so much that he might as well sign the paper in question too. “A stroke of the pen is quickly done, and then I shall have peace!” He actually had appended his name. Sister Augustine was so shocked at such a display of want of principle, that she turned away from her former friend without being able to say anything in reply.

Another aged priest, who was much attached to his sphere of labour, visited her to ask her advice as to whether, if the worst came, he could do nothing else than resign his connection with the duties which he had so much at heart. He was so excited and in such a state of irresolution that he was unable to come to any final decision for himself. Sister Augustine, who deeply sympathized with him, assured him in the strongest terms that when it was a question of lifting up testimony for the truth and of remaining true to the old faith, the latter course must be taken, no matter at what sacrifice; all must give place to it, even the dearest and highest duties. Although, as far as she could see, the suspension would fall heavier on no one than on him, yet she considered there was no way of escape, no alternative for him; he must, in her opinion, let it come. After this interview she was much cast down. She had the distinct impression that

he who had sought her advice would, directly or indirectly, act against his better conscience, and give in his adherence. Nor was she mistaken.

According to her, "conflicting duties" were only apparently so; what God demanded was duty alone, and He could never ask two contradictory things at one and the same time. To the remonstrance which was often made to her—"Of two evils one must choose the lesser," *i.e.* excommunication must at any price be avoided—she replied very earnestly, "We must at any price remain faithful to the truth; we are not responsible for the consequences."

About that time the proposition was made to one of the Bishops—with regard to the closing words of the dogma, "Should any one dare to contradict this our decree, let him be excommunicated"—to let suspension only follow, when any one actually contradicted the dogma. Sister Augustine seriously disapproved of this proposal, and she was glad when the Bishop, with more consistency than worldly wisdom, rejected it. "Let me tell you in haste," she wrote to Hilgers, "that — has got a decided refusal from the —, *Deo gratias!*"

She had no sympathy for any considerations of worldly wisdom and avoidance of danger, nor could she understand such considerations in others, especially in those whose position demanded an open confession of their inward convictions. All attempts to avoid or postpone a decision went against her nature. "That is the first step to a surrender," she said on one occasion; and when her friend tried to talk her out of her fears, she replied, sadly, "We will wait and see; for my part, I shall never believe in one again." Overcome with grief, she discontinued her

work, and with eyes fixed on the crucifix, prayed in the words of Novalis :—

“Wenn Alle untreu werden
So bleib ich Dir doch treu ;
Dass Dankbarkeit auf Erden
Nicht ausgestorben sei.”

A friend, who found her at work in the dispensary with tears in her eyes, asked the cause of her weeping. She replied, “I weep not for myself; my tears are for the faithless.”

Christmas of this year brought but little joy to her; a cloud of sad experiences and dark forebodings lay heavy on this season of peace.

On the 30th of December she wrote to Professor Cornelius: “Thank you for both your communications, which, alas! contained more sad news than good. If the eighty Bishops of the opposition were to be looked for now, hardly one would be found. I would not pledge myself for Hefele remaining faithful. Such a moral degeneration as is now apparent among the princes of the Church would in ordinary life have been considered almost impossible. I seek to comfort myself with the thought that the war absorbs all interests, and only when it is over will there be time to think of the Church. But is not every right-thinking Catholic disgusted with his Church; and does he not feel himself completely alienated and repelled from her, as she at present exists? And so far from this feeling dying out, will it not rather increase in a time of peace? Hilgers, Reusch, and Langen are daily expecting their suspension, whilst Dieringer basks in the sunshine of the ‘saints’ favour. They are very proud of

his conversion. Hilgers thinks that, in consequence of the suspension, he will be no longer able to remain director of the Examination Board. This will be the hardest of all for him, as he was particularly fond of the work. It is almost a mercy for him that his health is about as bad as it can be, and that his complete release from all suffering cannot be far off. I read in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* that Schwarzenberg has gone over to the other camp; if this be true, Strossmayer's conversion is all that is wanting to complete the work in Austria. I often recall good Professor Döllinger to mind, and the thought of his firm steadfastness keeps me from being faint-hearted. The so-called five paragraphs on the Infallibility, together with the discussions of them and the position of the State, in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, pleased me much; I only wish very many may take them to heart."

A letter written about the same time to Frau Cornelius shows her even more deeply pained at heart. After thanking her for a picture of the "Burial of Christ" which she had received, and which benefitted her as often as she looked at it, she continues: "It is now, when the Church which He founded seems so indistinct and far away from us, that I feel more than ever drawn and attracted to that little band of the faithful which surrounded the sacred corpse. God knows how distressed I am at the present condition of the Church—how I cannot allow myself to hope for any improvement in the immediate future, and how hard it is for me to think, without bitterness, of the unprincipled Church leaders, whose contemptible behaviour makes me blush for very shame. I have been long accustomed to approach with a certain degree of

caution and mistrust all the so-called pious Catholics and their clergy, and I have always found my inward disinclination justified by further experiences. Then comes this dreadful war, with its thousand-fold miseries, from which hardly one house has escaped. And what is to be won by this great stake? God alone knows; and may He help us all! My health is tolerable, though I am always getting further down the hill."

The deep feeling of loneliness which she had experienced in the earlier years of her convent life again came over her soul, but now it had lost the sting which had been wont to inflict so much pain. At first she had desired and hoped to find a perfect ideal of Christianity realized in human nature, and she had sought it with insatiable longing among those by whom she was surrounded. Now, after long years of experience and of closest intercourse with many excellent men, after years, too, spent in seeking to reach perfection and to see it attained by others, she at last came to the conclusion that perfect fidelity, entirely pure unselfish feeling, and guileless truth, were not to be found in any human heart, and she sought no longer for them as she had done in her youth. She had no one now whose judgment was the guide of her conduct—nobody to assure her that in following the advice he gave she would not go astray. She seldom, and only in matters of little moment, asked any one's opinion; she rather, in all important matters, directed her steps to Him on whose unchangeableness she had never relied in vain. Still the feeling of being perfectly alone in the world proved, at times, too much for her, and she would give sad utterance to it: "I am quite alone,

just as much as if I were on a small island." "I cannot tell you how completely solitary I feel." "We always feel most lonely," she wrote to the same friend, "when we see how much the image of the Saviour is effaced, both in ourselves and others. Let us pray earnestly for each other, that this may be ever less the case."

Considering, as at first she did, that in the presence of her Protestant friends all reference to the present condition of the Church must be avoided, she was at that time disposed to look upon their visits as somewhat unacceptable. After serious consideration, however, she determined to speak frankly and openly on every subject; "For," said she, "a service is thereby done to the real Church if it is openly confessed that the desolation which now exists in the world is not the Church as the Lord meant it." When a Protestant clergyman expressed to her his regret that the Catholic Church was coming to such a pitiable end, and he "had hoped it would have died a more glorious death," she replied with perfect confidence, her "Catholic Church could never perish, for Christ had Himself given the promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

But much more painful—indeed, almost too repulsive to her feelings—were all expressions of sympathy on the part of those who, from anti-religious or selfish motives, had joined the ranks of those opposed to the Infallibility. These sympathies she could neither share nor accept. Her own opposition, and the decided and bold language in which she expressed her dissatisfaction and grief to her nearest friends, were the product of warm affection for her Church, and respect for truth.

She was deeply grieved, too, at the conduct of the one German Bishop who had up till then remained firm in his opposition to the Infallibility. Though she had never had great hopes of his ultimately abiding true, she never expected that he would submit so quickly. Hefele had declared in the beginning of the winter that "he would let the sentence of suspension be pronounced over himself," and that "he would rather die than accept the dogma." Shortly after Christmas, however, he wrote that "the position of a suspended Bishop was so intolerable that he could not make up his mind to accept it." By every possible means he sought to bring his former friends, and especially Döllinger, to submission, urging that under no circumstances should they consent "to be expelled from the Church;" it would be better in the meantime to give way, he said, "in order to be able, under a more favourable wind, to attack the dogma with some hope of success."

Sister Augustine wrote to Professor Cornelius on March 17, 1871: "Hefele's manifestoes have saddened me more than I can tell. He gives proof in them of an incapacity which is painfully inconsistent with the position he occupies. The clergy, with but few exceptions, are really terribly sunk, perhaps deeper than any other class of the community. At times it is absolutely necessary to look up to prominent characters, such as Strossmayer, Döllinger, and one or two others, so as not to lose all belief in the goodness of human nature. The former is, and will remain, the most noble type of all the Bishops. The Archbishop's latest demand will doubtless give Hilgers his death-blow, for, physically and mentally, his strength is nearly exhausted. God alone knows whether any sign of life can

ever again arise from the death dungeons of Rome; to man it seems quite impossible. Acton's pamphlet is written in a somewhat dry style, but it will have a salutary effect. He handles the weapons of truth against the kingdom of infernal falsehood and undisguised selfishness. Florencourt's letters do me good. I hope the promised continuation will soon follow. But Döllinger will never leave his colours and desert to the other camp, will he? In spite of all their repeated assurances to the contrary, I cannot help having my fears for — and —. God grant that these fears may prove unfounded!"

She feared to the last that some, out of pure love for their work, would continue in it at the expense of their own convictions. The last day of March was the time when the day of grace given by the Archbishop was to end. If by that date the articles of submission were not signed, suspension from office would be the certain result. Sister Augustine regarded any extension of this time and a renewal of the negotiations as so dangerous, that on the 1st of April, as if a weight had been taken from her heart, she exclaimed, "God be praised that they are suspended!" She shared the pain with her friends, which this violent end to their accustomed, much-loved duties caused them, with deepest sympathy, a pain felt all the more keenly because there seemed no prospect of their ever being able to resume those duties again. "In the meantime," she wrote to a friend, "our combatants look, with St. Stephen, to heaven for consolation; only Jews ready to stone them are all they can find on earth."

In a letter to Munich, on the 1st of April, she wrote: "I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am at the thought of your

coming, and how much comfort it gives me to be near you in spirit at least, especially in a time like this, when the whole prospect in which we were wont to find comfort and repose has been reduced to desolation. Yesterday Langen read the Mass, and Reusch took his place in the confessional, both for the last time. Hilgers was more wretched, suffering, and broken-hearted than ever; I was, of course, in terribly low spirits. Just then the post brought me the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, with Döllinger's reply in full. It was like oil to the flickering lamp! I have never read anything that did me so much good. 'God be thanked!' I kept repeating, overjoyed; 'as long as we have an apostle like this to defend truth and right, I will never despair.' Döllinger sends a flash of lightning into the deepest recesses of Romanism; the bats and moles will indeed start back affrighted! Although the 'hot-headed saints' are shameless enough to stop their ears and curse this unwelcome preacher of righteousness, many will accept his words with deepest thanks and comfort. If Döllinger were but made our Pope, then, I think, I could be a Catholic again with my whole heart."

The time given to Döllinger extended likewise to the 1st of March. A few days before, he declared publicly that he would never give in his submission. It was this answer that Sister Augustine hailed with so much delight. "As a Christian, a theologian, an historian, and a citizen, I cannot," he said, "receive this dogma. As a Christian I cannot, for this teaching is inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel, and contradictory to the clearest utterances of Christ and of His apostles. Its precise aim is to establish the kingdom of this world, which Christ refused, and to set

a dominion over the Churches, which Peter denied to himself and to all others.

"As a theologian I cannot, for the whole genuine tradition of the Church is irreconcilably opposed to it.

"As an historian I cannot, for all history proves that the persistent attempt to put this theory into practice in the government of the world, has made Europe run with blood, has desolated and laid waste whole countries, has destroyed the beautifully organized constitution of the ancient Church, and has begotten, nourished, and perpetuated the most scandalous abuses in the Church.

"Finally, as a citizen I cannot, for in demanding submission from the States and monarchs and the whole political organization to the Pope, and in the exceptional claims it makes for the clergy, it lays the foundation for an endless and ruinous conflict between State and Church, between clergy and laity."

Almost at the same time with Döllinger's answer to the Archbishop of Munich, Bishop Hefele proclaimed his submission. He tells us that he considers "ecclesiastical peace and unity in the Church of so inestimable value, that great and heavy personal sacrifices must be made to obtain it;" adding that, as the Council was not yet ended, he could always hope that additions to the doctrine might be made, which would in some way lessen its force. Many timid souls breathed more freely when Hefele thus expressed himself. "Hefele has done for the Council!" they said with satisfaction.

On the 17th of April the "great excommunication" was solemnly pronounced on Döllinger and Friedrich. The majority of the theological faculty in Munich had tendered their submission on the first summons.

Similar steps were taken in Breslau and Ermland to insure the acceptance of the dogma. Bishop Förster suspended Canon Baltzer, Baron Richthofen, and Professor Reinkens ; whilst in Braunsberg Professors Michelis and Menzel, together with Wollmann, the teacher of religion in the gymnasium, and Treibel, the director of the seminary, were all suspended, and the rector of the gymnasium, a layman, was excommunicated.

Döllinger's manifesto again created a great sensation in all quarters. Whilst, on the one hand, letters of congratulation reached him from many towns, and even from Rome itself, the clergy of Munich, the Cathedral Chapter, and the whole of the German Bishops, on the other, once more rejected and condemned his views.

The Archbishop of Munich was perfectly right when he wrote : "Döllinger is the intellectual head of the whole movement against the Infallibility." The wrath of all was accordingly poured upon him, and pamphlets and leading articles enough to fill volumes were written against him ; as, for instance, "The Lies of the Döllinger Sect," "The Döllinger Scandal," "Döllinger condemned by Himself," "Characteristic Traits of Döllinger," "The Döllinger Party and the Catholics," "Le Néo-Protestantisme de Döllinger," "Döllinger's Opposition to the Church," and innumerable other writings, all vying with each other in malignity and bitterness. Sister Augustine wrote of some of these in her plain manner : "Hanging is too good for them." She forwarded one of these pamphlets to Professor Cornelius, with the words, "I do not consider it worth the postage, but it will give you a hearty laugh, and that is a good distraction in the midst of so much misery ; by

it [the pamphlet] Döllinger will certainly not be much hurt."

The Archbishop of Munich wrote to the King that a word from him would be sufficient to restore rest and peace, whilst the Old Catholics, on their part, applied to him for protection against the Bishops. And from this time each party, both in Bavaria and in Prussia, used their utmost endeavours to obtain the protection of the State exclusively for themselves. The Old Catholics presented an address to the King, containing about eighteen thousand signatures, and as a counter-demonstration the Bishops considered it right to publish another common pastoral letter, expressed in even more decided terms than the first, together with a circular directed to the clergy. They declared that every Catholic who, wittingly and with intent, continues to oppose the decisions of the Vatican Council, the acceptance of which is a sacred duty, shall come under the great excommunication. The faithful shall beware of all who oppose themselves, for such are the "true successors to that spirit which the scribes and Pharisees cherished against the Saviour," and all their efforts are but "a striving against Christ and His Holy Spirit."

In opposition to this, the Old Catholics in Munich, in their turn, with Döllinger at their head, published an equally decided manifesto, saying that they would remain true to the duty of every Catholic Christian, and faithful to their old belief, rejecting every innovation, even though an angel of God proclaimed it. Adducing new proofs, they asserted that the doctrine of Infallibility owed its origin to forgery and its propagation to the use of force, and, in spite of all the Bishops said to the contrary, its natural consequences

would be the destruction of all civil authority. They explained their own ecclesiastical position in the following words:—"For the first time in eighteen hundred years, men have been laid under the anathema of the Church, not because they have introduced and propagated any new doctrine, but because they will not change, as lightly as one would change a dress, the old faith they have received from the Church and been taught by their parents and teachers, and refuse to accept anything opposed to it. The Fathers are unanimous in teaching that an unjust excommunication is far from injuring any one but the authors of it, and it can become in the hands of God a source of blessing for those against whom it is causelessly directed. We know too," they continued, "that these efforts are as vain and ineffectual as they are unjust, and that the faithful can never thus be made to lose their right to receive, nor the priests their right to dispense, the means of grace appointed by Christ, and we are resolved never to let ourselves be deprived of our rights by any censures pronounced in the interest of a falsehood." .

The discussions held at the meeting in Munich, while bringing to light the difficulties in which the Old Catholics were then placed in relation to the Catholic Church, had had the effect of giving new courage and new hope to those who were engaged in a common work, and who shared common dangers. Sister Augustine, though unable to share the conviction that these efforts would, in the immediate future, have the effect of bringing about a change in the present sad state of the Church, still she failed not to follow them with the warmest sympathy. On the 10th of June she wrote: "Professor Knoodt has

returned from Munich, and as usual sees a golden time coming, although his hair has grown white meanwhile. Hilgers is exactly the reverse—to him all seems dark. Langen, on his part, is in good spirits," etc. She had but little faith in any help that man could bring; her whole hope and trust were fixed on the divine promise that the truth will never perish, and she always expected God directly to interpose. "He will be with us and preserve our Church," she said, "though He should have to send an angel from heaven."

Several letters which she wrote to a friend during the summer of this year, give a touching picture of the pain which the state of the Church and her own isolated position caused her. "Of course I am very sorry that I could not accompany you all that beautiful way to Marburg," she wrote on the 10th of June; "I only try to comfort myself by following you in thought, not to protect you from the influence of the Protestant air, but to rejoice with you over the many who have there grown great as Christians and as men. I live here instead, in constant danger of coming into collision with some stupid, miserable declaration or other of that humiliating Infallibility. People here go up and down the streets with collecting books and money-boxes, coming by mistake to my door to get their donation. When I answer that 'I do not contribute to any such thing,' the collectors are so shocked that they look as if they would exclaim, 'What an abomination of desolation in the holy place!' You may therefore be doubly glad that you are where you are at present, for here the immediate future of the Church looks dark. I know you mean it kindly, but you are, I think, asking too

much, when you tell me to try to live as long as possible. I would fain leave that duty to you, who stand on the threshold of life. I, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, am now weary in heart and spirit."

"Make the most of your change of scene," she wrote again, "and lay in a store of strength for the weary days before you. Every-day life in Bonn too soon wearies the wings of the soul and dims the keenness of its vision. I rejoice at all your thoughts and doings—indeed, at anything that will divert your mind from the Church and its present condition. How I wish I could do it myself, but the wicked newspapers and the visit of young Herr Stieve from Munich make this impossible. What the latter told me gives me this consolation at least, that matters with regard to the dogma have come to such a pitch, that the storm of God's anger cannot now be far off. A storm, you know, is generally preceded by sheet lightning. In the mean time none is to be seen, and all that can be heard is the trumpet of the Ultramontanes. When the time comes, both of us, I expect, will brilliantly fail in the examination, and then we will have to emigrate and live among the Polar bears, or go to Strossmayer, in Hungary, the only one of the Bishops who has remained true. Do not be anxious about my health; I am not the least so myself, although it is always getting worse."

To the same friend she wrote: "How often I long for your return! Still I cannot but advise you to stop at Cologne and visit the beautiful cathedral; that grey, venerable pile of antiquity will make you forget the green, watery, spiritless present, which hardly allows of a hope of improvement in the future. In Bavaria and in the Rhine-

land the opposition is not losing ground ; on the contrary, it is rather extending. I will tell you by word of mouth of what is just now going on, and about a deed of arms, too, which Professor Reusch and I accomplished, and which was a great success. I will tell you all this, God willing, next Sunday."

The deed of arms she spoke of was the practical assistance she succeeded in rendering in one of the many cases of necessity caused by the action taken at that time by the Bishops toward many Catholics who were well disposed to the Church. Kampschulte, the Professor of History, who, though he had ever been an active and loyal member of the Church, was yet decidedly opposed to the Papal Infallibility, was dying in Honnef, and wished to partake of the Sacraments. The Dean of the district, though not a partisan of the new dogma, yet not daring at once to comply with the request, sent a messenger to Cologne, in great haste, for advice as to how he should act. The reply came back that the Sacraments must be refused. Professor Kampschulte considered it his duty rather to renounce all claim to the Sacraments than compromise his faith. Sister Augustine, who was made aware of the circumstances, proposed to Professor Reusch that he should take the Holy Communion from the hospital chapel and administer it to his friend, whose death was daily expected. She so arranged that all the Sisters and servants were away from the front part of the hospital, whilst she kept watch till all had been arranged in the church. She long remained standing at the house door, without being able to divert herself from the sole thought: "Are we really living in the time of the Christian persecutions?"

She endeavoured to render similar assistance in the autumn to Canon Baltzer from Breslau, who was dying in Bonn. The Sacrament was procured, but before it could be brought to him by Professor Langen, Baltzer was gone. She not only considered herself permitted, but that it was a solemn duty, to render every assistance in such cases of necessity. Out of her small private income she procured several articles which she set apart "for the use of the Old Catholics" in like cases.

In the meantime the state of need in all Church matters became ever more oppressive and unbearable. The Prussian Government, indeed, had declined fulfilling the demand of the Bishops to remove the suspended professors and teachers of theology from their State appointments, on the ground that the followers of the ancient Catholic faith "had not in any wise forfeited their claim to the protection of the State because the Church had changed her doctrine;" for the rest, it had referred them to the future legal solution of the conflict. The Bavarian Government was yet more decided in its refusal. It directed attention to the fact that they were now called on to regard those very bishops who had lodged the protests and memorials, as the only reliable authorities in Church matters, and they declined to do so. Further, they declined their co-operation in trying to spread the new doctrine, "and would uphold the principle that the measures employed by the Church authorities against those members of the Catholic Church who did not recognize the dogma, should have no effect on the political and social position of these men. If necessary, such steps would be taken to insure the independence of the civil department

from all ecclesiastical constraint." However, the protection guaranteed by the German Governments was in nowise sufficient for the ecclesiastical wants of the individual ; and the question as to how assistance was to be procured in present circumstances now demanded an imperative answer.

Opinion was very much divided. Some, like Sister Augustine, thought it right to take all the consequences of the position they had taken up, rather than separate themselves from the communion from which they had been expelled, and only in extreme cases to procure assistance for themselves ; others, again, urged that a definitely organized opposition should be formed, inasmuch as the Old Catholics could not continue to exist any length of time in their present condition, without support and without ecclesiastical rights ; whilst a third held that Pope, Bishops, and the whole Catholic world, inasmuch as they had adopted the doctrine of Infallibility, had thereby separated themselves from the true Church and rendered all Sacraments dispensed by them as ineffectual. The prevalent view, however, was that a provisional arrangement should be made for the Old Catholics, as they claimed equal rights with all other parties within the Church, until the whole Church should again be one. In the meantime only *quoad sacra* parishes should be formed, for the purpose of satisfying the religious needs of those who would be otherwise excluded from the Sacraments. Thus a position would be gained from which not only the new doctrine might be opposed, but from which attacks might also be made against the ignorance, unbelief, and indifference prevalent among its very adherents.

Döllinger deprecated any attempt to form a new Church, as a hindrance to a future re-union. In September, the first Old Catholic Congress assembled in Munich, with the view of organizing the ecclesiastical movement going on in Germany. In the programme published on the 21st of September, 1871, the basis of all future measures was laid and clearly expressed.

Among other things it said :

" 1. In the consciousness of performing a religious duty, we continue to hold firmly to the old Catholic faith, as it is contained in Scripture and tradition, and in the old Catholic ritual. We consider ourselves therefore to be legitimate members of the Catholic Church, and will never permit ourselves to be excluded from its communion, nor to be deprived of the civil and ecclesiastical rights which through that communion we possess. We declare the censures pronounced upon us on account of our fidelity to the faith to be unjustifiable and arbitrary, and that by them we shall neither be misled nor hindered in conscience from taking part in the communion of the Church. Our confession of faith is contained in the Tridentine Symbolum, and rejects the articles which have been adopted under the pontificate of Pius IX., contradictory to the teaching of the Church and to the apostolic Council, especially the dogma of the Papal Infallibility and that of the Pope being the possessor of the highest, absolute, and direct jurisdiction.

" 2. We hold fast to the old constitution of the Church, and we reject any attempt to exclude the Bishops from a direct and independent jurisdiction of the churches under their charge. We regret the teaching contained in the decrees of the Vatican, that the Pope is the one divinely

appointed possessor of all ecclesiastical authority and official power, as being in contradiction with the Tridentine Canon, according to which the divinely appointed hierarchy consists of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons. We acknowledge the Roman Bishop as head of the Church, as he is declared in Scripture to be, and as he was recognized by the Fathers and Councils in the old undivided Christian Church.

“(a.) We declare that articles of faith can never be defined by the simple declaration of the Pope for the time being, and by the expressed or implied consent of Bishops bound by an oath to unconditional obedience to the Pope ; but only in harmony with Scripture and early Church tradition, as it is to be found in the universally accepted Fathers and Councils of the Church. A Council like that of the Vatican, wanting as it was in all the outward conditions necessary to render it œcumenical, and by the general consent of its members completing the breach between the original basis and the past history of the Church, cannot give out any imperative decree to the members of the Church.

“(b.) We insist that the decrees of a Council must prove themselves to the popular conscience, and to theological science, to be in harmony with the original and traditional faith of the Church, and we reserve for the Catholic laity and clergy and for scientific theology, in all matters of faith, the right of discussion and of each laying down its testimony.

“3. We aim, with the assistance of theological and canonistic science, at a reform in the Church, which, in the spirit of the early Church, shall remove the scandals of the present Church, and, more particularly, which will fulfil

the wishes of the laity for a greater share in the management of the Church. We declare that the accusation of Jansenism made against the Church of Utrecht is unfounded, and that, in consequence, between her and us there is no dogmatical difference. We hope for a reunion with the Greek and Russian Churches, whose separation from us took place without any sufficient reason, being founded on no essential doctrinal differences. If the reforms spoken of are carried out, and by means of scientific and progressive culture, we hope to come to terms of agreement with Christians of all confessions, and particularly with the Protestant episcopal Churches of England and America.

"4. We consider that in the training of the Catholic clergy a scientific education is absolutely necessary. We consider the artificial exclusion of the clergy from the intellectual culture of the age (in seminaries for boys and in academies under the sole direction of the Bishops) as absolutely dangerous, considering their great influence on the people. We desire the co-operation of the Government for the training and education of an enlightened and patriotic clergy. We demand for the so-called lower clergy an honourable position, protected against all hierarchical arbitrariness. We reject the arbitrary removal of the clergy engaged in active pastoral work (*amovibilitas ad nutum*), which was brought in under French rule, and is now generally aimed at.

"5. We hold firm to the constitution of our countries, which is a guarantee for civil freedom and for a liberal education, and therefore reject, from civil and historical grounds, and as dangerous to the State, the dogma of the

Pope's sovereignty, and declare that we will abide firmly by our Governments in their struggle with the ultramontanism dogmatized in the Syllabus.

"6. As it is quite evident that the present sad condition of the Church is owing to the so-called 'Society of Jesus,' and as this society uses its power predominantly to set the hierarchy, the clergy, and the people in opposition to all culture, and to spread and nourish tendencies anti-national and dangerous to the State, and inasmuch as it teaches a false and corrupt morality, we desire to express our conviction that the peace, the prosperity, the unity of the Church, and a proper relation between her and the common people, is alone possible when the influence of this Order shall have been done away with.

"7. As members of the Catholic Church, unchanged by any Vatican decrees, and to which the State has promised political recognition and open protection, we uphold our claim to all the secular goods and privileges of the Church."

This Congress, seeing that the Church was in a quite abnormal position, and not yet recognized by the civil authorities, aimed at the following resolutions:—

"1. In all places where it is needful, and wherever people who desire to attend it are to be found, a regular pastoral work shall be established. As to the necessity for such, the local committee are to judge.

"2. We have a right to see our priests recognized by the State as capable of performing all ecclesiastical duties wheresoever and so long as these are included in civil rights.

"3. Wherever it is possible, steps shall be taken to secure this recognition.

"4. Considering our present necessity, the individual is justified in satisfying his own conscience by applying to foreign Bishops for the exercise of their episcopal functions, and we are justified, as soon as the right moment comes, in providing for ourselves a regular episcopal jurisdiction."

Sister Augustine had always anticipated the proceedings of the first Old Catholic Congress with anxiety. She feared lest, in the excitement of the time, resolutions of very questionable value might be aimed at, and lest, going beyond what was sanctioned by the present state of necessity, such steps would have the result only of widening the breach already existing between them and the other Catholics. For example, she was opposed to the foundation of separate congregations. Later on, she changed her mind so far as to regard such actions as "necessary evils," and she often declared, "When once these Churches come into existence, it will be, for all who hold firm to the old faith, a simple, and in every circumstance unquestionable, duty to join themselves outwardly to them."

Opinions among the Old Catholics were widely different on this point. Many of the really well-disposed towards the Church considered such a step as an open "rebellion" against the legal, though mistaken, Church authority.

In general, however, these fears of Sister Augustine with regard to the Congress were not confirmed by its results, and in October she wrote to Frau Cornelius, "Tell Charles that the contents of the Munich programme have allayed my fears. You will live to see the true Church

arise from its ruins, and all our sacrifices will not have been too great. I really envy the men who so boldly cling to their Church, with all its shame, and receive only hatred as their reward."

In consequence of the resolutions come to at the Munich Congress, steps were taken in various towns to secure the use of churches. In Munich permission had been already given ; in Cologne the Old Catholics received a notice from the Government that they were entitled to the use of the military chapel, St. Pantaleon ; but in Bonn the use of the cemetery chapel was denied them by the town council.

Sometimes Sister Augustine was asked what she would do if a special Church should be founded in Bonn. She answered, " Before it comes to that, God will have taken me to Himself."

CHAPTER XIV.

CLOSING YEARS AND DEATH.

SISTER AUGUSTINE's health never entirely recovered from the shock it had sustained during her residence in Bohemia. She had been attacked by an incurable disease, affecting chiefly her heart and lungs, and occasioning a violent cough and breathlessness. It was only sheer strength of will that enabled her to perform the routine of her daily work for some years longer, and for some time back she had only been able to sleep in a sitting posture, and thus she passed many a wakeful hour. Such hours, however, were not unpleasant to her—they in a way made up to her for the night-watching she had learned to love ; she then felt "alone with God," and could give "audience to thought," as she said. In proportion as she liked to bestow her care and loving attention on others, she disliked all such being shown to herself ; for she was firmly convinced that rest, and her own firm resolve to get well, would alone work her recovery, if that were at all possible. "Only fancy," she wrote in the summer of 1870 to a cousin, "that wicked Velten talks of sending me to Ems. I trust God will not take that way of punishing me." She could never make up her mind to devote a few

weeks entirely to her own health, but remained at work, against the doctor's express wishes. In the spring of 1871 she had a very severe return of her illness. Fearing that her cousin, in her anxiety, should communicate with the doctor, she wrote to prevent her, as follows :—"Be sure you don't tell Dr. Velten that I am so ill, for his prescriptions make me worse ; besides, I am, on the whole, better, though far from well ; in the meantime let us be contented with things as they are."

"At last I see I must give up the hope of ever coming to Munich," she wrote to her niece A. von L——, "as my want of breath hardly permits of my taking a turn in our garden. My heart complaint is decidedly increasing, and ever reminds me more forcibly that I must build no castles in the air for the future, but rather strive to become more familiar with the thoughts of a quiet resting-place beneath the green sod. I am sure it will have grieved you to learn that our good Marie Görres has been laid in her silent resting-place. She was the last member of a family long connected with us."

After Sister Augustine's recovery from the illness, which this time had been more severe than ever, she observed regretfully, "I felt so convinced that God would call me away, and I hoped by this time to have been looking down upon you all still struggling here below. But He will call me soon."

After her recovery she again wished, as she had often done, to spend a day outside the hospital walls. Through all her life it had been one of her chief delights to look upon the beauties of nature, an enjoyment which seldom fell to her share during her convent life.

She wrote once: "Whenever I look out from my window upon the fresh green of the trees and the innumerable blossoms of spring, a strange, wild yearning arises in my heart. I should like to leave these narrow walls, and to wander away, staff in hand, whither I know not. Is this temporal earthly spring-time a faint shadow of the spring above, where no tempest can strip the trees of their foliage; and is my heart yearning for that home? Why do I tremble at the thought of that day—that day and hour which is to free me from this narrow human dwelling, and unfold an everlasting spring-time to my gaze? Ah! the painful consciousness of my disobedience separates me from my Father's heart, so that I cannot hasten to Him with unfeigned longing."

In the first days of August, as soon as she felt well enough, an excursion was planned to Unkel, a small town above Bonn, where a relation was spending the summer. The little party sailed up the Rhine at an early hour, by the first steamboat, in all the splendour of a summer morning.

The rays of the morning sun lay across the river like a golden arch, whilst the shadows slowly crept down the hills. Sister Augustine and her companions had taken their seats in the bow of the boat, which as yet was quite empty, and she looked out upon the glorious Rhine; it seemed as if she were bidding a last farewell to this fair earth. The shining waters and the drops which fell from the paddle-wheels, looking like fiery spray, reminded her of a description in Dante's "Paradiso," which she had been lately reading, and she was delighted on hearing the lines repeated that morning—

“I looked,
And in the likeness of a river saw
Light flowing, from whose amber seeming waves
Flashed up effulgence, as they glided on
’Twixt banks on either side, painted with spring,
Incredible how fair ; and from the tide
There ever and anon, outstarting flew
Sparkles, instinct with life, and in the flowers
Did set them, like to rubies chased in gold ;
Then, as if drunk with odours, plunged again
Into the wondrous flood ; from which, as one
Re-enter’d, still another rose.” *

“Oh, I feel so well, so well !” she exclaimed ; “I cannot tell you what a blessing such a day outside the hospital walls is to me.” She asked her cousin to tell her all the legends of the Sieben Gebrige, and was particularly delighted with the story of the monk of Heisterbach, to whom, as he listened to the song of a forest bird, a hundred years appeared as one day. Sometimes she rallied the good attendant Sister, who sat gravely in a corner, hardly raising her eyes from her breviary : “Why, dear Sister Bonifacia, look about you a little ; you don’t often see anything like this !”

During the trip she had completely forgotten her ailments ; when, however, she came to ascend the short but steep path from the landing-place at Unkel to the house, she was reminded of them. She was hardly able to walk a few steps without being obliged to stop from sheer exhaustion, and her companions too clearly saw that she could not be long with them. Her relatives welcomed her most gladly, and she spent some pleasant hours with them till it was time for her to return. It was the last sunny day of her life.

* “Paradiso,” xxx. 61-69. From the translation by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A.

Shortly after this excursion she had an attack of illness which confined her to her room, and made it impossible for her to see any one but the Sisters of the house. These were solemn days which she spent in the silence of her sick-room, looking back on the whole of her past life.

In October she wrote a few lines to a relation: "As to-day I can almost hope that the invisible seeds of infection have left me, I think I may send you from my bedroom these lines laden with the kindest remembrances to yourself and yours. The Sisters tell you enough of my health; my inmost feelings I like telling you myself, and you only. Almost always alone, yet not feeling alone, sometimes grieved at having so often rewarded His presence with ingratitude, and thus showing myself unworthy of it, yet so happy, and deeply ashamed at His not renouncing me, but having again given me the consciousness of His presence. Let us cling fast to Him; He is always to be found, even though the present Church be no longer able to show us the way. I see by the daily reports how dark things still look. When is this dreadful state to end?"

About the same time she wrote to Frau Cornelius: "I can but briefly express my good wishes for your approaching birthday, for my trembling hands are scarcely fit to hold a pen. I much doubt if we shall ever again spend a day together here below. Although my present symptoms are diminishing, my more serious complaint remains, as my cough and swollen feet daily prove to me. I am much with you in thought, sharing all that befalls you, and thus lessening the feeling of my own loneliness."

At the end of October she was for the first time able to

receive the visit of a relation ; she welcomed her with her happy smile, and seemed more cheerful than she had been for some time past. She remarked that this would be her last illness, and that she had now done with life. Her cousin tried to talk her out of the idea, saying that she was sure God would answer all the prayers for the restoration of her health. She looked up at her with large joyous eyes, and answered firmly, "Yes, He will restore me, but in a different way from what you fancy."

Though she often was able to receive visits, she dreaded seeing Professor Hilgers, thinking he would be deeply affected by finding her in her present state of physical prostration—all the more so as it was no longer possible to talk him out of his fears regarding her. "I am so near death that I dare not lie," she said. At last she decided on sending for her old friend. On entering the room Hilgers burst into tears, and forthwith began to give her a detailed account of his own ailments, without even so much as inquiring after hers. She was deeply pained by this meeting, as she could not but observe the breaking down of her old friend's mental powers ; and although for many years past she had ceased to look upon him as her adviser, yet this apparent want of sympathy with her suffering condition brought back to her anew, in all its keenness, her feeling of loneliness.

She still continued to manage the household during her illness. The Sisters received all their directions from herself, and had to report at her bedside as to the way in which they had been carried out, and with regard to the condition of all the inmates of the hospital. In her exhausted state, it required no small energy, at the close of

such busy days, to be able to receive visitors, and to take part in the interests of others.

All her friends were at this time deeply struck by the clear and calm manner in which she spoke of this illness as being her last, and the peace with which she looked forward to death. "She truly has all in subjection under her! She has indeed overcome the world!" a Lutheran clergyman exclaimed, whose sister, a friend of the Superior's, had brought him on a visit to the sick-room.

However, the peace of her sick-room was not to remain undisturbed. It was almost like a presentiment of what her end was to be, when, many years before, on recovering from an illness, she wrote: "How ungrateful and mean of me, that instead of rejoicing that my hand is again strengthened to care for the wants of the sick and poor, I long for rest and undisturbed quiet. It is needful, indeed, that St. Francis de Sales should exhort my soul: 'Remember that God hates those being in peace, whom He has ordained for war. He is a God of hosts and of battles as well as a God of peace.'"

A person boarding in the hospital, and who took offence at the visits of suspended priests, considered it her duty to make this a ground for informing against Sister Augustine, and for awakening suspicions in her superiors with regard to her faith. The feeling of conscientiousness in that person was probably rendered all the more keen by her having tried to encroach on the management of the house, and being always firmly and decidedly rebuked by Sister Augustine, who, however much acknowledging her energy and activity, yet always called her attention to her own proper position. The consequences of the information

thus received soon followed. At the end of October the Mistress of the novices from Trèves arrived, demanding, in the name of the Lady Superior, an explanation of her views with regard to the Infallibility, adding that the Lady Superior had not the slightest doubt of her having given her adherence to this dogma, but that she could not help feeling a little anxious, as one of the professors under suspension had preached in the hospital for about twenty years, another had celebrated Mass there for some years, and the third had been for years her confessor.

In reply to this she answered, calmly and firmly, that she felt no anxiety whatever regarding the dogma, as she decidedly did not believe in it. Even had she not known any of the above-named gentlemen, she would have considered the doctrine of the Infallibility an error. She had never for a moment felt uncertain about it, and now, in the face of death, her opinions were more decided than ever. Greatly alarmed, the Mistress of the novices proceeded to inquire whether or no she believed in the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. "No," replied Sister Augustine, "as a dogma I do not believe in that either." She further asserted that she would hold fast to the Catholic faith until death, in which she had been born and brought up, to which she had faithfully adhered all her life, and which had comforted her and supported her under all circumstances; she would, however, never consent to new doctrines being forced upon her. The Mistress of the novices then returned to Trèves.

After having made this confession of her faith, she felt extremely happy. She afterwards told how forcibly

the words of the Lord had been recalled to her memory —“When they bring you unto the synagogue and unto magistrates, and powers, take ye no thought how or what thing ye shall answer, or what ye shall say: for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.” She had not taken time for long reflection, but had answered according to what was uppermost in her heart, and she felt that she had answered rightly. She was now satisfied that her superiors should have no doubts as to her position with regard to the recent changes which had been introduced into the Church. She awaited the future and the consequences of her open confession without fear.

Without any previous announcement, the Ladies Superior of Nancy and Trèves arrived at the hospital on the 7th of November, and abruptly entered the sick-room, where Sister Augustine, who had just risen, sat breathless and exhausted. Without any attention being paid to her helpless condition, she was peremptorily ordered to give a confession of her faith; this she did calmly as before, refusing to accept the time offered her for consideration. On being told that with such views she could no longer be permitted to remain in the hospital, she answered, “If you set me out in the street some one or other will surely pick me up.”

She was then formally deposed, the Lady Superior adding, “We cannot keep an heretic in the Order.” The duty of announcing throughout the hospital the deposition of the beloved “Mother,” and the nomination of Sister Immanuel, Elizabeth von Biegeleben, as Superior, fell on Sister Gertrude, who had been for many years Sister

Augustine's faithful friend, and it proved almost too much for her; weeping, she proclaimed her errand, and the inmates responded with tears and sobs.

The confusion and distress in the hospital were indescribable; some wept and mourned, whilst others gave vent to their wrath in angry words and harsh remarks against the French Superior and her companions. One of the Sisters, a hardy peasant girl, observed in the first burst of her grief: "They may set a Superior down upon us, but they can never again give us a 'Mother.'" The poor people and the domestic servants were seen standing about in groups in the lobbies, earnestly talking over and discussing the unexpected event, until the appearance of the strange Sisters dispersed them. Sister Augustine was much agitated by the heartless, and even violent, manner in which she had been treated, without any regard being paid to the severe illness under which she was labouring. And yet she grieved more for the Church than for herself; she had an example in her own experience of the way the doctrine of the Infallibility was being forced on it, and she was constrained to cry with tears, "O God, what have they done with Thy Church?"

On the 8th of November she wrote to a friend: "I must tell you in strictest confidence that the Ladies Superior of Trèves and Nancy came here last week to receive my confession. I have given it according to conscience and duty. Accordingly I was deposed yesterday, and a new Superior has been sent, who will manage the house quite infallibly! I, as a very fallible heretic, am condemned to remain here in bed. Don't write to me any more, as now all my letters will be kept back and opened. For

my own part, I rejoice that I have been permitted to take some small share in the persecutions which have befallen so many. Thank God, death cannot be far off now."

The Lady Superior had at first intended to take her to Nancy, in order that there, removed from the influence of her friends, the consequences of the position she had taken up might become clear to her. On being asked whether she could stand the journey in short stages, she replied that she did not know, nor did she care whether she died at Bonn or on the way to Nancy.

Dr. Velten, however, would not permit the journey; he stood faithfully by her side, and did all in his power as house-physician to protect her. He had entered on his duties at the same time with her, and after she had been formally deprived of her appointment, he gave notice to the Curatorium that he would resign his post at the beginning of the year.

It was not until the second day after these occurrences that her relations in Bonn were informed of what had happened. Greatly alarmed, her cousin hastened to the hospital, where she found Sister Gertrude at work in the dispensary, in such distress, and weeping so bitterly, as hardly to be able to give a reply to the questions put to her; but all permission to see Sister Augustine personally was on that day peremptorily refused by the Lady Superior. The next morning, however, she succeeded in gaining access to her, and found her at first unable to speak, through grief and emotion. After some little time she was able to tell, in a feeble voice, all that had happened—how she had been deposed, had been

forced to give up her keys, and was watched and guarded as a suspected person; how, further, she was not only prevented from seeing any of her former friends, but that even the ladies who had been in the habit of visiting her, were now denied all access to her, unless they should first confess their faith in the Papal Infallibility.

The proposal was made to her to leave the hospital, and for the future to take up her abode with her relations; but to this she answered evasively, being still uncertain of what her plans would be. In the middle of the conversation, the door was suddenly opened, and a woman with tears in her eyes burst into the room, and hastening to Sister Augustine, pressed her hands again and again, only able to utter through her sobs the words, "Oh, Mother, dearest Mother!" She was a middle-aged woman, who had for years done the hospital marketing, partly for the sake of the invalids, and partly out of affection for Sister Augustine, who had ever placed the greatest confidence in her.

Matters, however, changed when the physician and a relation of Sister Augustine's energetically protested against her proposed removal to Nancy, and more particularly when it was threatened to inform the legal authorities, should any attempt be made to take the dying Superior away from Bonn against her will. The French Lady Superior took her departure somewhat hastily; and now, not only was she allowed perfect freedom to see her friends and relations, but the whole manner of her treatment was quite changed. Consideration was now paid to her weak state of health, and even holy water was brought from Lourdes and La Salette in little blue jars,

probably in order to undo by supernatural means the mischief which the treatment she had undergone during the past few days had occasioned. "What good can all that do me," she exclaimed, "after you have thrust a knife into my heart?" and indeed the days which followed were spiritually a continual martyrdom, encompassed by what at every turn could only give her pain.

In the meantime, she was offered a home from friends and relations on all sides, whenever she should choose to leave the hospital. Her old friend Hilgers, the Mendelssohn and Simrock families, and relations from far and near, were all equally anxious that she should take up her abode with them; but of all the invitations she received, none touched her so deeply as that from a poor music teacher in the neighbourhood of Bonn, whom she had once nursed in the hospital. Although she supported herself and her mother only by giving lessons, she nevertheless entreated her to come to her, promising her the tenderest attention. "I can easily manage my enemies," Sister Augustine said; "but as to my friends, that is a more difficult matter."

She thought she would be formally expelled from the Order, and in that case she would have accepted one of these offers; however, as nothing of the kind was hinted at in the meantime, she decided, for her part, not to leave of her own accord, "being determined," as she wrote, "that death alone would make her part with the colours under which she had served." Perhaps under other circumstances, and had she been in good health, she might have considered it her duty to leave the Order, and to seek for a sphere of labour elsewhere, but grave reasons

decided her to remain. One of these was, that when she entered the Order she had taken the vow never to leave of her own accord. The deeper reason, however, which kept her attached to the Order was that she considered it the duty of all who make a public confession of their faith to do honour to it in every action. It was not for her own sake, nor for the sake of her own honour, that she wished to remain within an Order which treated her as if she were unworthy to belong to it, but for the cause she had at heart. She was anxious that no action on her part should give the enemy any opportunity of throwing discredit on that cause. "I do not go one step further than I am compelled," she said.

A friend wrote to her in those days: "In the eyes of your persecutors, the crime of not believing in the Infallibility is so great, that everything else in comparison to it—your remaining or not remaining in the Order—is perfectly immaterial; they will leave you no peace, nor will they be able to appreciate your motives for remaining with them," etc.

She replied to this: "You are quite right in all you say, nor do I act for the sake of those who are now alive. All is in vain as regards them; but for the sake of future generations, I dare not and cannot do otherwise, else they would have a right to say, 'There, you see how those who don't believe in the Infallibility neglect their other duties also!'"

After her last experiences, she felt convinced that her memory would not be forgotten. She was no longer "the pane in the church window, which, when broken, would be replaced by another;" but she knew that her name would

be preserved, and that she had laid down her testimony for generations to come. For this reason she was desirous that a right interpretation should be put on her motives and actions, and in those days she spoke very earnestly on this subject.

However, she became fully aware that she could neither continue to live as a stranger, nor could she find peace to die in the house which she had loved as her home, and in which she so long had ruled as a mother. After consideration, she decided on removing to Vallendar, a small town near Coblenz. She had long known Sister Hedwig, the Superior of the hospital there, and loved her for the sake of her great kindness of heart and simplicity. Her superiors consented to the proposal. The necessary arrangements having been made for her reception at Vallendar, she sent for Dr. Velten on the evening of the 8th of November, in order to obtain his leave for the journey. After spending a long time in the sick-room, he left the hospital with the remark: "She goes to-morrow. I have allowed it; she insists upon it."

Sister Augustine had in the silence of the previous sleepless night overcome the pain of separation; and now, after the physician's decision, she was calm and composed. She spoke of how our life, with its joys and griefs, rests in the hand of God, and how He is able to help us out of all desolation and distress, however great and deep. She called to remembrance several passages of Holy Scripture which she especially loved, more particularly that—"He has graven thee upon the palms of His hand." The two novices who were in the house came to bid her good-night, little dreaming of the coming separation; they

chatted merrily by her bedside, and one of them, a namesake and particular favourite of Sister Augustine, remarked, "To-morrow we novices have our festival of St. Stanislaus; and we will go to the Holy Communion for our dear little Mother, so that she may soon be well again." She nodded kindly to them and thanked them for their affection. It was a sharp contrast—the bright young novices in the full strength of their youth, with convent life before them in all its ideal colours, and Sister Augustine sitting in her chair, bent with sorrow and sickness; her ideal of Church and convent long since shattered, and herself now rejected and contemned by the very Order which she had so faithfully served for thirty-two years.

On the morning of the 14th of November she left her much-loved hospital—"the haven of her happiness," "the place where alone it was good for her to be," "her dear home." She went silent and unnoticed, as years ago she had come. In order to avoid painful leave-takings, she had only told a very few of her approaching departure, and for the same reason she preferred not to go to the railway station at Bonn, but to another a little further up the river. The Sisters Gertrude and Vincentia accompanied her. Owing to increasing weakness, she was unable to remain in a sitting posture, and had to be laid on the floor of the carriage until they reached the station.

Sister Gertrude went with her to Vallendar, and remained to nurse her. The true reason of her being brought there had been withheld from the Superior of Vallendar; accordingly, she was much alarmed on learning it, shortly before Sister Augustine's arrival, through an article of the *Coblenz Zeitung*. An old boarder of the hospital,

a brother of the former Bavarian Minister, Von Zwehl, in an angry letter, demanded the withdrawal of the article ; he declared the notice of Sister Augustine being deposed from her post, in consequence of her refusing to submit to the dogma of the Infallibility, "to be a miserable, infamous lie," by which "so venerable a Sister had been slandered, to the great delight of the rabble of Munich and the Protestant rationalists of Darmstadt." The good old gentleman, in well-meant zeal, even went so far as to pledge his word of honour that the newspaper article was incorrect.

Sister Augustine, notwithstanding, was welcomed with kindness by the Superior.

The hospital of Vallendar lies on a slight eminence below the little town, and close to the church which Sister Augustine's father had built. The house has two towers, which give it a castellated appearance. She was conveyed to a room in the upper story of one of these towers ; the windows had a lovely view over the Valley of the Rhine from Coblenz to the hills of Andernach. The quiet little turret-chamber lay high above the noise of every-day life, unreachd by any sound save that of the church bells and the twittering of the birds that built their nests under the turret roof. After recovering a little from the exertion of the journey, the remembrances and the bitter experiences of the past days came back upon her with overwhelming force, and at the same time a feeling of the deepest and most painful loneliness. She afterwards said, on looking back, "There I lay with my face to the wall, feeling all darkness within me ; but then I said to myself, 'After all, I am foolish to be so sad ; I have got Christ, and that is enough!'" "My greatest enemy is despondency," she observed to a

friend ; but added, joyfully, “ ‘We have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.’ ”

Soon, however, her firm confidence in God, and her own lively disposition, enabled her to overcome this depression. On the 16th of November she wrote to Frau Cornelius : “ The first quiet hour in which I am able to sit up and hold a pen will be devoted to giving you a sign of my existence. I will not and cannot look back again upon the dreadful experiences of those first days, else a feeling of heart-sickness again comes over me. Besides, you have heard through others of those events, bitter enough to me, as God only knows. At first I intended to quietly remain on the spot till I should be expelled from the hospital and the Order ; but as soon as the new Superior came, I perceived that a spirit had been introduced so totally foreign and distasteful to me, that I felt if I wished to leave the world without a feeling of bitterness against the Order to which I have belonged for thirty-two years, I must positively quit the hospital. To the question as to where I should go, I had, indeed, the answer of all those near and dear to me ; but I thought, ‘A voluntary secession is a simple desertion, and for nothing in the world would I give our opponents a weapon with which they could attack the purity of our motives.’ I accordingly asked permission to come here, to our good, very simple-hearted Sisters, where I have no one of my way of thinking, thus giving my enemies the proof that I am sincerely attached to pure Christianity, and value it so highly that I dread no isolation. Of course, I find more outward and inward peace than I would in the Bonn hospital, and all the more so that only

Sister Gertrude is with me as my nurse. Velten assured me that I had only a few months to live, perhaps till Candlemas. I most gladly believe it."

A few days later, she wrote to Hilgers: "I am afraid that I shall not easily gain sufficient peace of mind to avoid recalling to you all that is painful in the past times, so there is no use in postponement. Besides, I know you will be satisfied if I assure you that I feel more content than I could have done in the Bonn hospital, with all its painful experiences and memories. Undoubtedly I have chosen the best place of refuge, although it daily costs me many a sacrifice. News has already come from both Parent houses, expressing great satisfaction with my retirement, hoping that by this means all fault-finding with the new Church system will be silenced. As to what God says of such abuse of their power, *that* they do not care for in the least. Of course, I shall never write another syllable to Trèves or Nancy, as relations between us are at an end. My connection with the calling in which I have laboured with such hearty enthusiasm for the last thirty-two years, I will preserve to the grave, which, thank God, I am daily approaching. I am in thought much with you and all dear to me. God will help me further, and give me strength and grace for the hardest of all sacrifices, the renunciation of the holy Sacraments and Christian burial. God help me to hold out faithfully, even under such trials! And now farewell! May our faithful Redeemer grant us courage, and keep us conscious of having defended His cause, and of having stood by His colours!"

In another letter to Hilgers she said, "When I think on the past, I am shocked at a Christianity which can

produce such fruits as I have experienced ; but we, who have another kind of Christianity, cannot be too thankful for the persecutions, however bitter, which have come upon us. My present loneliness is, indeed, hard to bear ; still I often repeat from my whole heart, ' Thank God that I confessed my faith, instead of cowardly denying it ! ' "

As it appeared probable that letters addressed to her would be opened and not delivered, Professor Cornelius first sought to communicate with her through Dr. Stumpf, a zealous member of the Old Catholic party. The latter wrote to him on the 22nd of November : " Fräulein von Lasaulx has received your letter. The young Lieutenant von Huene, to whom I had given it, has just been here. He came direct from Vallendar, and told me that his aunt was greatly delighted with it. She sends her kind love, and begs you not to come and see her for the next few weeks. She is afraid a long visit would be too much for her strength at present, and, after coming so far, you would not be able to restrict yourself to an hour. She will send for you as soon as she feels able to converse with you at length. She is allowed to receive visits from every one except from the suspended priests. Von Huene found his aunt better to-day than last time, when she was very much exhausted from the journey. Of course, her complaint excludes all hopes of recovery. This morning, at ten, she was sitting in her armchair. They try to avoid everything in the convent which might give the appearance of her being kept a prisoner."

Next day, after having received the letter of her friend Cornelius, Sister Augustine wrote to his wife : " I got your letter the day before yesterday, Charles's yesterday

evening ; I can do nothing but thank you for the proofs you give me of your loving sympathy. May God reward you for it all. Physical sufferings, such as I am undergoing just now, bring many weary hours and days. How comforting then to think that I defended a good cause, and have not, during the investigation, soiled my conscience by uttering a lie, or even half the truth ! ”

Soon after arriving at Vallendar, several of her relations and friends, as well as the physician and treasurer of the Bonn hospital, came to see her, and many of the older servants, under the pretence that “their mother was ill,” managed to pay a visit to their much-loved Superior. Although many of these visitors wearied her, and even pained her sensitive feelings by telling her with good-hearted awkwardness, all too faithfully, of the talk and sensation she had created, yet she rejoiced at every such meeting. In writing to Hilgers she said, “I have had many visitors of late, and then I become so excessively tired at night, that I am hardly able to think, far less write, and yet I am so glad when I hear that a visitor has come from Bonn ! God knows how hard it is that you are the only one I cannot expect ! Yesterday Countess Hacke came, bringing me greetings from the Empress, and to-day I have had a visit from her physician, Dr. Velten.”

The meeting with Cornelius, the friend of her youth, was a great, though painful, pleasure. Although wishing to see him again before her death, still she had tried to dissuade him from coming, as she thought the long journey during the cold weather would be too fatiguing for him. She had written to him on the 4th of December

to that intent : " I received your last letter, just as safely as the two first, and saw by it that you have not yet given up your plan of coming here. There are none so dear to me as you and Elizabeth, nor any who have so great a claim on my affection ; but, for that very reason, parting from you, after and amid such painful experiences, would make my approaching departure from life still harder. In my present state of health I am hardly able to bear the excitement of the daily coming and going of friends and acquaintances, and I would never be able to stand such deep emotions as your visit would cause me. Besides, I have painfully experienced in the last few weeks with what passionate haste our enemies lay hold of everything with which they can possibly reproach us ; they would not think it beneath them to openly cast a stigma on your coming here in some newspaper article."

Professor Cornelius, however, was not to be held back by any such representations. In order to bid farewell to his dying friend, he travelled to Vallendar on the 8th of December, repeating the long journey to the Rhine a few weeks later. Sister Augustine expressed with deep emotion what a comfort this proof of friendship was to her. Altogether her friends were indefatigable in their care and sympathy, and they vied with each other in trying to make her position more comfortable. Her bare room, the sole ornaments of which consisted in three pictures of the sacred Coat of Trèves (" See how my taste for the fine arts is outraged ! " she once observed with a smile), was adorned by her friends with pictures on which her eyes could rest with pleasure. " The Crucifixion," by Rubens, hung beside her bed, and underneath it " The Angels of the Sixtine

Madonna," whilst there was another fine plate on the opposite wall. A friend had placed flowers on the window-sill ("I have always loved flowers so much," she remarked, "because they come so directly from the hand of God"). These many proofs of faithful attachment did her much good, and she expressed her thanks in words that came from the depths of her heart.

"Where shall I begin and end with my warmest thanks," she wrote to a friend, "for all the proofs of affection and sincere sympathy which I have ever, and especially now in these times of affliction, received from you and all your family? In my loneliness here, how can I show my gratitude otherwise than by asking the Lord to richly bless you dear ones? Thus far had I written yesterday evening, when my hand grew so weak that I could hold my pen no longer. I have not had such a good night for a long time, still I am indescribably feeble to-day, and my swollen hands make me rather pensive. However, let me tell you and faithful B—— that your beautiful gifts made me shed tears of joy; and to-day I gaze into the wistful eyes of those two sweet angels, looking up to that land where I too hope soon to be, and whence undoubtedly we shall never wish ourselves back again on this poor earth. Farewell now. May all my wishes for your happiness be fulfilled!"

To another friend she wrote: "It is very painful to me to be so little able to express my warmest thanks for all the true love with which you try to direct my thoughts to the Lord, so that my heart may find strength and comfort there, where we never seek in vain. What a help every word is to me which unfolds to my soul His spiritual

image, His unspeakable beauty! We are one in Him, here as well as there."

The very same day she replied to a relation who had written to her with much sympathy, and who would only have been too glad to show his care for her otherwise than by words: "The contents of your letter have doubly refreshed me, after the occurrences which have lately exiled me from my home in Bonn. The consciousness of having remained true and upright makes it easy for me to put up with the painful want of Church privileges."

A few days after her departure from Bonn, the curators of the hospital sent her the following letter, written by the president, Professor Walter :—"During the long period of twenty-two years the curators of St. John's Hospital have learnt to value the great services which you have rendered as Superior. If our institution has become influential, it is chiefly owing to the energy and tact with which you have conducted it, and to the self-sacrificing devotion which you brought to bear on every part of your arduous task. The curators feel in duty bound to give expression to their warmest thanks and appreciation, united with the assurance that your memory will ever be kept in grateful remembrance in our institution." This tardy testimony, however, could not do away with the pain caused her by the fact that, during the last days at Bonn, not one of the curators, with the single exception of a Jewish merchant, had given her the slightest sign of sympathy, or uttered one word in her defence.

Few letters gave her so much pleasure as that of her Bohemian friend, the Pastor of Probus. He had heard through the papers of her illness, and now gave expression

to his sympathy and his unchanged devotion to her in somewhat uncouth and strange German. Yet the many proofs of attachment she received in those days, and from all sides, could not make up for what she termed the "hardest sacrifice" which she offered to her faith—the want of the holy Sacraments. In writing to one of her dearest friends, she says, "I am refused that which from childhood has been more precious to me than anything else—the Holy Sacrament and absolution; yet my trust in God's mercy remains unshaken, and I assuredly believe that just as there is a blessed baptism of spirit and of blood, so also there is a spiritual partaking of the Holy Communion. My end is rapidly approaching, and I look forward with joy to my last hour; soon will my warfare be finished."

Mondorf, the old Pastor of Vallendar, a mild, kindly man, would gladly have administered the last Unction to the sick Superior, but he was prevented by the strict orders of the Bishops with regard to the acceptance of the Council's decrees. He said that about a hundred persons came to his confessional, none of whom believed in the Infallibility, but that in this case, which all the newspapers spoke of, he must bethink himself. In one of her letters Sister Augustine says, "The day before yesterday the old Pastor came to see me. He contented himself with talking about the weather, etc. I trust he will make no attempt at converting me, for in that case my answer will be so completely unsatisfactory to him, that the Trèves people will consign me to a still deeper hell. Thank God that I really am only what I appear to Him to be, and that there are many of a like mind, with whom

I can calmly enter eternity. Here, of course, I shall not be permitted to partake of the holy Sacraments, and therefore I shall not have a Christian burial. In order that this last point may not be too hard to the Superior, I have ordered Sister Gertrude to have my coffin quietly taken across the Rhine to Weissenthurm, and to have me buried beside my parents. I have also made it her sacred duty, openly and truthfully, to contradict any possible lies of the other party as to my having been converted before my death."

Sister Augustine understood that even if Pastor Mondorf should make up his mind to administer the last Sacraments to her, her partaking of them would give her the appearance of having given in her submission. Accordingly, she requested that they might be brought her from Bonn. She could not ask one of her friends to be the bearer, since she was bound by a promise to see none of them again.

Hochstein, a young clergyman of the Paderborn diocese, who was studying philology at Bonn, having offered to carry her the Sacraments, was, without preliminary warning or investigation, suddenly suspended by his Bishop, on the ground that he attended the lectures of Professor Reusch on the history of creation. At the same time, Hochstein was summoned to Paderborn, to answer for himself and to make his confession of faith. By this unexpected occurrence he was unable to take the Sacraments to Sister Augustine, and she, for her part, would not break her promise. Upon this, Professor Reusch, without telling Hochstein, wrote to the Bishop of Paderborn, threatening to make public his unheard-of proceedings, unless he with-

drew the suspension. Hochstein wrote at the same time, stating that he would refrain from attending the lectures, but that he did not feel himself bound to go to Paderborn, nor to make a confession of his faith. The Bishop then simply withdrew the suspension, and Hochstein at once hastened to fulfil his errand. On the morning of the 14th of December, after having celebrated Mass in the Minorite Church at Bonn, during which he had hid a consecrated wafer in a small case, he went to Vallendar. No one felt any scruples at admitting him to Sister Augustine, who welcomed him with joy. She sent Sister Gertrude away on an errand, which occupied her for a considerable time in another part of the house, and she then received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction with joyful devotion.

In quiet confidence she prepared for death, which she longed for as a welcome messenger to call her home. A deep peace filled the little room, such as all storms from without were not able to trouble. "Peace and quiet can even dwell with pain," she had once observed. When not suffering great pain, her cheerfulness and brightness returned, and sometimes even her clear merry laugh was heard. It was difficult to remember that she was ill, without hope of recovery. In the quiet morning hours visitors would find her sitting in her chair, looking out upon the Valley of the Rhine and the opposite hills, with the villages lying beneath them. The whole country was covered with snow, glittering in the sunlight, and the blocks of ice, closely packed, moved slowly down the river, lending an indescribable dreaminess to the scene. She would sit for hours, looking out on this glorious winter landscape, and talk of old times and the peoples the

Rhine had seen on its shores. She would also talk of her parents and relations, and of old friends of her family, long since dead and gone; and, looking back on her own life, she would thank God for having made it so happy and full of labour. She was fond of having Emanuel Veith's sermons and Sailer's "Letters from Christians of every Age" read to her. Her particular favourite, however, was the pastoral epistle of St. Cyprian to the Thibarites, and the letter to Diognet. In the last-named work she never tired of the passage—"Christians dwell as pilgrims in a fleeting world, waiting for an unfailing inheritance above. God has committed a trust to them, and they dare not betray it; for it is no human discovery which is confided to them, no invention of men with which they believe themselves entrusted, no secret of mortal beings for which they must render account. God Himself, the Almighty, the Creator of all things, the Invisible, has sent His holy, incomprehensible Word into the world, to dwell for ever with man in his heart."

She was visibly affected by the exhortations with which the Christians of that time were prepared for the coming days of persecution: "'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven.' Accordingly, it is the will of God that we should 'rejoice and be exceeding glad' in the days of persecution; for when persecution sets in, and the soldiers of Christ give proofs of their courage, the heavens will open, and they will enter in to receive their crowns of glory. We did not enroll our names in the cause of Christ in order to

have ease and to avoid active service. The Great Pattern of humility and patience Himself set the example, teaching us what we must do, and suffering what we are to suffer. Ever bear in mind, dear brethren, that He to whom the Father has committed all judgment, and who assuredly *will* come to judge, has already told us what His verdict will be, when He says, that whosoever shall confess Him before men, them will He also confess before His Father which is in heaven, and whosoever shall deny Him, them will He also deny."

"The nearer to the times in which Christ lived, the more earnest they are," she once exclaimed, complaining of the perceptible difference between religious books of the present day and those remnants of ancient antiquity. That active love which had been the leading motive of her life still made her anxious to do good to others as far as she was able in her helpless condition. As Christmas drew near, she bethought herself as to how she could give some little pleasure to the inmates of the hospital. Among other things, she sent to Bonn for some pieces of gay-coloured silk which a merchant had given her, and had them made into caps. Early on Christmas morning, all the old women came to show themselves at her bedside, and she was pleased and amused at the pride with which they displayed their gay and rather fantastic head-gear. She often held long consultations with the Vallendar Superior as to the best means of assisting the hospital in its present state of poverty, and from her own long experience she was able to give many useful hints with regard to the household management. Just as she used to rejoice over any improvements which the Bonn hospital

owed to the generosity of her friends, she was glad, in the same way, for the sake of the Vallendar hospital, of any gift to herself which was to remain there after her death. "I am quite a fortune to Sister Hedwig," she sometimes remarked.

She helped her successor in the Bonn hospital as far as she could in her difficult position, by writing to the Sisters, begging them to obey their new Superior as heartily and faithfully as they had done her, and earnestly beseeching them to avoid any disturbance or insubordination for her sake, but rather to look to God alone, and faithfully to fulfil their duties.

Whilst she met the approach of death in quiet confidence, the adherents of the dogma of Infallibility could not rest without constantly renewing their attempts at convincing her, and they were not all as mild and considerate as old Pastor Mondorf, who, after his first interview with her, gave up the exertions which he had been bound to make, and wrote to the following effect:—"She is not open to persuasion, and is too weak to be reached by proof." She replied to Sister Gertrude's well-meant but awkward attempts at persuasion, "Sister Gertrude, will *you* too embitter my dying hour?" The faithful soul burst into tears, and was silent.

The Vallendar Superior, too, entreated her to believe in "the Infallibility of the Church," and on her replying that she had never doubted it, she was quite surprised and confused, saying that surely nothing more was required: it was not easy to make the two good simple Sisters understand the point in question. Sister Hedwig prayed incessantly for the much-desired conversion; and

after having placed a copy of a picture of the Virgin, in whose miraculous powers she believed, between lighted candles in the hospital chapel, and causing prayers to be offered there for Sister Augustine's conversion, she had no doubt her request would be heard. As Sister Hedwig regarded it as her duty to introduce in conversation the dogma of Infallibility, Sister Augustine at length remarked: "Sister Hedwig, I believe you act according to conviction; do you think the same of me?" "Yes." "Well, then, I think we have done. I am sure it is disagreeable to you, having an excommunicated person in the hospital and being obliged to bury her; but do not be anxious on that point. You will lay me in my coffin, and the ferryman will take my body across the Rhine; my parents and brother are buried there, and some one will see to my being laid beside them." After some moments of painful thought, she exclaimed, "Is it possible that they are so far left to themselves as to think a soul can be lost through not believing in the Infallibility of the Pope? It seems incredible!"

In order to calm her troubled feelings, a much-loved friend remarked to her: "Dear Sister Augustine, at least you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not lived in vain; you have laboured much in your day, and then you continually witnessed for the truth." At these words a bright gleam of joy passed over her face, and in the happy, grateful expression of her eyes the answer could be read—"Yes, I have been made partaker of much grace."

Towards the end of November the Superior of the Orphanage at Cologne, herself a native of Coblenz, came

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to Vallendar, at the request of Professor —, to try what influence *she* could have on Sister Augustine. She had been asked by him whether Sister Augustine venerated any of the saints in particular; and on hearing that she had on one occasion expressed a preference for St. Francis de Sales, because there was nothing uncommon about him, he accordingly gave the Superior a book of St. Francis's, out of which Sister Augustine could gather information as to the Papal Infallibility. He sent word to her that this translation was incorrect; that the original, however, which he could not send her, contained the right rendering. The fact was, that there was not one single passage in the book which could in any way confirm the doctrine of Infallibility. When the message was given her, she replied, smiling, "It is not often that you have heard *me* speak of the saints, is it?" She declined to accept the book, remarking that she knew enough of the matter: "The holy Popes had not considered themselves infallible, and it is with them I hope soon to be."

A day or two later, Professor — himself arrived at Vallendar, to try to induce her to submit, though it were only in form. On Sister Augustine firmly declaring that, being a Catholic, she could as little think of acknowledging the Papal Infallibility as she could of becoming a Protestant, he replied, "Indeed, so you intend becoming a Protestant?" Although she reproved him for thus misinterpreting her words, he constantly returned to them, alluding to her friendship with the late Professor Perthes, which he regarded as an acknowledgment of her inclination to Protestantism. After urging her with much eagerness, and being at last convinced of the uselessness of his pains,

he left her. In speaking of this visit, Sister Augustine said, "By sending such people as these, they indeed make opposition easy!" In a letter to Professor Cornelius she says, "The day before yesterday Professor —, from Cologne, had me in hand for two hours. At last I became quite rude, and had to tell him somewhat plainly that he succeeded in accomplishing the exact opposite of what he intended. When at last he was gone, and I had got over my first disgust, I laughed heartily at all the falsehood, deceit, and nonsense of the little man!"

Another priest, an aged and much-respected man, who had considered it his duty, for the sake of the peace and unity of the Church, to accept the dogma of Infallibility, came likewise to Vallendar, in order to try and persuade her to act as he had done. Among other things he said to her, "If you were on board a magnificent ship which had taken fire, surely you would not commit your safety to a miserable little plank and cast yourself into the sea?" She remarked afterwards, jokingly, about this somewhat unfortunate comparison: "If I absolutely had to die, I should much rather be drowned than burnt to death."

Another and much more persistent attempt to convert her was made by a Jesuit who at that time directed the "exercises" at Vallendar. After lecturing her for two hours without intermission, he at last made the proposal that, as there was no necessity really to believe the dogma, it was quite sufficient that she should confess her unbelief as a sin; God would then give her faith, which was entirely a supernatural grace. She indignantly rejected the proposal, requesting her interrogator to have some consideration for

her physical state, to cease from his eloquence and retire. He did so, after having obtained from her the promise that she would send for him when she required his services.

Her steadfastness occasioned the greatest anxiety to her sister Clementine, who, for her part, believed in the Infallibility with such a firm conviction, that she could show neither consideration nor justice to any one who opposed her. She endeavoured, at first by indirect means, to obtain the conversion of her sister, and addressed the following letter to Professor Reusch from the hospital at Luxemburg:—"Respected Professor,—You will pardon me if I now make a more urgent and earnest request of you than I have ever yet had occasion to do. But my poor sister's soul is in danger, and therein lies my only justification and the explanation of all my anxiety. Whenever I pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, it is always your name that occurs to me, and although I know that you hold opinions similar to hers, I know too that you are the most honourable of all these infatuated ones, and, having been for many years my unfortunate sister's confessor, are therefore bound to do for her more than any one else.

"How my poor sister could ever have believed it to be permissible or compatible with the holy robe of our Order, not only to confess her non-acceptation, but actually to make an open profession of it, is incomprehensible, and only a proof to what a degree she was blinded and infatuated.

"This explains the dreadful and persistent stubbornness and stiff-neckedness with which she protested against every other conviction. In spite of all my love for my

sister, I cannot conceal from myself the terrible danger in which her soul stands ; and therefore I pray, day and night, 'O God, have mercy on her !' Yet I would fain still wish to make use of all human means, and I am not saying too much when I tell you that, next to God, nothing would have more effect than if you were to say to her, 'A body sick unto death affords but a short refuge for the poor soul,' and I will say with Melancthon, 'It is better and safer to die in the old Church than in the new.' Oh, my dear professor, lend a helping hand to save her soul, I beseech and implore you, by all that is dear and sacred to you, and assist in removing the dreadful stumbling-block, so offensive to every true Christian, which my unfortunate sister has laid in the way of our holy Church. Yes, yes ; so she has indeed ; for 'let him be anathema' is a truth which neither science, infatuation, nor falsehood can ever overthrow, nor can they remove a single iota from it.

"Pardon me, but my indignation overpowers me ; I think I may say this to you, for you are, of all these infatuated ones, the most likely to return to the Church. But pray say nothing about these lines to my sister, else the effect of them will be entirely lost, and she will be embittered against her only sister.

"Heart and hand tremble, and I cannot write more. God give you the peace which is to be found only in the bosom of His Church. Will you favour me with a reply ? and believe in the deepest sympathy of one who, though unknown to you, remembers you before God."

To this Professor Reusch replied : "Out of deepest respect for the friendship of your afflicted sister, I reply to your letter, notwithstanding the somewhat offensive ex-

pressions which it seems to me to contain, which, however, I am willing to attribute to your agitation. I cannot speak to your sister for this reason; she has been made to promise to receive no visits from any of the priests who are at present under suspension. Even had it been otherwise, I would not have been able to advise her according to your wishes; to have done so would have been to act contrary to my convictions. And besides, any such advice would not have had the result you desired, for your sister has acted according to clear and conscientious conviction. Even though you consider your sister mistaken in her views, and like myself, infatuated, you may still be without anxiety as to the welfare of her soul. As far as I can understand the teaching of Christianity, God will condemn no one who acts according to the dictates of conscience, even though in so doing he should be in error. And that your sister, if she err, does so in perfect faith, you may continue to believe, so long as the accusations of 'stubbornness' and 'stiff-neckedness' remain without proof; and who will consider them proved, unless, like God, he be able to see the heart and read what is there? For my own part, I can only wish that I may be able to meet death with the hope of a merciful judgment, as well grounded as your sister's.

"The remark of Melancthon which you quote, 'It is better to die in the old Church than the new,' your sister will as little dispute as I do. We wish to live and to die in the old Church, holding firmly to the faith which, from youth upwards, your fathers and forefathers, like mine, have professed. To determine on whom the anathema you mention falls, and the responsibility of refusing the means

of grace, does not lie within the power of man. I, at least, would never take upon me to condemn those who, in my opinion, are in error, and to believe that among those who have accepted the new doctrine, there are none innocently in error, as there are among the Protestants. That the party to which you belong is somewhat more ready to pronounce condemnation, I can gather from your letter; but I rather think that the phrase 'judge not' stands far more secure than any 'let him be anathema.' It is said of the word of God that not one iota of it shall fall to the ground; but it becomes every day clearer to me that this promise was never given to the new doctrines, not only from scientific theology, of which you speak so lightly, but from experience. Teaching which is the occasion of so much perplexity and misery—in some creating only an uneasy conscience and a heavy heart, in others giving rise to so much fanaticism and dishonesty—cannot be from God.

"You are mistaken when you think to excuse the bitterness of your expressions by the belief that I am 'the most likely of all those unhappy ones to return to the Church.' I do not require to return to a Church from which I have never seceded, and I am as little unhappy as your sister. To suffer wrong is ever better than to do wrong, and to act against the dictates of conscience is always to do wrong. Believe me, when any one sees, as I have done, the inhuman treatment to which your sister has been subjected, and to which my dying friend Kampschulte had to submit, in honour of the infallible Pope, he will be disposed to disbelieve, not in Christ and the Church, but rather in the Christianity of those who exercise the functions of good

shepherds. When you especially deplore that your sister openly made known and actually confessed her refusal to accept the doctrine of the Papal Infallibility, thereby occasioning a 'dreadful scandal,' your complaint would have better been directed against those who, from a pitiable denunciation, instead of leaving your sister to depart in peace, so coarsely and recklessly instituted and carried out an inquisition against her. I shall leave you to judge of the effect this scandal will have on the clergy and other ecclesiastical officials who took part in it. Every honourable and Christian gentleman will think of your sister only with respect."

In the midst of these struggles and sorrows Christmas arrived. On Christmas Eve the little turret-chamber was brightened by the glitter of a Christmas tree, which some friends had provided; but in the days that followed, Sister Augustine's physical condition became so much worse, that to all appearance the end could not be far off. She suffered extremely from breathlessness, and the dropsy increased to such a degree that it was almost impossible for her to make the slightest movement. On the 26th of December, when she became unconscious and was considered dying, Sister Hedwig, in her anxiety, sent for the priest. When she was informed of this on regaining consciousness, she was much displeased, and for the future was careful to abstain from the use of all morphine, lest under its influence her submission might have been taken, and use made of it after her death. As long as it was possible to endure the pain, which often left her no respite day or night, she abstained from all narcotics, being aware of their baneful effect on the mind.

On the last day of the year, 1871, she received the following lines from Bishop Krementz, of Ermland :—

“I shall never forget the grateful words which my friend Johannes, quite happy and with a mind at ease, wrote to me from Bonn, saying that he would depart from the world reconciled to God and the Church.

“You, respected Sister Augustine, were the real cause of his reconciliation, which decided his eternal state. Had it not been that you watched for his soul with all loving care and attention, he would have died unreconciled. And now you, Sister Augustine, stand at the threshold of eternity. Will you cross it unreconciled? I ask you, for the love of our Divine Master, have the same pity on your own soul that you had on the soul of our departed Johannes!

“I know your difficulties. This is no fitting time to discuss them. What we wish to find is the only safe way. How will you ever be able to answer the Lord your Judge? I will tell you.

“Submit to the authority of your Church, which speaks to you by its Head and its Bishops. You will then be able to defend yourself before God: ‘Although much evil has been told me concerning thy servants the Bishops of the Church, and although it had all seemed to me but too true, so that I was unwilling to accept what they said, still in my necessity I have called to mind Thy word, which is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Thou hast said, “He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me.” And again: “If he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.” Before these words I have

bowed, not however without an effort, and have, in obedience to Thy word, accepted what seemed dark to me, and have submitted my opinion to the judgment of the Church. If I have erred, it is Thy word which has led me astray.' Can you, then, with such a confidence appear before God, if you submit your judgments to the words of mistaken teachers and who possess no authority? Enter on the true way before the night comes, when it is no more to be found. For the love of our incarnate God and Saviour, I, an old and faithful friend of your family, who have stood by the death-bed of your father and mother, beseech you to do as I have advised you, and pray earnestly for you, that you may be led in the right path."

As she was physically too weak to answer the Bishop's letter, and convinced of the little effect any reply would have from her, in the presence of such totally different views, she sent the letter to Professor Cornelius, and asked him to write as he should think best.

Neither praise from the one side nor blame from the other could have any effect on the position she had taken, and the attempts at her conversion, which had been again renewed, remained without effect.

The Order had repeatedly threatened to deprive her of her robe should she continue any longer to oppose. This pained her greatly, and she could only reply with tears. But even this she was able to overcome. "What does it signify?" she said, with a touch of her old humour. "It only comes to this, that one day I shall get up and not find my black dress, and then you will be forced to address me as Miss von Lasaulx; but, before God and my own conscience, I shall still remain a Sister of Charity!"

She knew very well how hard it was for the Superior in Vallendar to be the bearer of such news, and she could never bear to hear any one angry with her. "Say nothing against Sister Hedwig, I will not listen to it!" she said.

Quite unexpectedly, in the second week of January, Clementine von Lasaulx arrived at Vallendar. Trembling and with tears, Sister Gertrude announced her arrival. Sister Augustine said smilingly to her cousin, who happened to be with her, "It always has such a calming influence on me when Sister Gertrude loses her head. God must have so ordered it, and I am not afraid of Clementine—let her come in." "Why should she be afraid of me, her own sister?" said the latter, who had caught the last words.

Some days later, Sister Augustine wrote: "Clementine is still here, and I don't know how long she will remain. At first she was particularly careful to spare me as much as possible, but since yesterday she has not been able to do so any more. Her presence has cost me tears and sleepless nights. May God continue to help me! My condition is much the same as before."

At last, on the 20th of January, Clementine left Vallendar, after coming to the conclusion that all her endeavours were in vain. On the same day Sister Augustine wrote to a relation: "My fingers are almost unable to hold the pencil, but you will excuse the handwriting. Clementine has left for Kreuznach this morning, and goes on to Luxemburg to-morrow. Her visit gave me many stormy hours, though some quiet ones too; on the whole, it did me little good. Yesterday the Lady Superior of the Franciscan Sisters at Aix-la-Chapelle knelt for

half an hour before me, entreating me to save my soul. Added to this, the assistance of miraculous waters and of prayer is offered me. What more can they do? The dreadful pain in my feet during the last week made it necessary to consult a physician, Dr. Köchling. Through his treatment I am much better, and even passed an excellent night. What may the future bring, outwardly and inwardly? The Lord will provide!"

Thus it was that neither entreaties nor arguments and threats were able to shake Sister Augustine's trust in God, nor her consciousness of upholding the old truths of the Catholic faith. Seydel, then an old man of eighty-three, made the last attempt at her conversion, a day or two before her death. Seydel had for many years past lived almost a hermit life in Cologne, and he undertook the journey in order to persuade his former scholar to submit to the new dogma. She was deeply affected by the old man's entreaties: "Dear Malchen, submit for my sake! I have done so too, though I felt it hard to have to do it!"

Seydel's deafness made conversing with him doubly trying to her, and he soon left her, giving her his blessing at parting.

The Superior's strength now rapidly began to fail her, and she continued in a state varying between feeble slumber and attacks of breathlessness. Her longing for death daily increased, like a longing for her true home. She retained this to the last, and yet, in respect to this very feeling, she was more severe than ever upon herself. "All longing for heaven which does not centre in Christ alone, but rather springs from the desire to escape from this life, is false and self-deceptive." She often recalled with joy the

words of the dying soldier in Bohemia, who had predicted that hers would be a happy death.

On Saturday, the 27th of January, she was very unwell in the afternoon, and Sisters Hedwig and Gertrude put her to bed. In the evening she felt better, and hoped to have a good night. However, she could not rest, and had to be taken back to her chair again about two o'clock. Next morning Sister Hedwig came to her, and she sent Sister Gertrude to church. Sister Augustine said to the former, "Sit close to me, Sister Hedwig," and, leaning her head against her shoulder, allowed her to warm her cold hands, repeating that she felt better.

Dr. Köchling, who had been sent for, thought her much worse. Sister Gertrude said to him, "If you think there is danger, doctor, say so, for the Superior wishes to know the truth." "In that case," he replied, turning to Sister Augustine, "I must acknowledge that you are threatened with congestion of the lungs; in all probability you have only another hour to live." Somewhat surprised, Sister Augustine said, "As soon as that?" then, taking both his hands in hers, she added joyfully, "Thank you, thank you! How glad I am that I soon shall be with God; He will be a milder Judge to me than men have been!"

She had some violent spasms, and remarked to Sister Hedwig, "Dying is indeed no easy matter!"

Both Sisters had knelt down at her bedside, weeping, and repeated the commendatory prayers. Sister Augustine made the responses in a distinct voice. With perceptible joy she prayed the words—

"Lord Jesus, I live to Thee,
Lord Jesus, I die to Thee."

She then exclaimed several times, wistfully, "Come, Lord Jesus!" and fell calmly and peacefully asleep on Sunday, the 28th of January, at a quarter to one.

THE FUNERAL.

During Sister Augustine's last days at Bonn, and before she had decided whether to remain or not, she had taken it for granted that some of her clerical friends would bury her. After leaving Bonn, however, she gave up the wish, and ordered that she should be buried very quietly, and without any demonstrations whatever, at Weissenthurm—a small village on the left bank of the Rhine, opposite to Neuwied—beside her parents and brother. She had given Sister Gertrude a sealed letter to the magistrate at Weissenthurm, containing the request to "provide for her burial in the same manner as for that of her brother Hermann."

A few weeks previous to her death, Pastor Mondorf, in answer to inquiries, had said that he would not be allowed to bury her if she should die without having accepted the dogma, which he thought probable. The churchyard of Weissenthurm belonged to the parish, which consisted of several villages, whilst the burial-place of the Lasaulx family was the property of the latter, and now stood at the sole disposal of Clementine von Lasaulx.

After Sister Augustine's death, her relations applied to the priest of Weissenthurm, requesting him to conduct the funeral service. The priest, a very mild and moderately inclined man, expressed his regret at having to refuse the request, in consequence of the prohibition of his Bishop.

He added, however, that no objection could be raised to the funeral taking place, provided that no excommunicated priest officiated.

In order to provide for this possibility, the Mayor of Weissenthurm inquired of the civil authorities at Coblenz whether the gate of the churchyard might be opened, even against the priest's will, or whether in that case the funeral procession should go round to a wide opening in the hedge, close to the burial-place of the Lasaulx family. After an agitated discussion, the decision was arrived at that, under any circumstances, the funeral was to pass through the chief entrance. On January 30, the day fixed for it, the excommunicated priests offered to perform the service. They were all the more justified in doing so, as they had promised, in case of the parish priests refusing, to perform similar offices for each other and their companions of faith. For several reasons, however, the offer had to be refused. Not only Sister Augustine's personal wishes, but those of all her relations, whatever their religious views might be, were opposed to such a burial. Ecclesiastical matters with respect to the Old Catholics in the Rhineland, and more especially at Bonn, were still so little organized, that any official duties performed by priests under suspension—as, for instance, a public funeral—would not so much have given the impression of a grave and obligatory duty in a time of need as of an oppositional demonstration against the rightful ecclesiastical authorities. This had all the more to be taken into consideration among that particularly excitable country population.

In the meantime the threat of depriving Sister Augustine

of her convent robe had been carried out at Vallendar by direction of the Lady Superior, who wished as far as possible to dishonour her even after her death, in order to prove that the deceased had been expelled from the Order as unworthy of belonging to it. The corpse was shown to a relation and a friend.

The nuns, to whom the preparations for the funeral were entrusted, had been told the exact time when the coffin was to be given in charge of a trustworthy person, and taken across the Rhine in a small boat. The hour was chosen so as to suit the afternoon train from Bonn, in order that the funeral procession might meet the coffin at the shore. The nuns, however, were afraid that the time the coffin was to leave Vallendar might become generally known, and that a disturbance might be occasioned by a crowd collecting on the shore. Accordingly, they did not keep to the appointed hour, but bade the boatmen start early in the morning, whilst the man who was to take charge of the coffin was kept back, so as to follow later with the wreaths ordered from Coblenz. They had sent word to the mayor, on the preceding evening, that the coffin would leave Vallendar at seven next morning, and be received by the family at eight o'clock at Weissen-thurm. No word, however, was sent to the relations of this change of plan.

Thus the boat, with the coffin, sailed on its lonely way down the river which Sister Augustine had so much loved. About ten o'clock it reached its destination. The boatmen drew it up on the shore near the last house, the village inn, which they themselves entered. Children playing on the shore soon gathered round the Vallendar

boat, and climbing into it, tried to remove the planks in the stern, which covered the coffin, so as to enable them to get a sight of it.

The Princess of Wied, having gone to Vallendar to be present at the funeral, hearing that the coffin had been removed, followed it to Weissenthurm and found it by the shore, quite deserted. Soon after her, the relations of the deceased arrived, in order, as they thought, to receive the coffin, which had been waiting at the shore for the last two or three hours. It was carried into the dancing-room of the inn, which was still hung with the withered garlands of the last ball. After the room had been hastily cleared of tables, chairs, and beer-glasses, the Bonn friends arrived: the professors of theology, whose fate, for their faith's sake, was similar to that of the deceased, and whose anxieties she had shared during the past years; the curator of the university and several physicians who for long years had witnessed the Superior's successful labours; the treasurer of the hospital and a few other gentlemen; her lady-friends, and one or two domestic servants of the hospital, who had insisted on "going with their Mother." A few of the villagers, too, joined, wishing to honour the daughter of their former benefactor.

It was a small procession that followed the Superior to her last resting-place, but there was no one there who had not come with a heart full of love and reverence for her.

The coffin, which meanwhile had been covered with flowers, was carried in silence to the peaceful village churchyard, and there lowered into the grave. Before it was closed, Professor Reusch spoke a few simple

but affecting words, and then all present joined in thrice repeating the Lord's Prayer—for Sister Augustine, for the departed members of her family, and for that person present who should be the first to follow her. All then joined in covering the coffin with earth, and flowers and a palm-branch were placed on the grave. In that hour all felt how rich a love had been carried to the grave with the "Mother of the hospital;" and yet, however painful the parting and however bitter the loss, none would have recalled her to a life so full of labour, trouble, and conflict, out of which God had taken her to everlasting peace.

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